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THE NEW YORKER

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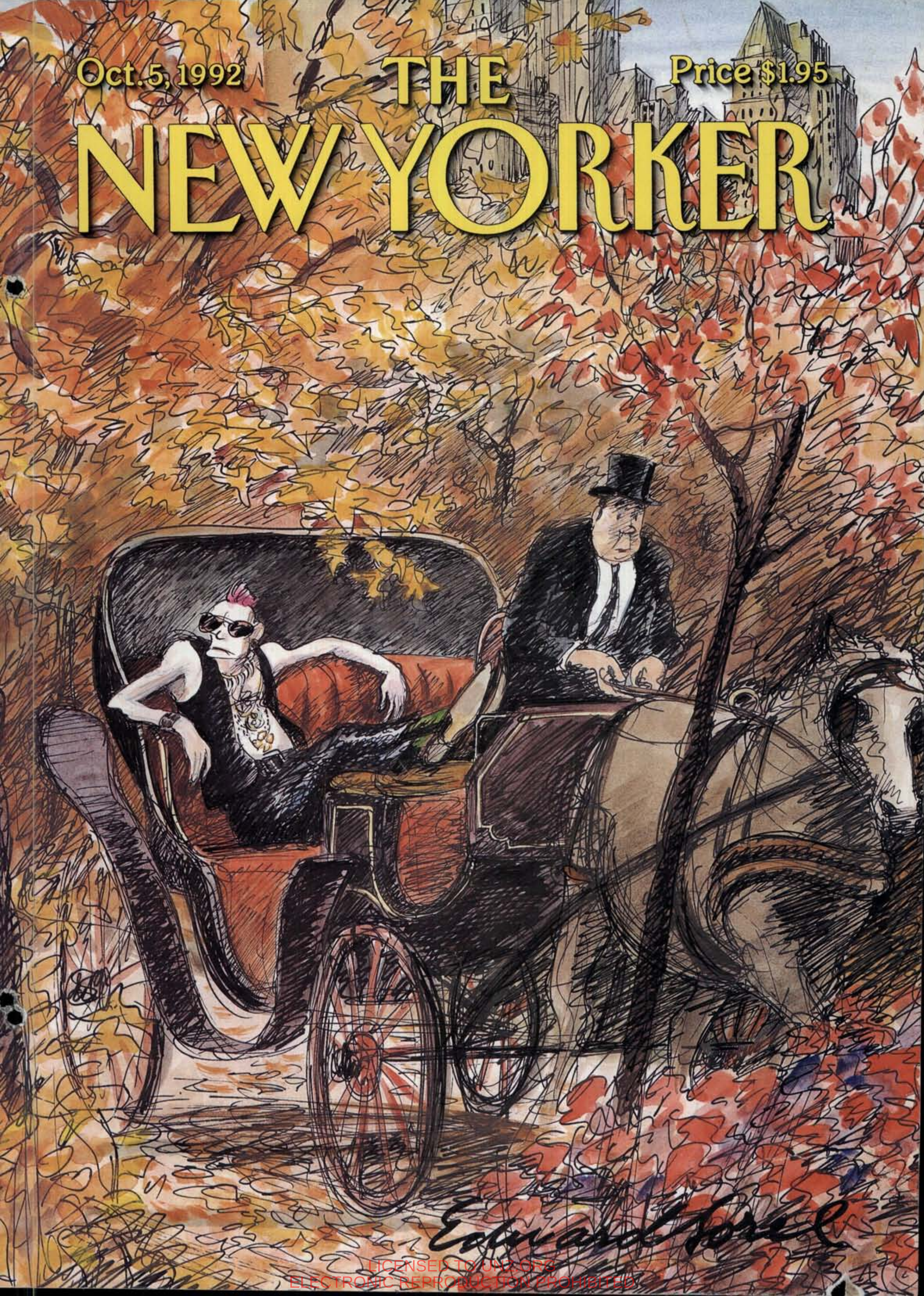
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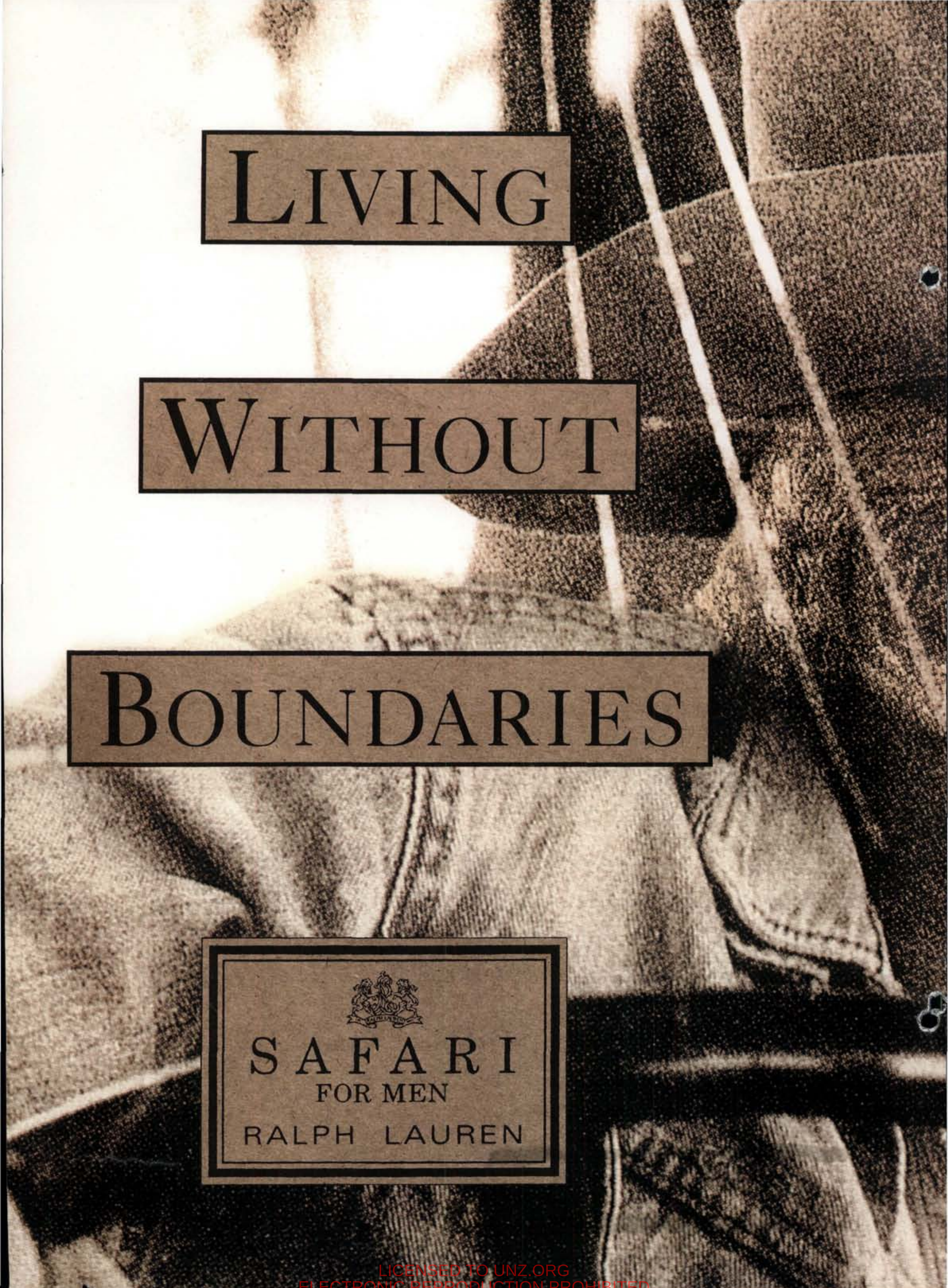
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considered her motives for
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for him and, fingering the
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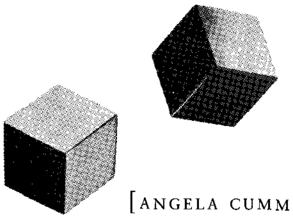
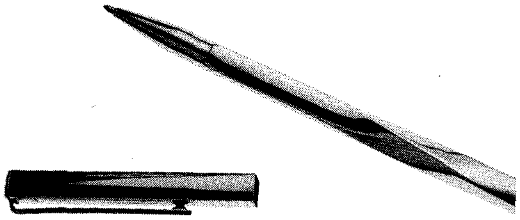


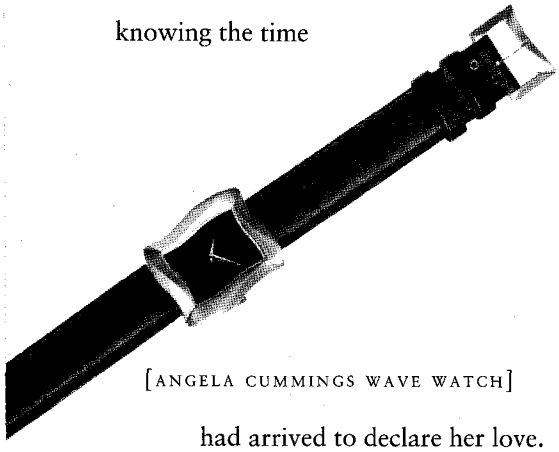
[ANGELA CUMMINGS
TROMPE L'OEIL EARRINGS]

she realized how delicate
is the balance between
truth and fiction. Uncapping her pen,



[ANGELA CUMMINGS SILVER TWIST PEN]

she reached for a sheet of paper,
knowing the time



[ANGELA CUMMINGS WAVE WATCH]

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OCTOBER 5, 1992

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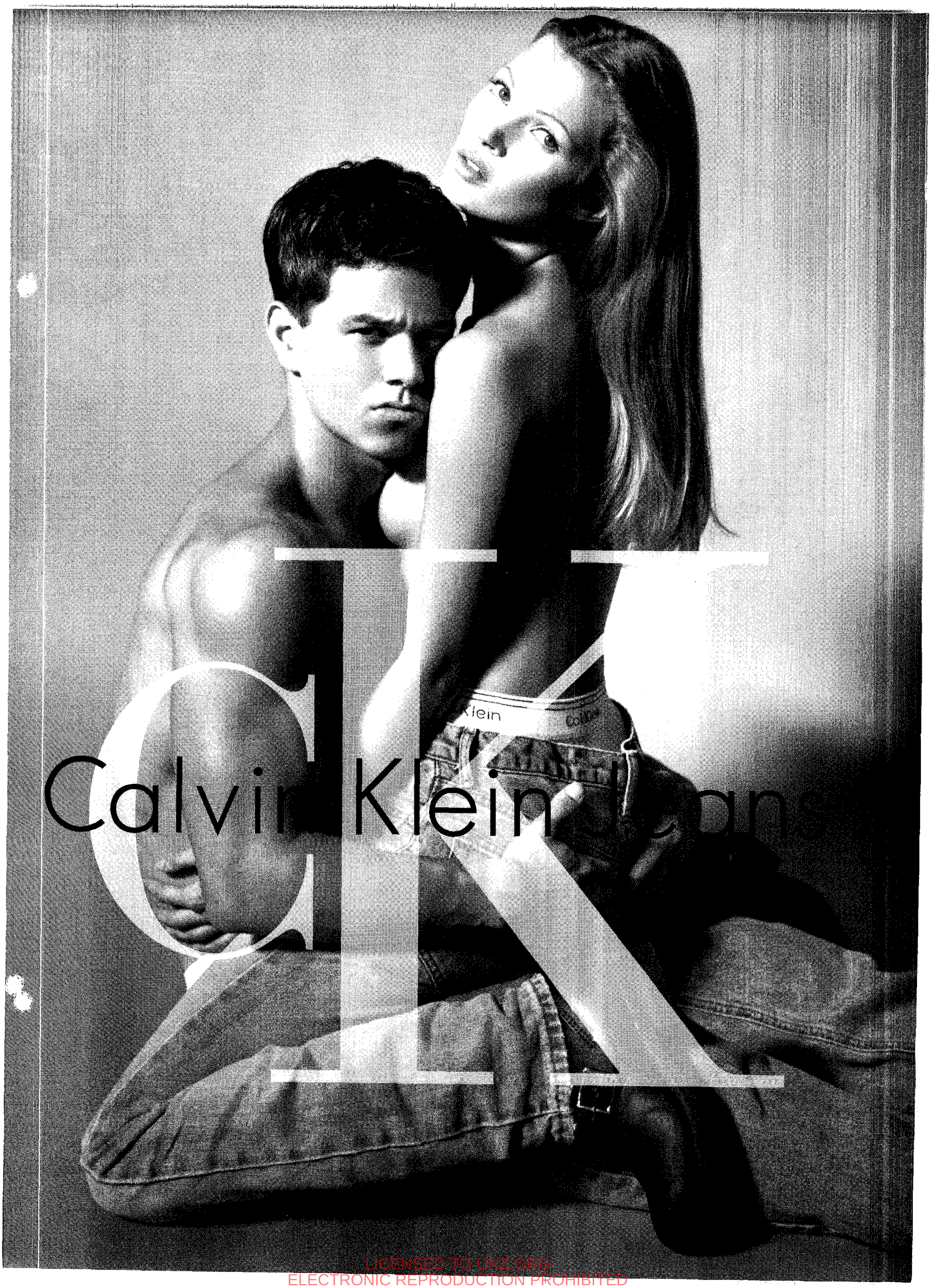
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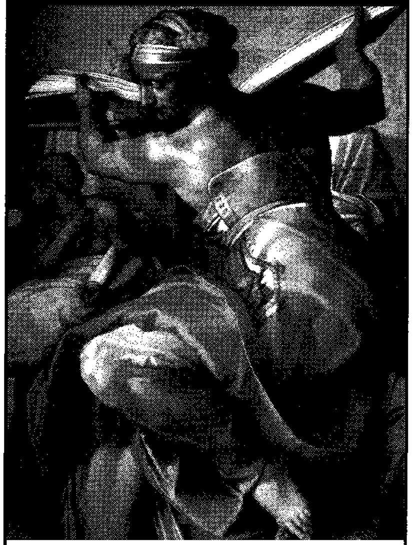

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RANDOM HOUSE

COMMENT

ONE DOLLAR, ONE VOTE

In his address in Houston accepting renomination as the Republican candidate for President, George Bush put forth what sounded like an interesting, even ingenious, proposal—one he presented, with obvious pride, as "a brand-new idea." Taxpayers, the President suggested, "should be given the right to check a box on their tax returns, so that up to ten per cent of their payments can go for one purpose alone: to reduce the national debt." In order to make sure that "Congress doesn't just turn around and borrow more money to spend more money," he went on, "I will require that for every tax dollar set aside to cut the debt, the ceilings on spending will be cut by an equal amount." And he concluded, with apparent satisfaction, "That way, we will cut both debt and spending, and take a whack out of the budget deficit."

The checkoff proposal was not really brand-new—it had been floated by a couple of Republican members of Congress earlier in the summer—but it was new enough, and it was undeniably an idea (albeit one that the Administration was on record as opposing until President Bush opened his lips in Houston). It got the attention of news desks from coast to coast: a Boston *Globe* correspondent called it "the biggest surprise in the speech," and a Los Angeles *Times* reporter wrote that it was "dramatic" and "broke new ground."

The checkoff idea has not generated any visible public enthusiasm; no doubt as a result, it has vanished from the President's stump speeches. But it continues to bubble around the edges of his reëlection campaign. It resurfaced on September 10th as one of thirteen major points in his "Agenda for American Renewal," a manifesto distributed in connection with his much heralded address to the Economic Club of Detroit; and a Bush campaign commercial currently airing around the country shows a generic taxpayer checking off a debt-reduction box on his return.

Critics of the idea, who are by no means limited to supporters of Governor Clinton, have denounced it as a transparent political gimmick, and it is certainly that. It is of a piece with the rest of the President's economic plan, which includes such warring elements as an unspecified across-the-board tax cut, a Constitutional amendment mandating a balanced budget, and a new, two-billion-dollar job-training initiative. (If this is a

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"package," so is a bag of cats.) Were the checkoff proposal to be enacted—a prospect that is unlikely in the extreme—it would not, in fact, reduce the national debt by a penny: for every dollar "earmarked" by taxpayers for debt reduction, the government would be free to borrow another. But the provision calling for a dollar-for-dollar reduction in spending ceilings would indeed force a reduction in current spending, and thus in the deficit. (The deficit is this year's shortfall; the debt is the sum of the shortfalls of previous years. As Robert Kuttner patiently explained on the op-ed page of the Washington *Post*, you can't use the same money to reduce both.) Receipts from the federal income tax are running at about five hundred billion dollars a year. If every taxpayer checked the box, therefore, the President would have to find fifty billion dollars in annual spending cuts, and he would have to find them in the two hundred and eighty billion dollars of the federal budget that is left when interest payments—plus Social Security payments, defense expenditures, and the savings-and-loan bailout, all of which he has ruled out of bounds—are subtracted. It is a measure of his lack of seriousness that he has said nothing about where the cuts would come from.

The checkoff proposal, then, is frivolous, cynical, and impractical. But that is not the worst of it. The genius of the Western commercial republics—whether they lean toward democratic capitalism or call themselves social democracies—is that they balance the inequalities of their economic arrangements with the egalitarianism of their political ones. The real demerit of Bush's proposal for a ten-per-cent tax checkoff cum spending limit is not so much practical as philosophical: it would import the principle of one dollar, one vote directly into the heart of a system based on the principle of one person, one vote.

Consider how the proposal would actually work. A tycoon whose income-tax liability was a million dollars would be able, personally and individually, to force a federal spending reduction of a hundred thousand dollars. An office worker whose tax bill was five thousand dollars could cut the budget by five hundred. If only the richest ten per cent of the taxpayers were to check the box, the government would have to spend nearly twenty-five billion dollars less. If only the bottom ten per cent were to do so, the cut would be less than fifty million dollars. The grotesqueness of this disparity would be compounded by the fact that most of the reductions so unequally mandated would have to come from programs that benefit the poor and near-poor.

The founders of this particular commercial republic expressly declined to write into the Constitution property qualifications for voting or for holding office. Even those of the founders who argued for such qualifications, and who hoped that the politics of the country would be conducted by men of property, assumed that there would be formal political equality for citizens who could meet the threshold for participation. Any scheme, however limited, that institutionalized a one-to-one correspondence between wealth and power—a fair description of Bush's tax checkoff—would have been abhorrent to them.

Nobody, of course, is so naïve as to imagine that the theoretical egalitarianism of the American political system—or any other—is unsullied by the power of money. Through raw economic might, even more than through financial contributions to candidates and parties, the rich inevitably exert more political influence than the poor or the merely comfortable do. Ironically, it was precisely to temper that influence that the existing tax checkoff, under which taxpayers can set aside one dollar of their tax payments to underwrite Presidential campaigns, was instituted. The Bush proposal would do exactly the opposite. It would invest the superior political clout of the rich with the force, and the sanctity, of law. It amounts to proportional representation—for money. ♦

Regular readers of *The New Yorker* will note in this issue a number of changes in the magazine's format and design. The changes were made in consultation with Wynn Dan and Caroline Mailhot. The standing drawings over certain of the departments, including this one, were contributed by Anthony Russo.

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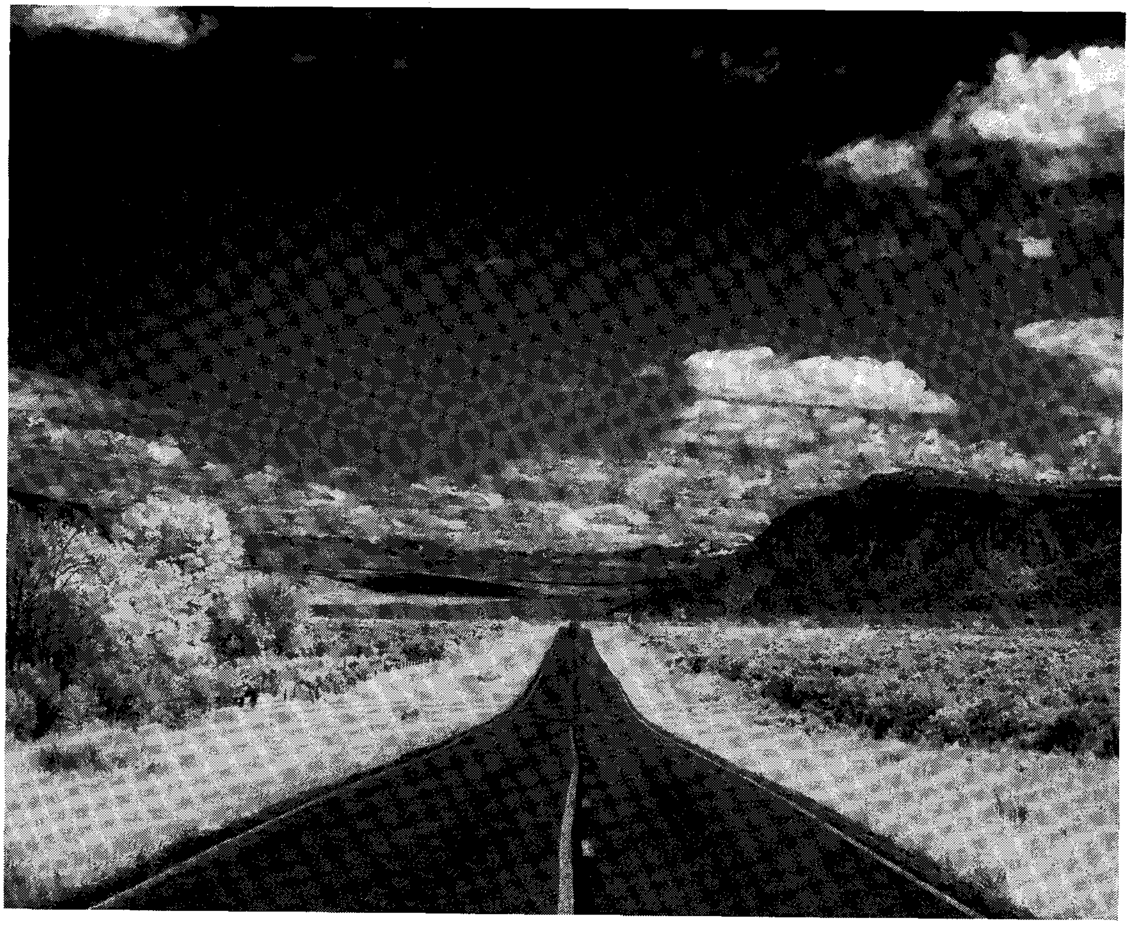

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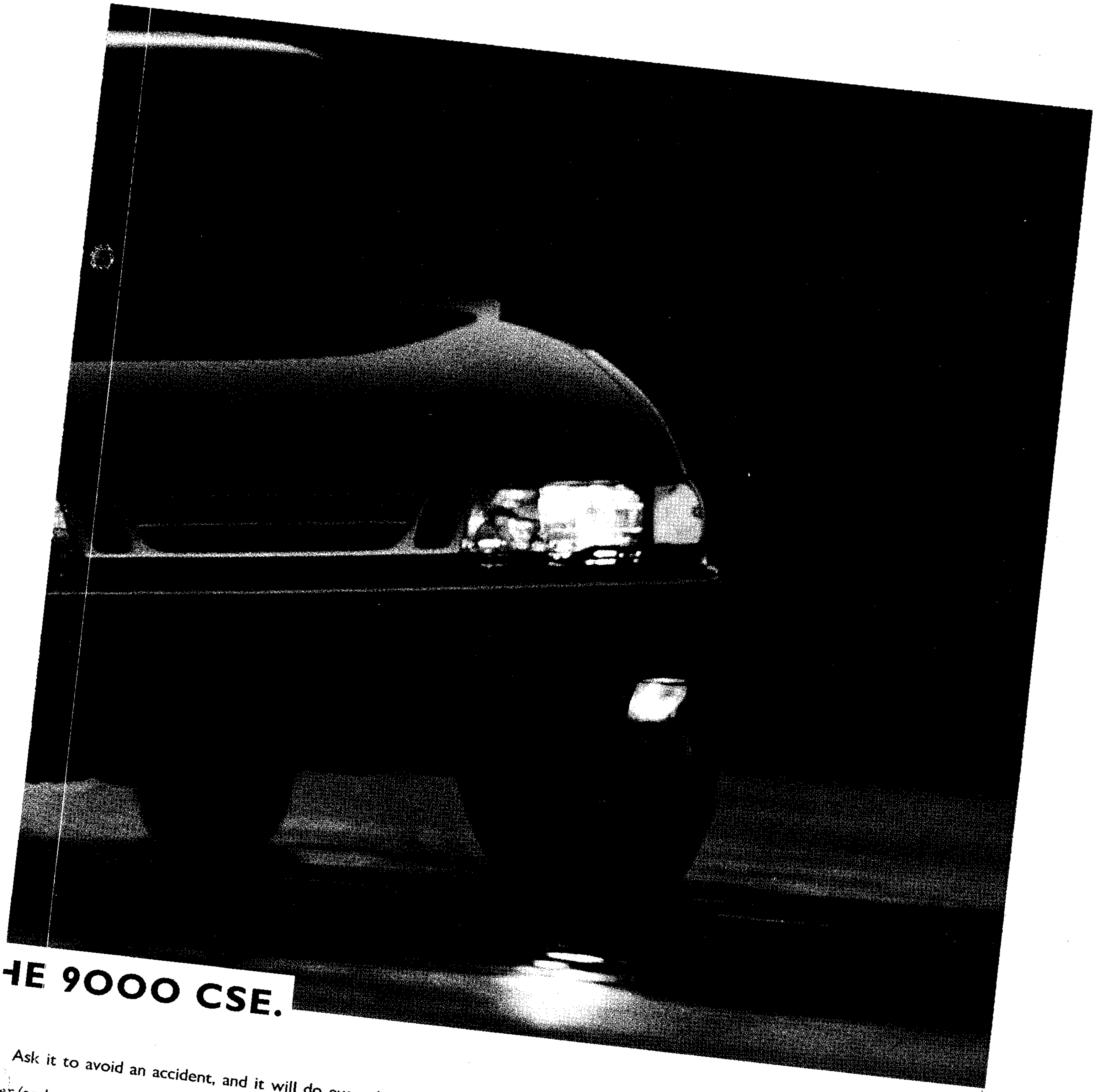

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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THE THEATRE

Gray's Garden

WHY do middle-aged English dramatists keep writing about left-wing spies? "Because they're an endangered species," replies Simon Gray, who has just finished a play on the subject, called "Says I, Says He." Unlike Alan Bennett, who captured the Blunt-Burgess crowd in his 'Single Spies" double bill (the sly second half of which, "A Question of Attribution," will be shown on PBS this Sunday at 9), Gray focusses on George Blake, a British diplomat sentenced in 1961 to a long prison term for espionage. (Five years later, he escaped to Moscow.) No one's likely to see "Says I" for a while: so much of Gray's other work awaits airing here. The staggering backlog includes "With Two Lumps of Ice," an autobiographical television film with Alan Bates (the star of the playwright's reputation-making piece, "Butley") and the TV version of "The Common Pursuit," the epitome of Gray's oft-knocked ardor for academia. "My plays are not about academics," Gray insists, "but about people being in this condition or that condition."

For "The Holy Terror," which Gray has directed for its New York première (October 8; Promenade), he doffs the don's habit. Mark Melon, a rip-roaring publisher, has suffered a nervous breakdown, and he's trying to reassemble his life. Gray himself suffered "a kind of breakdown" while overhauling the play after its 1987 West End début (as "Melon"). He's not keen to talk about the experience, however—there are too many harsh ghosts. It's enough for him to be back at the Promenade, where "The Common Pursuit" was staged in 1986. 'The ghosts there are friendly," Gray says.

Nirupama Nityanandan and Juliana Carneiro da Cunha in "Les Atrides"

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

Les Atrides—A four-play cycle, directed by Ariane Mnouchkine, which consists of Euripides' "Iphigenia in Aulis" and Aeschylus' Oresteia trilogy—"Agamemnon," "The Libation Bearers," and "The Eumenides." Performed, in French, by Théâtre du Soleil, of Paris; simultaneous English translation (via headsets) will be available. The cycle begins Oct. 1, and runs through Oct. 11. (Park Slope Armory, Eighth Ave. at 15th St., Brooklyn. For information about tickets, call 1-718 636-4100.)

Circle Repertory Company—Presenting Larry Kramer's new play, **THE DESTINY OF ME**, which picks up ten years after "The Normal Heart." Peter Frechette, Jonathan Hadary, Oni Faida Lampley, Piper Laurie, Bruce McCarty, John Cameron Mitchell, and David Spielberg are in the cast. Previews begin Sept. 30. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.)

The Holy Terror—Daniel Gerroll has the lead in a play written and directed by Simon Gray. In previews. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)

Mad Forest—The production of Caryl Churchill's play about post-Ceausescu Romania that was seen at New York Theatre Workshop last winter. Previews Sept. 29-30. Opens Oct. 1 at 8. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

Oba Oba '93—A return engagement of the Brazilian revue that played here a couple of years ago. Seventy-five dancers, singers, and musicians are featured. Previews Sept. 29-30. Opens Oct. 1 at 6:45. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

Remembrance—Milo O'Shea, Frances Sternhagen, Mia Dillon, and John Finn have the leads in this new production of Graham Reid's play. Preview on Sept. 29. Opens Sept. 30 at 6:45. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 967-9077.)

The Sisters Rosensweig—Wendy Wasserstein's new play, with Jane Alexander, Madeline Kahn, and Frances McDormand. Daniel Sullivan directed. In previews. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

York Theatre Company—Steve Barton is Henry VIII in **SIX WIVES**, a musical by Joe Masteroff (book and lyrics) and Edward Thomas (score). Kim Crosby and Tovah Feldshuh play three wives apiece. Opens Oct. 2 at 8 and runs through Oct. 25. (2 E. 90th St. 534-5366.)

You Could Be Home Now—A one-woman show written by, and starring, Ann Magnuson. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

OPENED RECENTLY

Anna Karenina—This Classics Illustrated version is pretty much what you'd expect from a couple of jingle writers—Peter Kellogg (book and lyrics) and Daniel Levine (score)—trying to adapt Tolstoy for the musical stage. The main performances—by Ann Crumb, Scott Wentworth, Gregg Edelman, and Jerry Lanning—are a marvel, under the circumstances. Closes Oct. 11. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

The Best of Forbidden Broadway—This ter[illegible]-anniversary edition of Gerard Alessandrini's long-running, ever-fluctuating musical revue is, as one might expect, a treat. There is some new material, but the sharpest sequences are still the spoof of "M. Butterfly" and the "Speed-the-Plow" number, "Madonna's Brain," in which David Mamet and Ron Silver try to teach Madonna to act and she ends up tearing off most of her clothes. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/4/92.) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

Brother Truckers—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company presents a new comedy by Georg Osterman. Closes Oct. 11. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, 1 Sheridan Sq. 691-2271.)

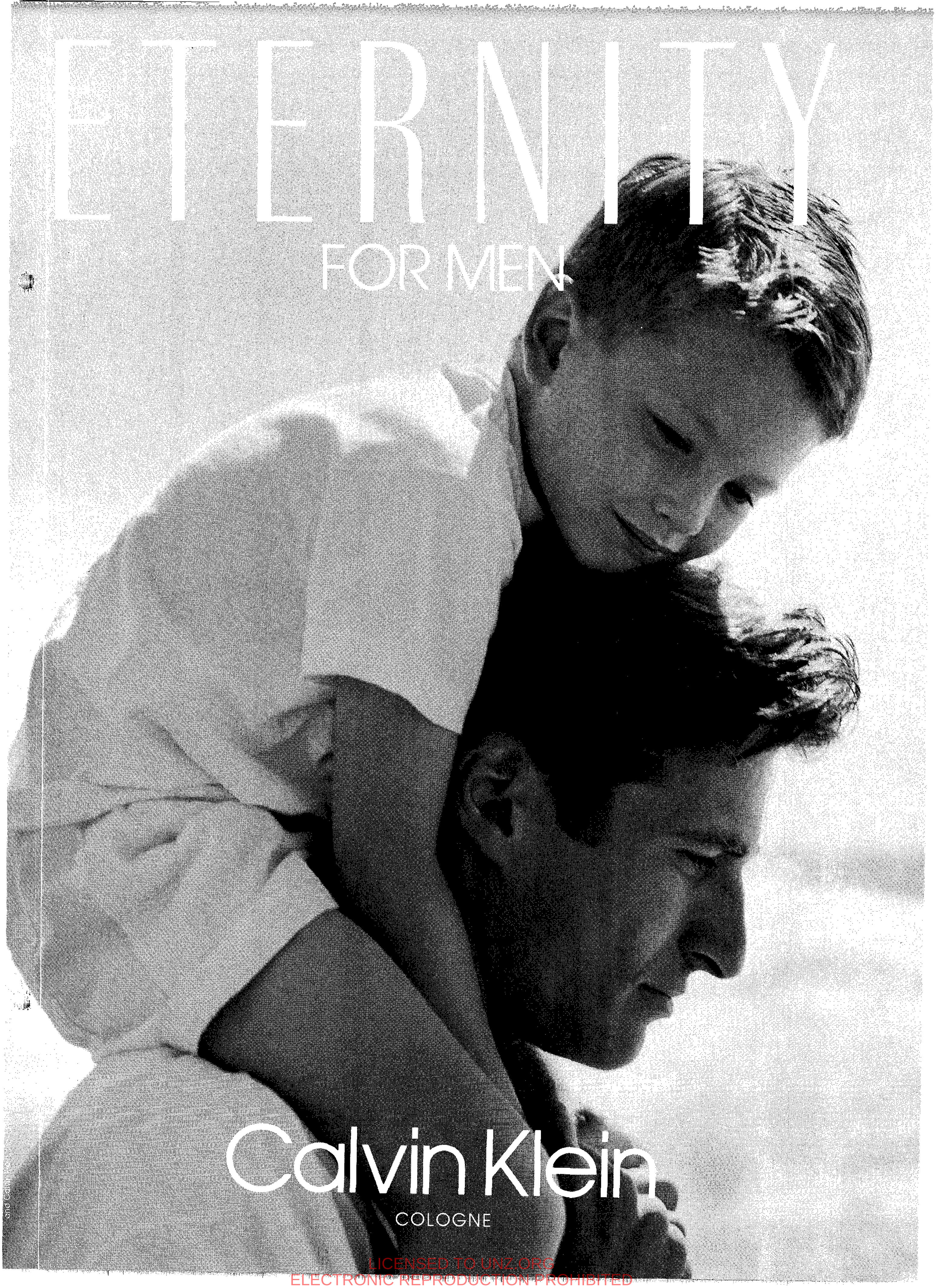
Conversations with My Father—If you're looking for a totally satisfying theatrical experience, try the new Herb Gardner, a bittersweet memory play about a Lower East Side barkeep, his two sons, and the patrons of his tavern. As staged by Daniel Sullivan, with an ace cast led by the wonderful Judd Hirsch, the play does what "Jake's Women" and "Dancing at Lughnasa" would probably do if their authors were, respectively, more sophisticated and less sentimental. Grab this one. (4/13/92) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Crazy for You—Loosely based on "Girl Crazy," which opened in 1930, this glorious show is actually a celebration of the music of George Gershwin and the lyrics of his brother Ira—nineteen songs in all—and also of the witty, imaginative choreography of Susan Stroman. Ken Ludwig wrote the lively book. Harry Groener and Jodi Benson are the lead actor/dancers. Bless 'em all. (3/2/92) (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Cut the Ribbons—A new musical, which features Georgia Engel, Barbara Feldon, and Donna McKechnie. The score is by Cheryl Hardwick and Mildred Kayden, and the lyrics are by Mae Richard. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

Distant Fires—A play about construction workers, by Kevin Heelan. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

Falsettos—This back-to-back revival of "March of the Falsettos" and "Falsettoland," two of William Finn's three one-act musicals about a childish, self-absorbed man who leaves his wife and son for his not very nice male lover, is strictly for those who care. The appeal of Mr. Finn's trilogy has always been puzzling. It has a chronology as complicated as the Oedipus cycle and a dramatic sensibility akin to that of the Oresteia. But it has always seemed like banality set to music: shallow, unlikable people expressing themselves in shallow, unlikable songs. (5/11/92) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)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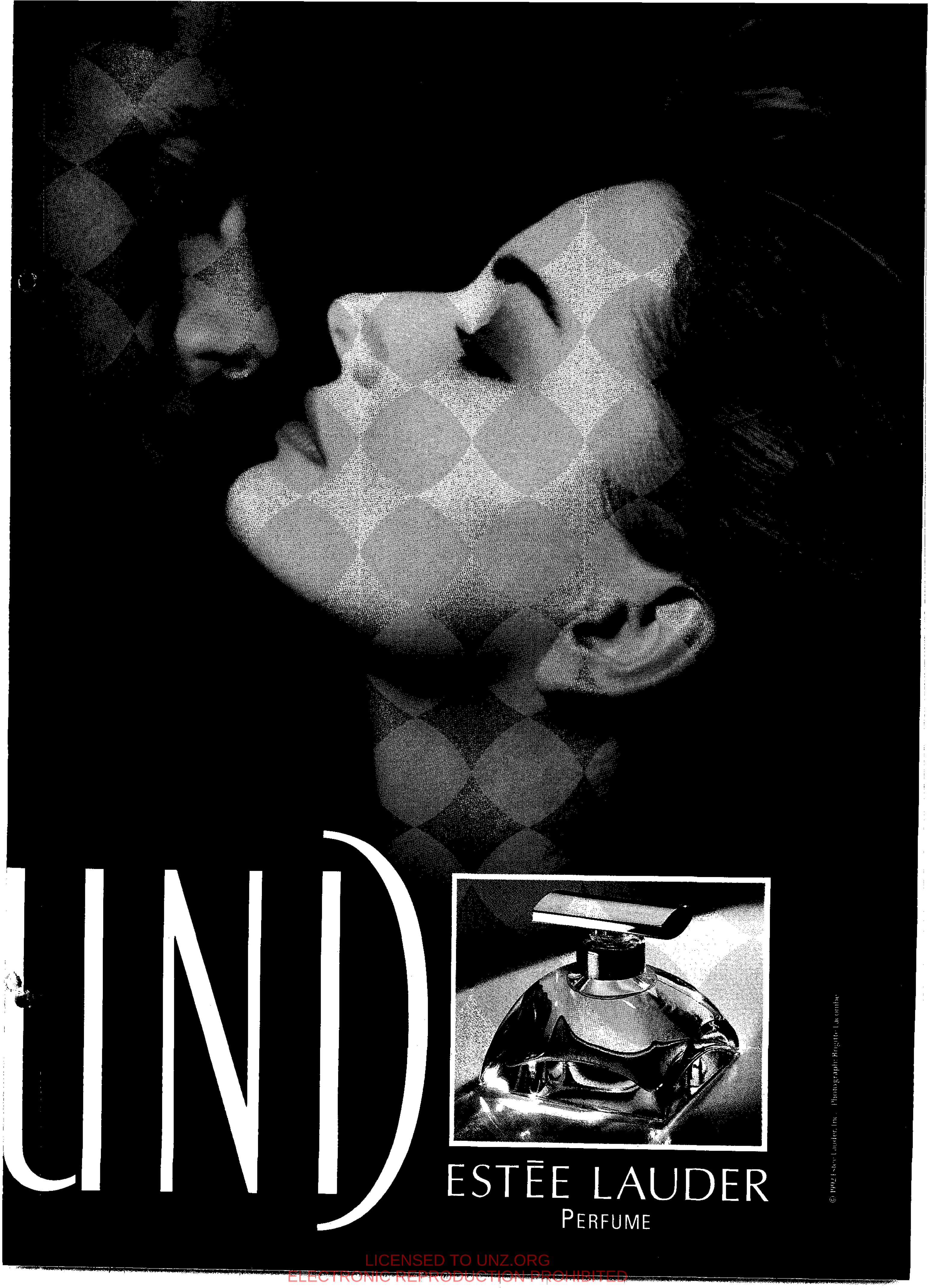
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PERFUME
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THE THEATRE—Cont'd

Five Guys Named Moe—The guys are black dancers and singers of ability and spirit, who perform the songs (either lyrics or music or both) of the late Louis Jordan, among them "Don't Let the Sun Catch You Crying," "Ain't Nobody Here but Us Chickens," and "Is You Is or Is You Ain't My Baby?" This London import makes a merry evening. (4/20/92) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

Guys and Dolls—A lively production of Frank Loesser's perfect musical, under the direction of Jerry Zaks. Nathan Lane and Faith Prince are the leading guy and doll, and Tony Walton designed the stunning scenery. (4/27/92) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Irish Repertory Theatre Company—Presenting two one-man shows in rotating rep: **JOYICITY,** based on the writings of James Joyce (through Oct. 4), and **FRANKLY BRENDAN,** taken from the works of Brendan Behan and Frank O'Connor (through Oct. 2). (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226.)

Jake's Women—Alan Alda is at his genial best in the new Neil Simon. The play, about an aging writer trying to come to terms with the women in his life, past and present, has some funny lines and a lot of phony dialogue. It's predictable, banal, and contrived, but at least it showcases a fine cast of actresses that includes Kate Burton and Joyce Van Patten. (4/6/92) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

Jelly's Last Jam—The music of Jelly Roll Morton, self-proclaimed inventor of jazz, and, at the same time, an unsparing delineation of Morton himself. The show was written and directed by George C. Wolfe. In the starring role, Gregory Hines combines his astonishing talents as tap dancer and actor; Savion Glover plays the character as a young man. Also present are Keith David, Tonya Pinkins, Wayne Mathis, and Mary Bond Davis. (5/11/92) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)

The Night Larry Kramer Kissed Me—A play written and performed by David Drake. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 564-8038.)

The Real Inspector Hound and **The Fifteen Minute Hamlet**—Tom Stoppard has made parody an art form in "The Real Inspector Hound," a play about a pair of drama critics who attend and appraise a performance of a traditional, worn-out British thriller. The Roundabout's production, under Gloria Muzio's direction, is very good; Simon Jones and David Healy are first-rate in the leading roles. "The Fifteen Minute Hamlet," performed as a prologue, is exactly what it sounds like—a breakneck anthology of Gems From. Same director, same company, many laughs. The double bill closes Oct. 4. (8/31/92) (Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

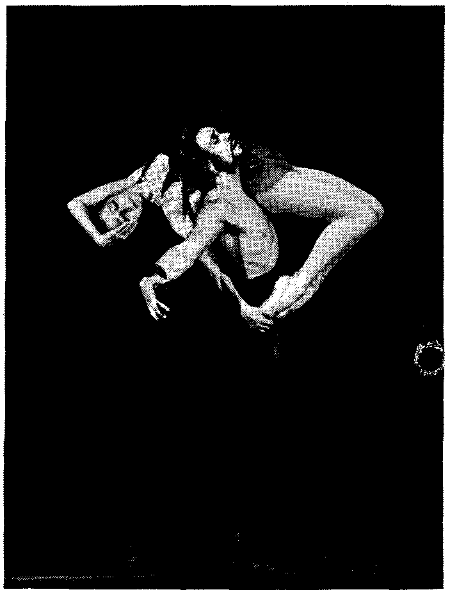
The Roads to Home—In three short acts that are more triptych than play, Horton Foote depicts three gentlewomen of Houston, all of them thwarted or otherwise wounded, and one of them mad. The third and best act is set in the asylum to which the madwoman has been committed. Jean Stapleton, Rochelle Oliver, and Hallie Foote appear in the leading roles. All of them are good, and they are well supported (theatrically speaking) by Michael Hadge, William Alderson, and Emmett O'Sullivan-Moore, among others. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

Ruthless!—This camp musical about a monster child star is harmless and amusing enough—assuming you can stomach the little girl. She gave us the pip. Sylvia Miles joins the cast from Sept. 29 through Oct. 18. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076.)

Young Playwrights Festival—A festival indeed. For this annual occasion, only slightly marred by needless amplification, the four new playwrights, all of them eighteen or younger at the time of their submissions, are Aurorae Khoo, Terrance Jenkins, Joanna Norland, and Robert Levy. In the course of the evening: 1) faces appear in and out of washing-machine windows, to dialogue in rap rhythm (Khoo); 2) a girl in a slum house pleads for help for her pregnant sister from the members of her dilapidated family, among them the elegant Novella Nelson, disguised as a slatternly old woman with a bottle of booze at her lips (Jenkins); 3) nine monologues, apportioned among three actresses, most notably the vivid Kim Yancey, provide a rundown of motherhood à la mode, as two little girls play games, some of them horrifying, with their dolls (Norland); and 4) a pair of lovers, reunited after one of them returns from a drug-rehabilitation clinic, find a new lover apiece before our eyes (Levy). Comedy, high and low, is rampant throughout, and so is good acting. The directors were Richard Caliban, Clinton Turner Davis, Gloria Muzio, and Michael Mayer. Closes Oct. 11. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

LONG RUNS

CATS: Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **CATSKILLS ON BROADWAY:** A festival of ethnicity and all but unbroken laughter. Freddie Roman and Mal Z. Lawrence are the Jewish comedians; Dick Capri handles the Italians; and Louise DuArt does impressions. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100.) . . . **DANCING AT LUGHNASA:** How you respond to Brian Friel's wistful autobiographical play depends a good deal on your personality and preoccupations. Either you will find it lovely and lyrical or it will strike you as the memory play from Hell. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run celebrated its thirty-second birthday last May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **FOREVER PLAID:** Stuart Ross's loving tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.) . . . **LOST IN YONKERS:** This family melodrama by Neil Simon, set in Yonkers during the Second World War, is about what happens when a cowering, pathetic man has to leave his two adolescent sons with his intimidating mother for the better part of a year. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Oh, the horror! The horror! (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **THE SECRET GARDEN:** This lovely musical adaptation of the classic children's story by Frances Hodgson Burnett isn't just a kiddie show. Subtle, charming, intelligent, and wholly literary in its approach to adaptation, it manages both to be faithful to the spirit of the book and to comment on the particular moment in time that produced it. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **TUBES:** A performance work by Blue Man Group about art and other matters. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370.) . . . **THE WILL ROGERS FOLLIES:** The sets by Tony Walton, the direction and choreography by Tommy Tune, the costumes by Willa Kim, and the row upon row of Ziegfeld girls make a feast for the eyes, but the funny bone and heart are neglected. With Mac Davis. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.)



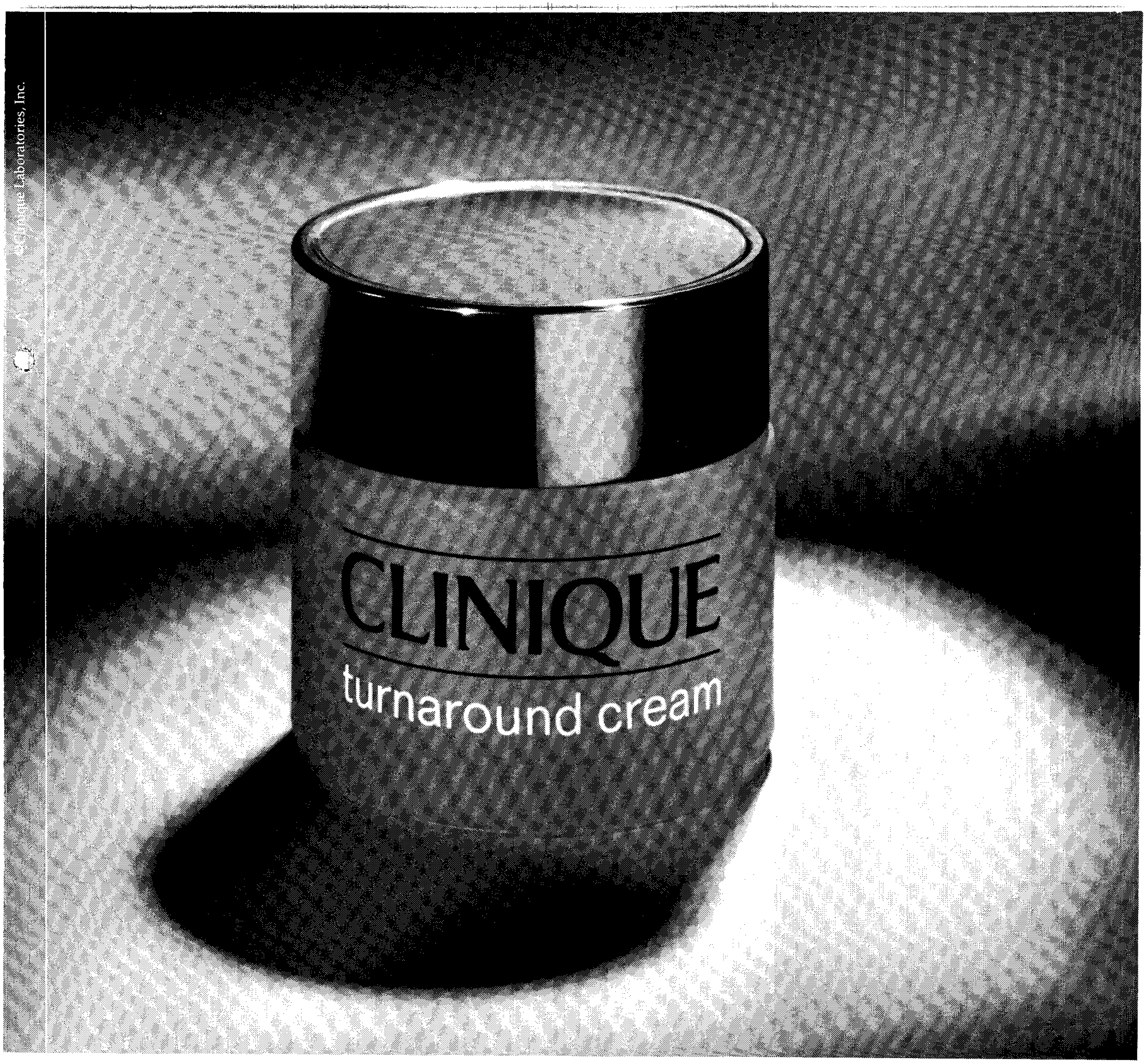
Ekaterina Maximova and Vladimir Vasiliev

DANCE

Space Shuffle

THE Lawrence A. Wien Center for Dance and Theatre, at 890 Broadway, is situated in the Ladies' Mile district, just north of Union Square. The edifice was constructed at the turn of the century as a retail mercantile center; today, it is largely given over to rehearsal studios. For dancers, the most useful thing about the building is its center bearing wall, which is positioned so that each of the eight working floors provides a clear space measuring two hundred feet by fifty. (Older buildings, which offer both necessary square footage and affordable rents, tend to have rooms that are interrupted by supporting columns.) The building also houses such shops as Barbara Matera's atelier, where the performers' costumes are made; Woody Shelp's workspace, where they get their hats; and J.C. Theatrical Footwear, where their indefatigable feet are custom-shod.

In 1986, two of the building's occupants—American Ballet Theatre and Feld Ballets/NY—joined forces to purchase 890 from Michael Bennett, the Broadway choreographer and director, and their goal is to retire the mortgage by the end of this year. On October 5, they are putting on a gala benefit at 890. The show, called "Come to the Cabaret," will have designs by Robin Wagner (whose studio is located on the site) and choreography by Christopher Chadman (of "Guys and Dolls," one of the many Broadway shows that have rehearsed here). The performers will include Liza Minnelli, Gregory Hines, Savion Glover, principal dancers from A.B.T. and Feld, and surprise guests. (For information about tickets, call 777-7710.)



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DANCE–Cont'd

Garth Fagan Dance—Final performances of the engagement. Sept. 29 and Oct. 1 at 8: Excerpts from "Griot New York" ("City Court Dance," "Bayou Baroque," and "Spring Yaounde") "Touring Jubilee 1924 (Professional)," "Passion Distanced," and "Telling a Story."... ¶ Sept. 30 at 8 and Oct. 4 at 2: "Time After Before Place," "Moth Dreams," an excerpt from "Griot New York" ("Sand Painting"), and "From Before."... ¶ Oct. 2-3 at 8 and Oct. 4 at 7:30: "Prelude," "Oatka Trail," "Life Forms/Death Shapes," "Moth Dreams," and excerpts from "Griot New York" ("Sand Painting," "Oracabessa Sea," and "High Rise Riff"). (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Pilar Rioja—*Spanish classical dance and flamenco.* (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. Sept. 30-Oct. 1 at 8.... ¶ Equitable Center Auditorium, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. Oct. 2 at 8 and Oct. 3 at 3 and 8. For information about tickets to all performances, call 889-2850.)

Ton Simons—The Dutch dancer/choreographer and his company in five works. (Dia Center for the Arts, 155 Mercer St. Oct. 1-2 at 8:30. For reservations, call 460-9136.)

Ching Gonzalez/Clarinda Mac Low—Mr. Gonzales performs "Which Way, Mister, to Peking?" and Ms. Mac Low and a company dance in her new work, "Conflagration." Presented by the Danspace Project. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8194. Oct. 1-4 at 8:30.)

Ballet Folklorico de Mexico—In a brief engagement. (Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Oct. 1-2 at 8 and Oct. 3 at 2 and 8.)

Ekaterina Maximova and Vladimir Vasiliev—Two stars of the Bolshoi Ballet appear with nine other dancers from the Bolshoi and other companies. The program consists of "Suite Nostalgique," "Overture on Hebrew Themes," and several divertissements. (Lehman Center for the Performing Arts, the Bronx. 1-718 960-8833. Oct. 4 at 2.)

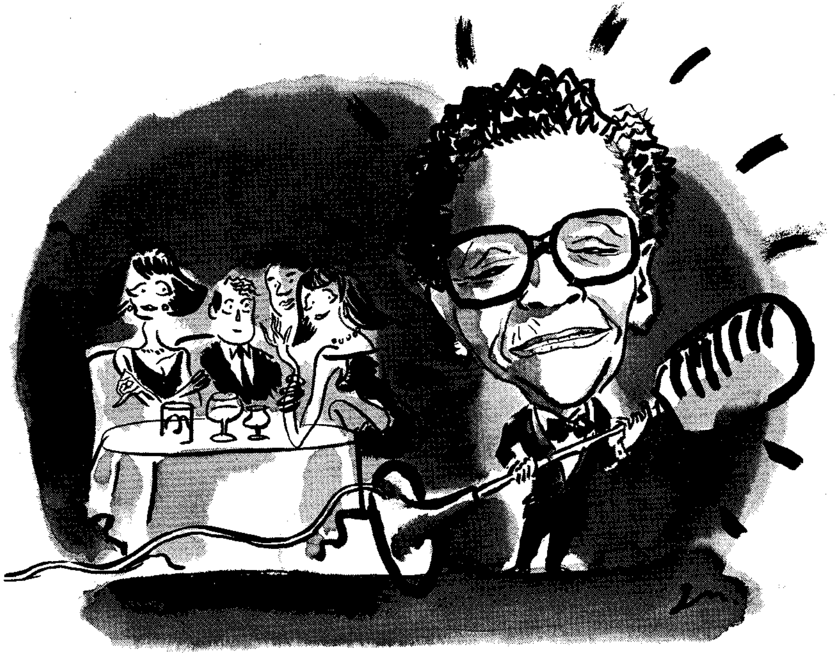
Florence Dance Theatre—An Italian company in its American début. The troupe, under the direction of Keith Ferrone and Marga Nativo, will perform "Giuliano (A Florentine Death)," "Blank Pages," and "O Mujer Carne y Sueño." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Oct. 6-7 at 8. The engagement continues through Oct. 11.)

NIGHT LIFE

Great Scott!

When Jimmy Scott sings, he sounds as if he's been there—and never really come back. Because of a hormone disorder that Scott has suffered from since birth, the sixty-seven-year-old balladeer has what at first seems to be the body of a child and the voice of a woman. The effect can be disconcerting. Scott appeared in the final episode of "Twin Peaks," and his performance was every bit as chilling as that of the dwarf who kept talking backward. It's not so much Scott's eerie, diminutive presence that makes a lasting impression as it is his pure, almost disembodied voice, which—high, stark, and sorrowful—seems to emanate from the end of the world. On his new record—a lovely, sad album called "All the Way"—Scott takes on a few standards that are the worse for wear and restores their charm.

Scott's career has been marked by booze, bad marriages, and even worse record deals: in the late forties, he recorded his first hit with the Lionel Hampton band; in the early eighties, he was working in shipping-and-receiving at a Sheraton in Cleveland. But when Scott plays at the Bottom Line on September 29-30, don't be surprised if there's a fireworks display in his honor: "All the Way" was last seen at No. 4, and climbing, on *Billboard's* jazz chart. And now one can't go far in the music industry without tripping over one of Scott's fans. "Jimmy Scott is unreal," Fred Schneider, of the B-52's, says. "If you go to one of his concerts, you notice that every great singer in the world is there."



Jimmy Scott at the Bottom Line

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out some of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—The woody nook known as the Oak Room is currently home to **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE,** a fine pop-jazz singer who has been known to root around in the archives for lost or forgotten numbers. Ms. McCorkle will be in residence here for the next couple of weeks. Shows at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek, green-walled room with brass railings and mounted O'Keeffian animal skulls. Look closer *and you'll find that the skulls are wearing* earrings. After the show, be sure to check out the adjoining restaurant/tapas bar, which looks like the indoor food market of your dreams. French pop-jazz singer **MARIE-LAURE BÉRAUD** is here Sept. 29-Oct. 3; **ANNE FRANCINE** and **MARGARET WHITING** team up for a three-week-long engagement as of Oct. 6. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine (with the Francine/Whiting show also on Sundays at seven). Randy Allen masquerades as Bette Davis Oct. 2-3 at eleven-fifteen; and **BLOSSOM DEARIE** occupies the piano bench Fridays and Saturdays at six-thirty and Sundays at three. Closed Mondays.

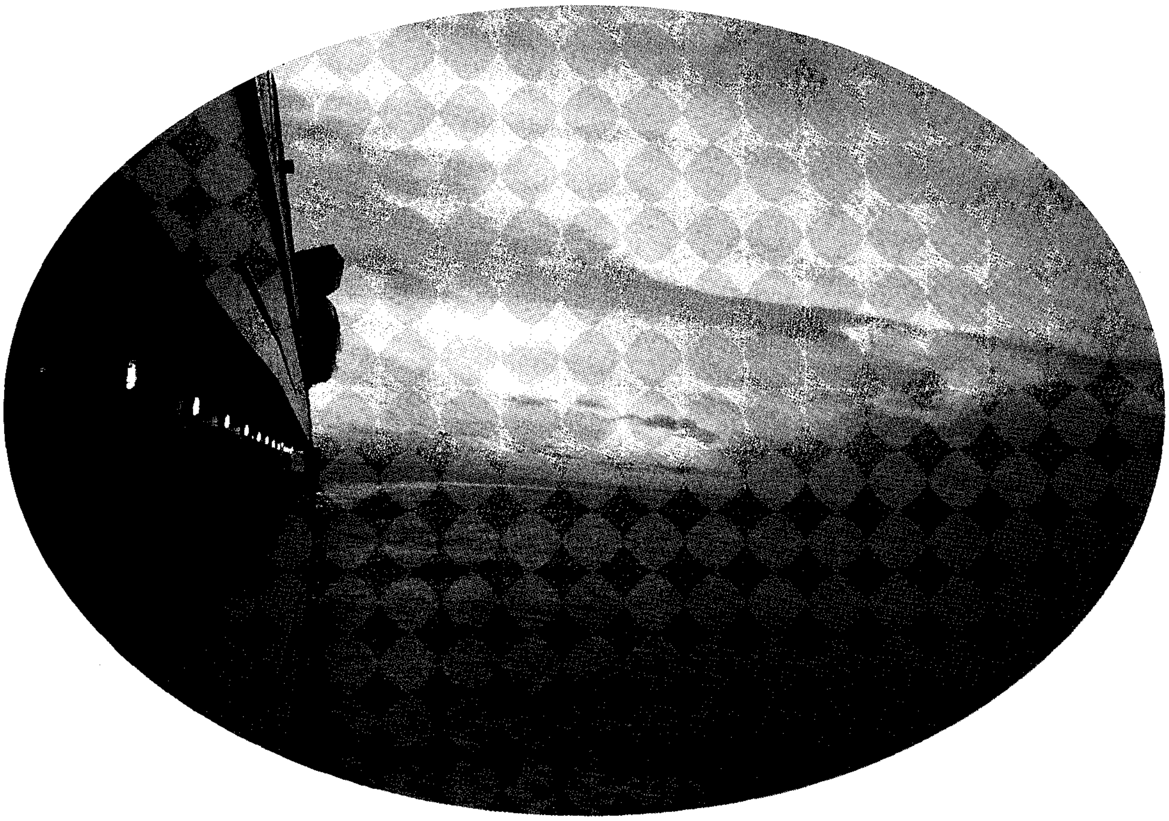
Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—Many musicians who visit this jazz house are honored—if that's the word—by having their portraits done, "in concert," by the house artist. These impressionistic renderings round out a glossy décor that includes flying-saucer light fixtures, burgundy velvet drapes, and some neon wading birds. Saxophonist **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN** performs here Oct. 2-3. Music from nine. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A crowded Village jazz club with an almost-as-crowded gift shop upstairs. The **BILL EVANS** quintet and the **JOHN SCOFIELD** quartet share a bill Sept. 29-Oct. 4. **CHAKA KHAN** appears the week beginning Oct. 6. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, airy folk-and-rock club. **JIMMY SCOTT** appears with the **MARK WHITFIELD** trio Sept. 29-30, and the **AL KOOPER** band comes in on Oct. 1. **COLONEL BRUCE HAMPTON AND THE AQUARIUM RESCUE UNIT,** which will be here on Oct. 2, is dedicated to the art of the live jam. Not long ago, the Aquarium Rescue Unit released a swirling, addictive live record. The album was recorded in Athens, Georgia, and it captured the group's signature sound, which is part rock, part jazz, part blues, and part Southern-fried weirdness. "We are masters of outertainment," *frontman Bruce Hampton has said.* "Once we didn't bring instruments to gigs ... and just used different appliances and stuff." **NRBQ** is here on Oct. 3; **JOHN GORKA,** who is folk's great white male hope, shares a bill with the **CHENILLE SISTERS** on Oct. 5. Shows are *usually at eight and eleven.* Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home to **BARBARA COOK** Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-forty-five and ten-forty-five.... ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **RONNY WHYTE** is paying homage to Jerome Kern, among others, through Oct. 3. Singer-pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** starts up on Oct. 6. Carroll's sets, which are usually mixtures of jazz and cabaret, include songs by Gershwin, Cole Porter, Harold Arlen, Dizzy Gillespie, and Billy Strayhorn, along with some of her own. Sets from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Club 53, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (261-5853)—A new cabaret in the New York Hilton. It's a pleasantly lulling spot, where you can sink into deep sofas and eat off of big plates. **KELLY GARRETT** delves into the Broadway song-



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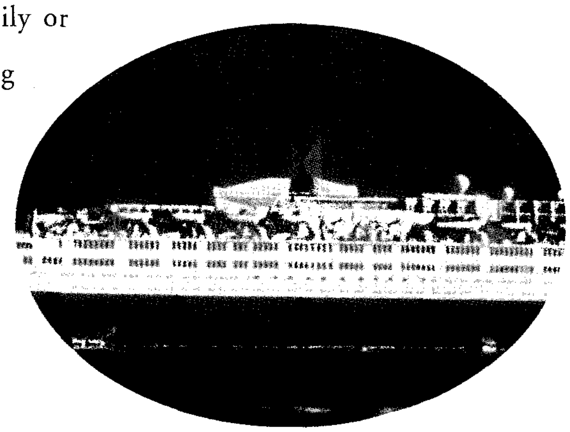

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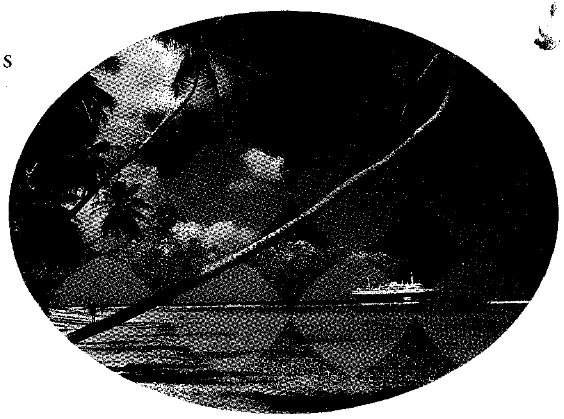

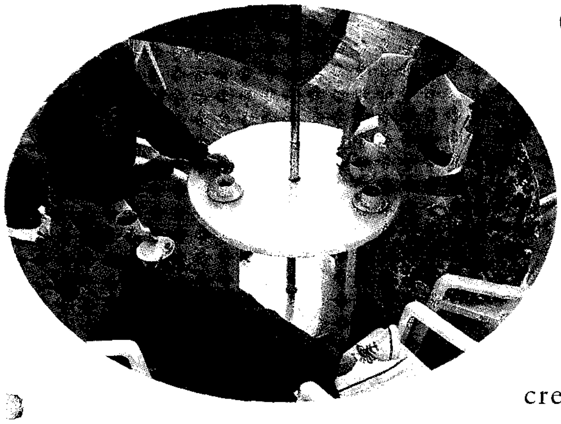

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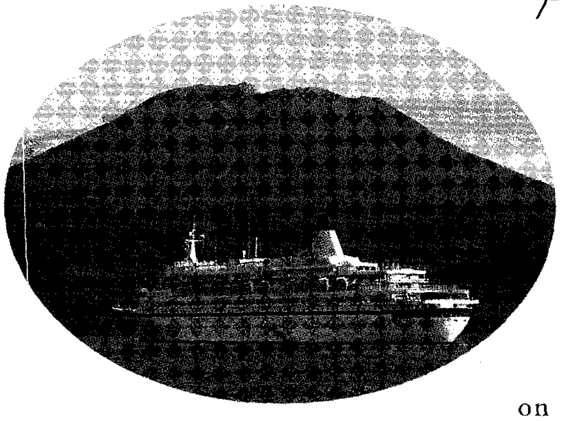

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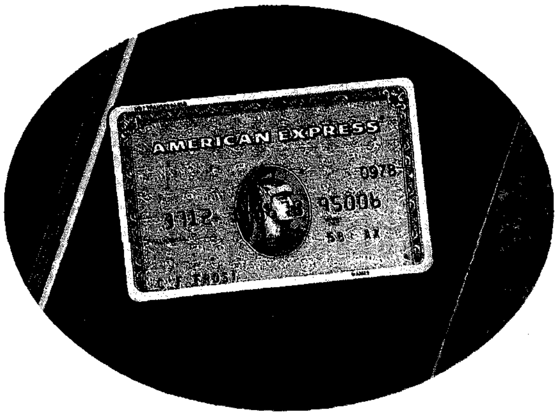
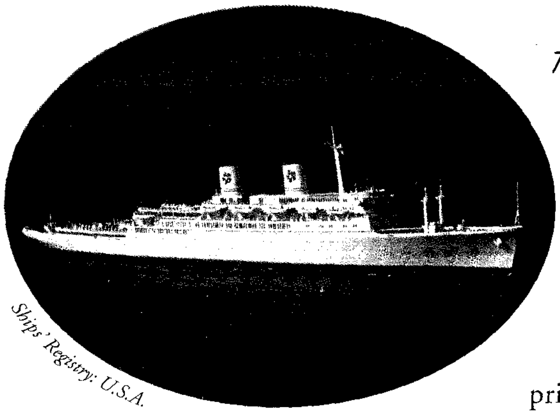
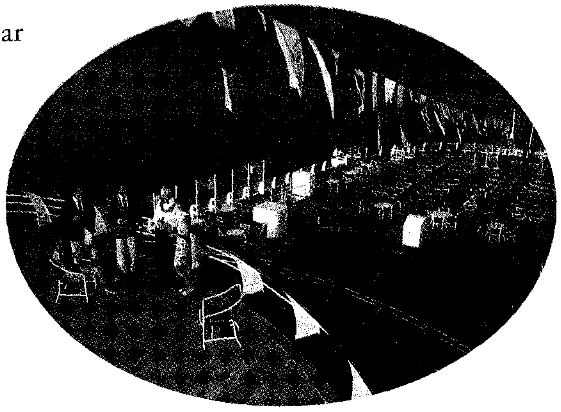
We hope the Traveler's impressions delight, enchant and inspire you. You're sure to find what you're looking for somewhere in The Traveler's Journal. Wherever your journey may take you, have an unforgettable cruise.



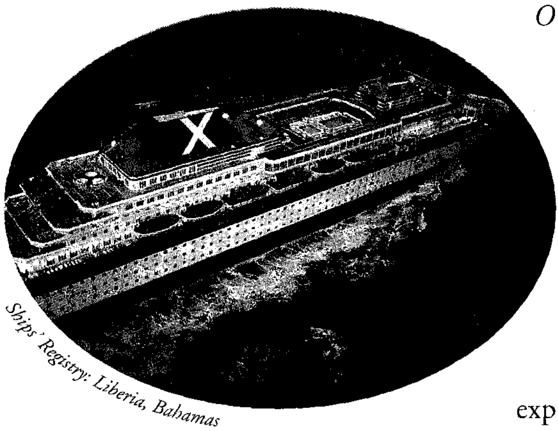

Ships' Registry: U.S.A.

American Hawaii Cruises

The Pacific: Waking up to a new island every morning on an American Hawaii cruise. Walked the deck at dawn to see the green slopes of Maui looming in the distance. Landed yesterday in Kauai. Ran on isolated pristine beaches that lie below its lofty cliffs. On the Hilo side of Hawaii, I saw cool waterfalls and fiery hot volcanoes. Will snorkel tomorrow off Kona — Hawaii's clear coastal waters. I am lounging beside the pool with a cool mai tai presently, sighting humpback whales off the west coast of Maui. Explored every side of these four unforgettable islands. Discovering parts of Hawaii few visitors ever find.

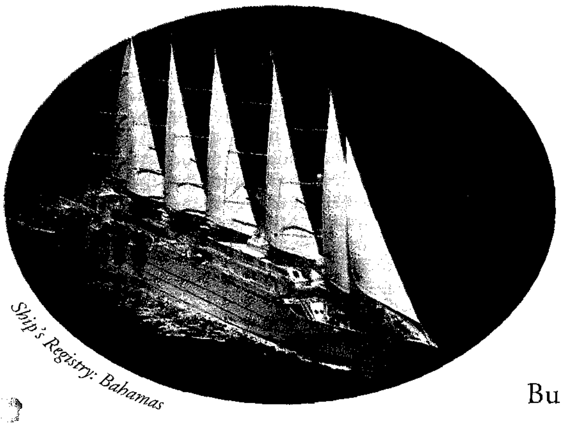


Celebrity Cruises


Ships' Registry: Liberia, Bahamas

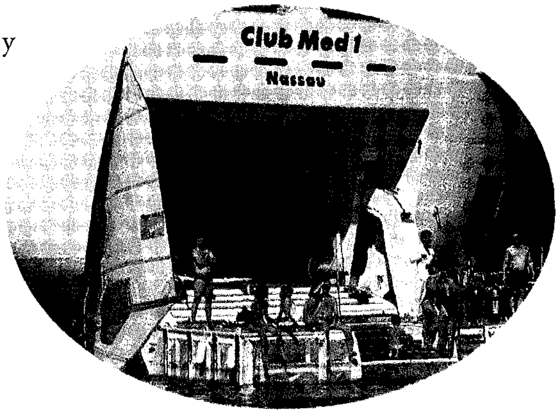
On the Lido Deck: A luxurious new ship, sophistication without stuffiness, endless choices, attentive service from a European-trained staff who know just when to leave me alone. I've found this and more aboard my Celebrity cruise. Sailing in five-star luxury, dining on superb cuisine. This is to be expected, of course, considering that menus are designed by internationally acclaimed Master Chef Michel Roux. New and experienced cruisers are having a wonderful time. On this 11-Night Ultimate Caribbean Cruise, I'm seeing more islands than I might have seen on a regular one-week cruise. Relaxing and cruising the Caribbean Celebrity style.

Club Med® 1

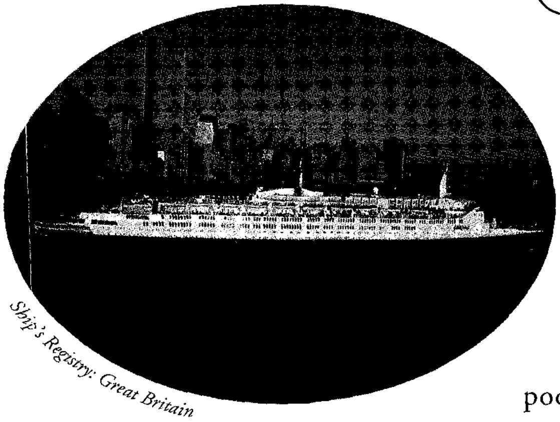


Ship's Registry: Bahamas

Late October: With other privileged passengers, I sail by night, transported to every sun-splashed port of call. This ship has the soul of a yacht. Masts and seven sails tower over passenger decks masterfully handcrafted of Burmese teak. I reflect on the scuba diving and windsurfing I enjoyed this afternoon at the private marina. Sports equipment and instruction are included in the cost of my passage. My 188-square-foot stateroom is large enough to entertain a few friendly guests. Room service will bring champagne at midnight. Tomorrow a lobster picnic will be held on shore. I hear the sky is ochre over Virgin Gorda.



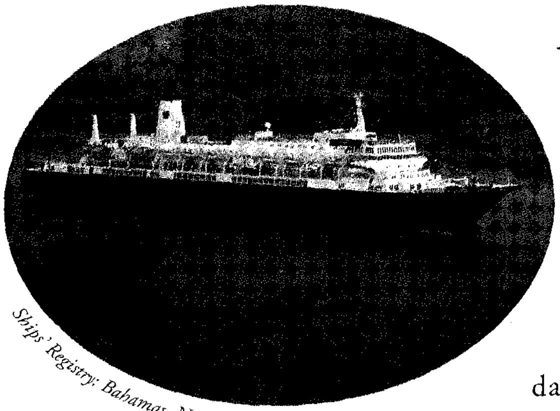
Cunard



Ship's Registry: Great Britain

Monday, at sunset: I'm aboard the *Queen Elizabeth 2*, the superliner I've seen, heard and read so much about. Heading to England across the Atlantic, enjoying five days and nights of excitement. This Five Plus Star ship is a 13-story City at Sea. Woke with a run, hit the pool, whirlpool, sauna. Unwound at noon with an expert massage. Enjoyed a lavish floor show in the Grand Lounge, danced in a glittering disco, shopped in an arcade of international designer boutiques. Living large and sumptuously on world-class cuisine. With so much to do during days and evenings, this transatlantic crossing may be the best part of my European vacation.

Holland America Line


Ships' Registry: Bahamas, Netherlands Antilles

Tuesday, sunset: I look across the horizon, surrounded by beauty and tradition. A 119-year tradition of world-class service, sumptuous cuisine and glittering entertainment. Of opulently appointed ships, carefree days and a centuries-old Dutch seafaring heritage. All here for me to enjoy, thanks to Holland America Line. I marvel at the warmth of the people and the allure of the many exotic destinations which Holland America Line serves: Grand Cruises to Europe, the Orient and South Pacific. Hawaii and the Panama Canal. And of course, classic 7- and 10-night Caribbean cruises, Alaska cruises and cruisetours. The world, by way of Holland America.

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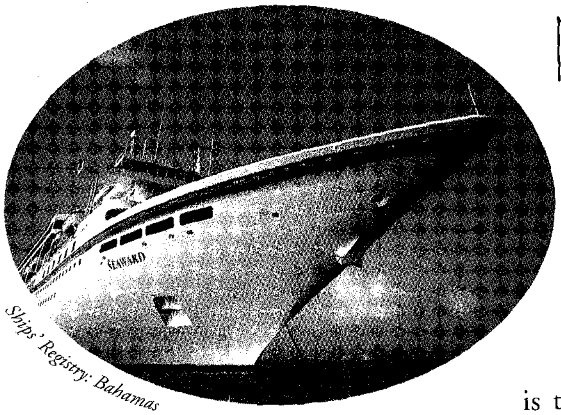
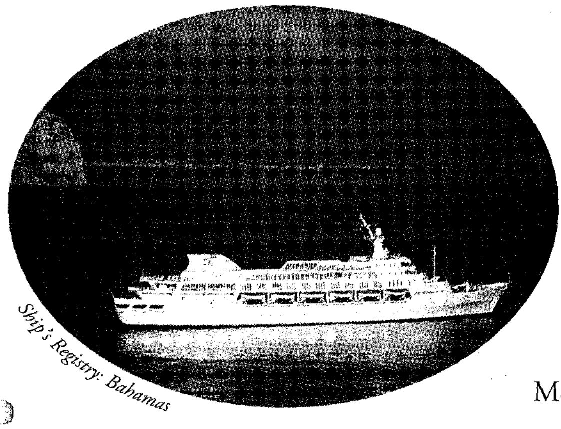


Ships' Registry: Bahamas

Friday evening: Woke at 6:30 a.m. Went for a swim in the pool. Shot hoops most of the morning. Was in the whirlpool by noon. Blasted a few balls off the deck with a golf pro early this evening. Norwegian, I've been told, is the Official Cruise Line of the NBA and the NFL Players. I may meet a sports star on board. Last night a full-scale Broadway show unfolded before me. The sets and effects were spectacular. I am seated in the dining room, awaiting the Flaming Babalu. Wait a minute, the lights just dimmed. I hear lively Caribbean music. Waiters are shimmying in with flaming desserts on their heads.

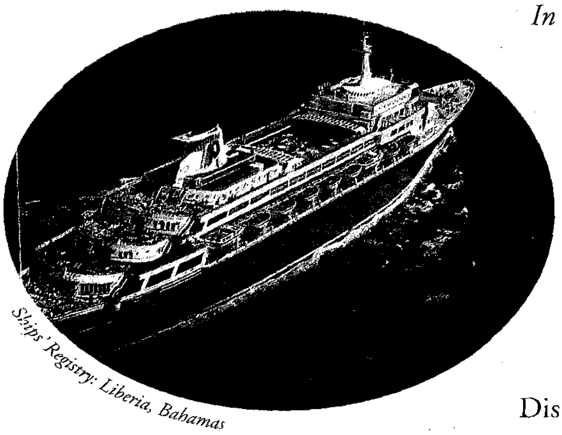


Ship's Registry: Bahamas

Ocean Cruise Lines

Off the coast of Brazil: I am cruising South America all winter long on a comprehensive series of cruises created for land lovers. These port-intensive itineraries have taken me to the Galápagos, the Amazon and Carnival in Rio. Meeting many guest lecturers and naturalists who provide special insights about the regions visited. This *Ocean Princess* is an elegant ship, akin to a yacht, yet with all the features, facilities and activities you'd normally find on a floating resort. The superb cuisine has a definite French flair and the wonderful staff is making me feel completely at home.

Premier Cruise Lines



Ships' Registry: Liberia, Bahamas

In the Bahamas: After four days at the Walt Disney World® Resort, I set sail on Premier's Big Red Boat, the Official Cruise Line of Walt Disney World. A ship the World Travel Award Committee honored with the *Grand Prix Mondial du Voyage* award. Met many new friends on board, like the world-famous Disney characters. Round-trip coach airfare, a 7-day car rental, accommodations at the world-famous Walt Disney World Resort, unlimited access to the Magic Kingdom® Park, Epcot® Center, Disney-MGM Studios, plus admission to River Country, Pleasure Island and the Kennedy Space Center are included in the cost of my cruise. This is the ultimate family vacation.

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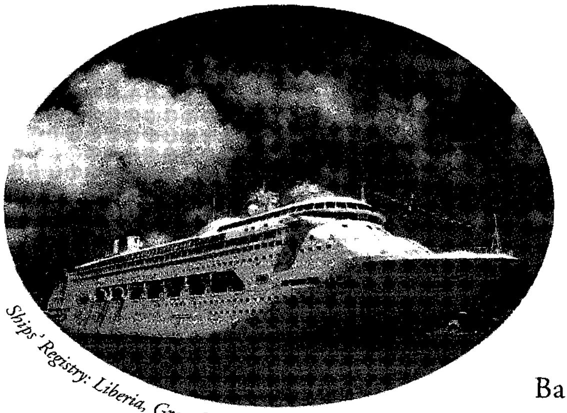
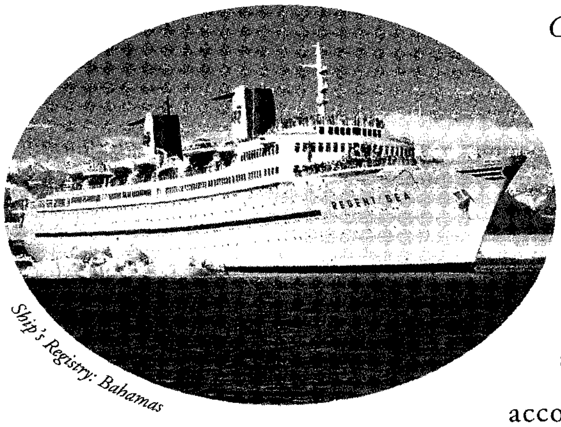
Princess Cruises®



Ships' Registry: Liberia, Great Britain

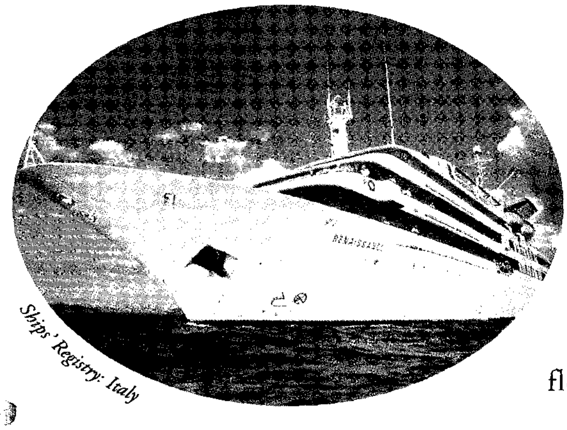
Thursday evening: There's certainly warm, gracious, personal service here on the world-famous Love Boat.℠ I've cruised from Hong Kong to Honolulu, Stockholm to Singapore, Monte Carlo to Martinique, Barbados to Bali and Anchorage to Athens aboard Princess' fleet of nine Love Boats. I've become rather spoiled with all the first-class amenities and 24-hour pampering on these elegant ships. Tonight I'll enjoy delectable cuisine and lavish Las Vegas-style entertainment. Later this evening, at a party in my extra-spacious stateroom, I'll serve caviar and champagne to toast a few friends I met at the in-pool bar.

Regency Cruises



Ship's Registry: Bahamas

Crossing the Panama Canal: I've enjoyed warm European-style service on every ship in the Regency fleet. Cabin stewardesses attend to me in a gracious, hospitable manner. I dine on exquisite Continental cuisine prepared by French master chefs. Regency's classic appointments and unusually spacious accommodations enchant me. I've found amenities of more expensive cruise lines at an affordable price. Whisked away on captivating itineraries, I've sailed the route of glaciers in Alaska, explored magical ports in Hawaii, mystical ones in South America and seldom-seen destinations in the Caribbean. I now journey on to French Quebec and Nova Scotia.

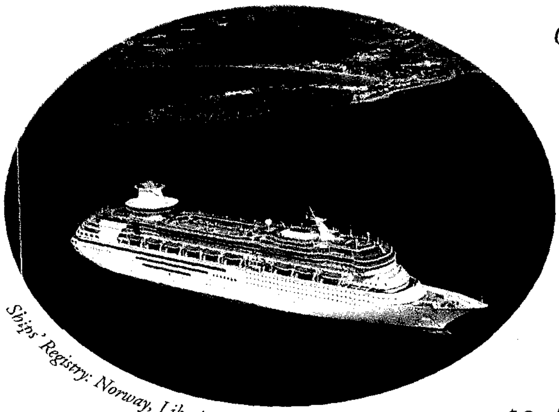


Ships' Registry: Italy

Renaissance Cruises®

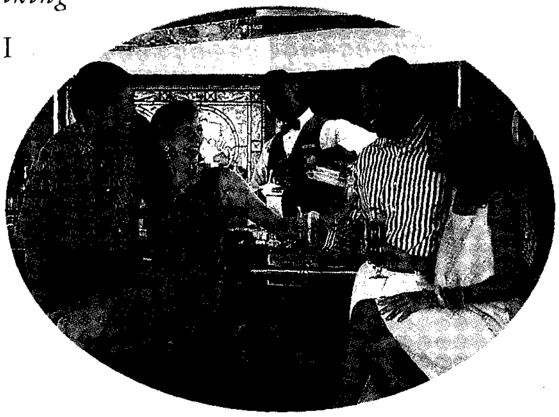
An hour from Mahé: One hundred other guests and I cruise on an intimate Renaissance vessel. Venturing into small ports inaccessible to all but a few select ships. My luxurious outside suite has a lovely marble bath, gorgeous teak floors, a VCR and a queen-size bed. From my windows I've seen the Seychelles, Southeast Asia, India, the Mediterranean, Coastal Europe, the Baltic and the Caribbean. At every port, unique and specially designed shore excursions await me. Fellow guests on board are well traveled, experienced. They expect the best in service and accommodations. It seems they've found it here.

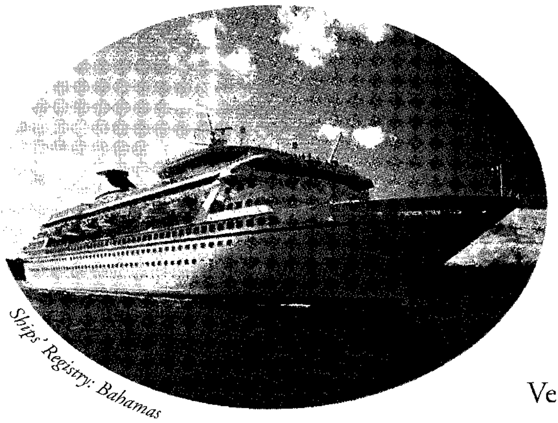
Royal Caribbean®



Ships' Registry: Norway, Liberia, Bahamas

Off Grand Cayman: I've seen the western shores of the Caribbean from *Majesty of the Seas*℠, its southern coasts from *Monarch of the Seas*℠ and points east on board their elegant sister ship — *Sovereign of the Seas*®. Took the *Nordic Empress*® to Nassau, Freeport. Dove at Coco Cay. Went north to Alaska to see a misty fjord and a glacier. Played golf in Bermuda. Cruised to Catalina and Baja Mexico on *Viking Serenade*℠. Sailed the Mexican Riviera. I continue my journey in search of European coasts. Sources inform me impeccable service is one reason why Royal Caribbean won more major consumer awards in the last 11 years than any other cruise line.

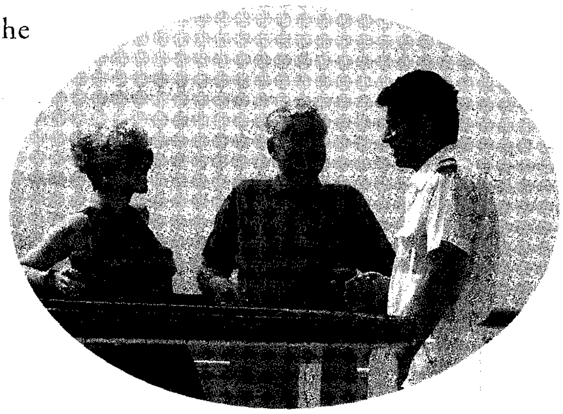


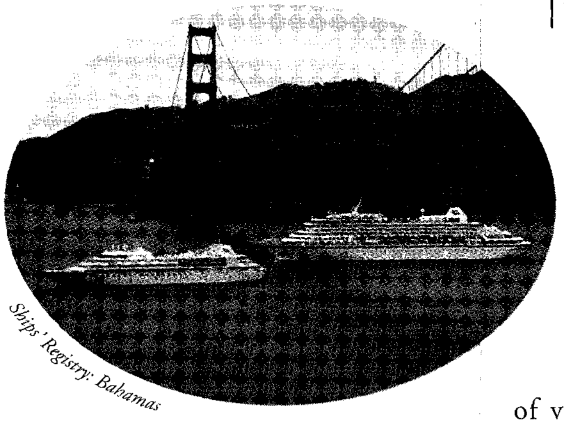


Ships' Registry: Bahamas

Royal Cruise Line

Mont-Saint-Michel, France: Another glorious day at sea on the elegant *Crown Odyssey.* Relaxing while being pampered by a wonderful Greek crew. Astonished by all that I've seen — in Africa, Beijing, Hong Kong, India, Venice and Rome. Tomorrow another dream comes true — I'll see the City of Lights — Paris. And as for the cuisine, these heart-healthy entrees are terrific. Just one of the thoughtful and innovative guest services and programs that make this cruise line special. The ladies on board get plenty of exercise on the dance floor, thanks to Royal Cruise Line's famed Gentlemen Hosts. Must run to my massage before tonight's Captain's Gala.





Ships' Registry: Bahamas

Royal Viking Line

At day's end: I have experienced the cultures and people of the world on the majestic ships of Royal Viking. Life on board is elegant, tranquil and unregimented. I've dined on exquisite creations prepared by their masterful chefs and sampled the rarest of vintages. From Bali to Singapore, Paris to Oslo, Hong Kong to Monte Carlo, I've been attended to in a most regal manner. Took a six-day safari into Africa. Spotted lions from a careful distance. Walked the Great Wall of China, toured the wine cellars of Bordeaux. Now it's time for tea with new friends to recap the day's events and plan tomorrow's adventures.

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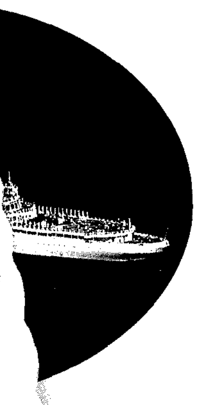

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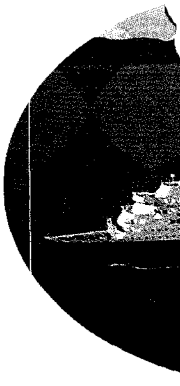

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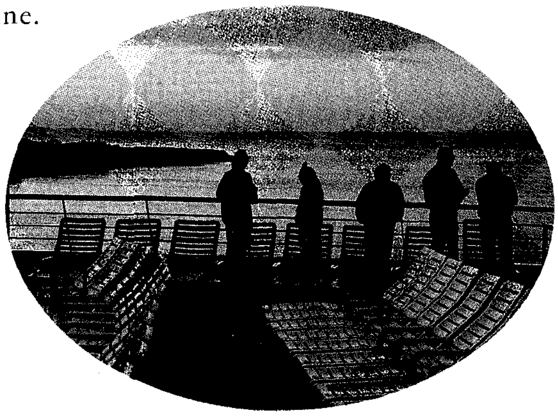

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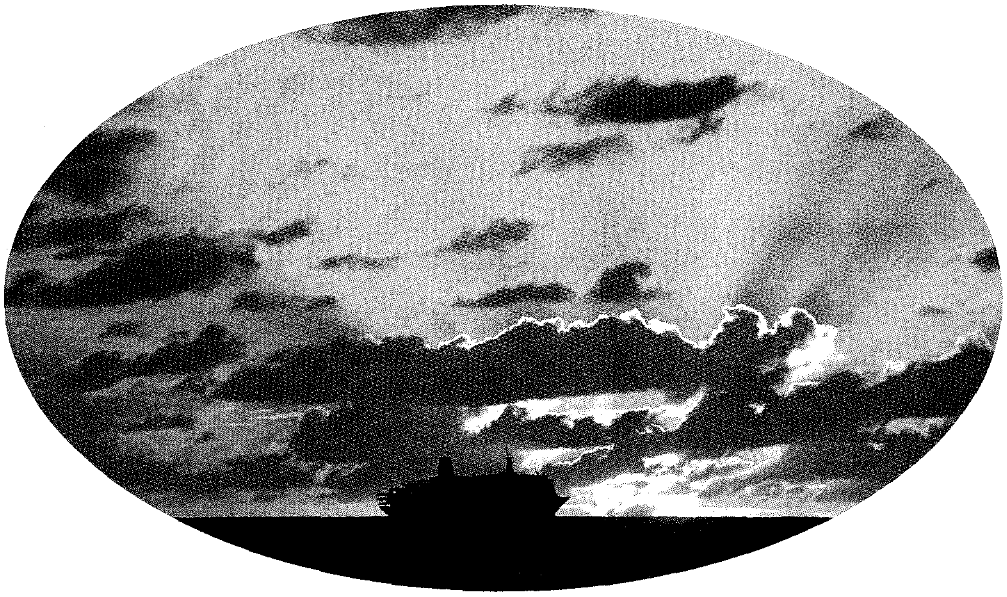

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NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

book through Oct. 3. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-forty-five, Fridays and Saturdays at eight-forty-five and ten-forty-five.

Condon's, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—In the shadow of the Zeckendorf Towers sits this stucco-walled grotto, whose intimate scale makes it a fine spot for jazz. **HENRY THREADGILL,** who brings in a group here Sept. 29-Oct. 4, is an innovative saxophonist and bandleader whose interests range from bebop to minimalism to African rhythms to New Orleans funeral marches. Threadgill's arrangements are marked by complexity and odd juxtapositions—he's routinely pegged as "avant-garde"—but his music is spiritual and impassioned as well. Shows Tuesdays through Sundays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, with late sets at one on Fridays and Saturdays.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through the iffy-looking side door, down the famous fun-house tunnel that's lined with mirrors and corrugated tin, and down a short flight of stairs, you'll find this softly lit, low-ceilinged, roughly Manhattan-shaped jazz preserve. The **NEW YORK VOICES** are here Sept. 29-Oct. 4. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—The club most likely to feature an electric-rake player. Run by a couple of forward-looking Wisconsinites, the Knitting Factory takes in all manner of avant, neo, and post ensembles. The atmosphere is low-key bohemian—it's like a frat house for the avant-garde. **WAYNE HORVITZ AND THE PRESIDENT** are here on Sept. 30. The British guitarist **FRED FRITH** performs Oct. 4-5. Music after nine.

Manny's Car Wash, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—A bright spot on the little-heralded Upper East Side club scene. Don't go expecting to be sprayed with soapy water and massaged by large brushes: the fluorescent sign outside is the only car-wash reference. Inside, the place looks like an adman's idea of a blues bar. Guitarist **BOBBY RADCLIFFE** holds forth on Sept. 30. The veteran bluesman **CLARENCE (GATEMOUTH) BROWN,** who's here on Oct. 1, puts on shows that are an assemblage of swing, boogie-woogie, pop, soul, and R. & B.—and, of course, blues. A recent set included a Duke Ellington number and the Righteous Brothers hit "Unchained Melody." Brown, who is in his seventies, is tall and lanky, and given to wearing Stetson hats and rodeo apparel. His stage persona is good-natured, but his guitar is savage. Sets from nine-fifteen, except Sundays, when they begin at eight-forty-five.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—The bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. This week's schedule includes the Toasters (Oct. 1), the Jayhawks and S.C.O.T.S. (Oct. 2), and Sonny Burgess and the A Bones (Oct. 3). Shows are usually at ten on Thursdays, at eleven on Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine other nights.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**MEL TORMÉ** is in the middle of a run here. Mr. Tormé is a genial performer who comes off as a cross between a serious jazz singer, a Sinatra-style hepcat, and a Vegas showman. His voice—a warm, smooth baritone—won't bowl you over, but his allegro scat singing is impressive, whether he's riffing on a vocal line or mimicking a bebop horn solo. Tormé is here with a fifteen-piece band, and his lively arrangements light up some rather unimaginatively chosen standards. Tormé seems to strive for an Ellingtonian richness—he calls the Duke his "one true idol," and this show includes an Ellington medley. Sometimes, he hits the mark; at other times, the group sounds more like the old "Tonight Show" band. On his farewell show, Johnny Carson said of that group, "Anyone who thinks this band isn't hip doesn't know what hip means." Tormé's fans would probably say the same of him. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A moondust-in-your-hair cabaret where a club soda costs, well, a *lot.* There are plenty of niceties if you're so inclined: an ear-popping express elevator in which you can mingle with the famous; tables scattered with plastic diamonds and sapphires; and rest-room attendants who hover near the sink asking "Is the water too warm?" Singer **MAUREEN MC GOVERN,** who begins a monthlong stint here on Sept. 29, was once known (to her consternation) as "the disaster-theme queen"—she sang "The Morning After," from "The Poseidon Adventure," as well as songs from "Towering Inferno" and "Superman." Since then, Ms. McGovern, who has a powerful, versatile set of pipes and a four-octave range, has successfully refashioned herself in a cabaret mode. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

PHILIPPE PETIT-ROULET

Ritz, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—This space was once a theatre, as the cherubim friezes and Louis the Something ceiling attest. Then it was Studio 54, and, if you try real hard, you can still hear the grunts, moans, and snorts of seventies disco ghosts. Now it's a massive rock club, where the orchestra has been gutted for maximum standing capacity, where you have to wear a hospital-style wristband if you want to drink, and where, if you're bored with the band, you can watch the goons guarding the stage pass along rowdies like buckets of water at a fire. The **DIXIE DREGS** and the **RED DEVILS** share a bill on Oct. 2. The Dregs just made "Bring 'Em Back Alive," their first record in ten years, and they're now in the midst of a reunion tour that finds them playing material both ancient and brand-spanking new. One recent set offered a tongue-in-cheek rock-classics medley that included "Summertime Blues," "Kashmir," "My Sharona," and "Free Bird," as well as the requisite number of hothouse jams led by guitarist Steve Morse. Show times vary.

Russian Tea Room, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Known for, among countless other things, a scene in "Manhattan" in which Woody Allen tries to teach his young son how to "score." Upstairs, there's a small, red-gold-and-green cabaret. **KAYE BALLARD** performs on Oct. 4. Shows Sundays at eight and ten-thirty. Dining and, of course, drinking.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—The closest thing in Manhattan to a rain forest, this venerable club has many selling points: tropical drinks, Brazilian food, faux palm trees, a thatch-roofed bar. The live music is primarily from Africa, Brazil, and the Caribbean, and the dance floor is usually hopping. **ASTRUD GILBERTO** is in action Sept. 29-Oct. 1. Ms. Gilberto, who rose to fame with her 1963 rendition of "Girl from Ipanema," has a cool, vibratoless voice and a graceful, reflective stage manner. The low-key sambas and bossa novas that she and her band cook up may remind you of Bacharachesque soundtracks from sixties movies. Music from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A pretty serious jazz shrine where, to reach the restrooms, you have to pass within inches of the stage. This is significant because, if you head to the bathroom during a set, the crowd is likely to think you're a guest soloist. The **OLIVER JONES** trio is here through Oct. 4, and a trio led by **MC COY TYNER** begins work on Oct. 6. Tyner puts on extraordinary shows, which alternate seamlessly from the thunderous and showy to the lyrical and understated. He and his trio—a topflight team that also includes **AVERY SHARPE** and **AARON SCOTT**—will be here through the middle of October. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

Tramps, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Thanks to low lighting, muralled pillars, ironwork, and a beautifully restored old tin ceiling, this loft space manages to feel homey. The sound system can be overwhelming, but the place is big enough to accommodate both those who want to lose their hearing and those who don't. Zydeco, soul, blues, and rock are the main order of business here. **IRMA THOMAS** appears on Oct. 2, and the **MARY COUGHLAN** band comes in on Oct. 3. Sets at eight and eleven weeknights, eight-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Trocadero Room, 368 Bleecker St., at Charles St. (242-0636)—**WAYNE LAMMERS,** who is currently in residence here, has been called "the Singing Ted Koppel." The singer-comedian's one-man show, titled "For No Apparent Reason," casts a wry, satiric eye on American culture past and present. Musically, Lammers is all over the place. His parodies involve rock and rap, not to mention something he calls "Grampa's Artificial Hearts Club Band." Shows Tuesdays at eight.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The late Max Gordon, who opened this holiest of jazz shrines in 1935, once described the club's early patrons as a mix of "poets, W.P.A. writers, hustlers, broads on the make, and moochers." **BUSTER WILLIAMS** occupies this basement jazz house Sept. 29-Oct. 4. The **RAY DRUMMOND** quintet gets started on Oct. 6. Mondays are reserved for the **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA.** Music after nine-thirty.

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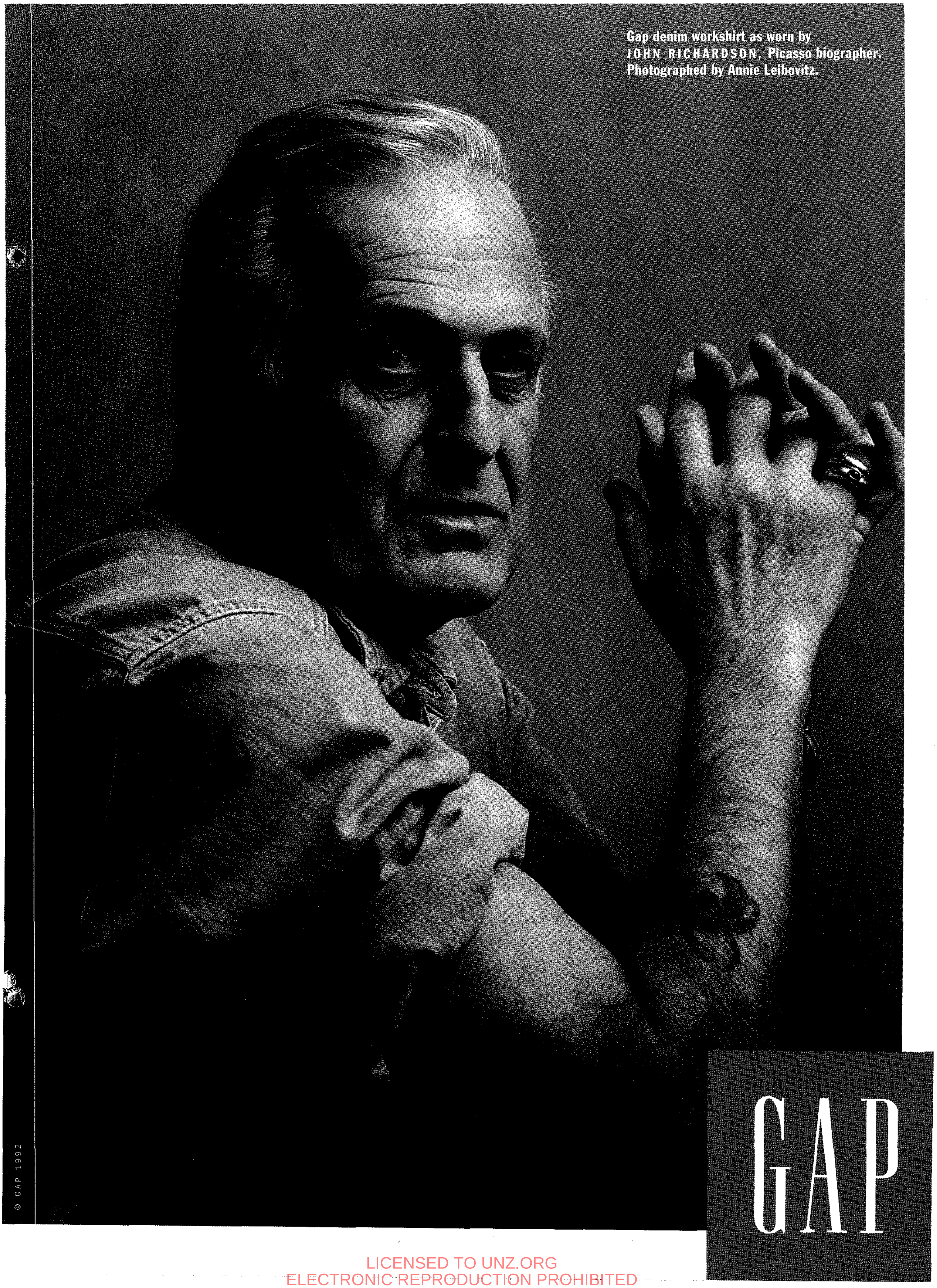

Gap denim workshirt as worn by
JOHN RICHARDSON, Picasso biographer.
Photographed by Annie Leibovitz.

GAP

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EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

AFTER talking to Doug Ballinger, one of the four Toronto brothers backing the new club Webster Hall (124 East 11th Street), one doesn't know *whether to ask the d.j. on opening night* to spin Ricky Nelson's "Fools Rush In" or Queen's "We Are the Champions."

"Webster Hall is going to be a night club with great music, a great attitude, smiling faces, and no hassle at the door," Doug says. "If someone shows up with fifteen dollars in his pocket and lots of enthusiasm, I want him in here." The Ballinger brothers—the others are Peter, Stephen, and Lonny—promise not only to respect their patrons but also to reacquaint them with a kind of vast club layout the likes of which hasn't been seen since 1 B.N. (Before Nell's). For three years, the brothers have been busy transforming the seedy, beer-soaked former site of the Ritz into what Lonny labels "a great adventure," with a minimum of lions and tigers and bears and a maximum number of rooms for other kinds of hunting. There are three dance spaces, three lounges, a coffee bar, a white room for "decadent" cabaret—and not a single V.I.P. lounge. The main dance floor is truly a beauty—large enough to let go on, small enough not to swallow up your friends.

Susanne Bartsch kicks off Webster Hall's opening night, October 1, and Dallas Boesendahl will be rerouting Boys' Night Out to the club on Sundays. "This place needs a lot of people," Doug says. "So the only way I'll make anyone stand outside is if it's too crowded to get in." Are these guys from out of town, or what?

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

"REVISIONES"—A festival of performance art and music from places south of here. Sept. 29-Oct. 1 at 8: Luciana Proaño, a Peruvian dancer/video artist, and Mary Ann Vargas and Centro de Investigacion Teatral, Peruvian performance artists. . . . ¶ Oct. 2-3 at 8 and Oct. 4 at 3: Gabri Christa, from Curaçao, presents a dance/performance work about Caribbean women, and Carlos Andrade appears in a solo dance/theatre work about the Guatemalan soul. . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 8: Sergio Arau, from Mexico City, presents "Moctezuma's Revenge/La Venganza de Moctezuma." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. The festival continues through Oct. 11.)

"THE BEST OF ALL WASHABLE WORLDS"—A rambunctious folk-music/performance piece by Washboard Jungle. (Downtown Art Co., 64 E. 4th St. 732-1227. Sept. 30-Oct. 3 at 8 and Oct. 4 at 5.)

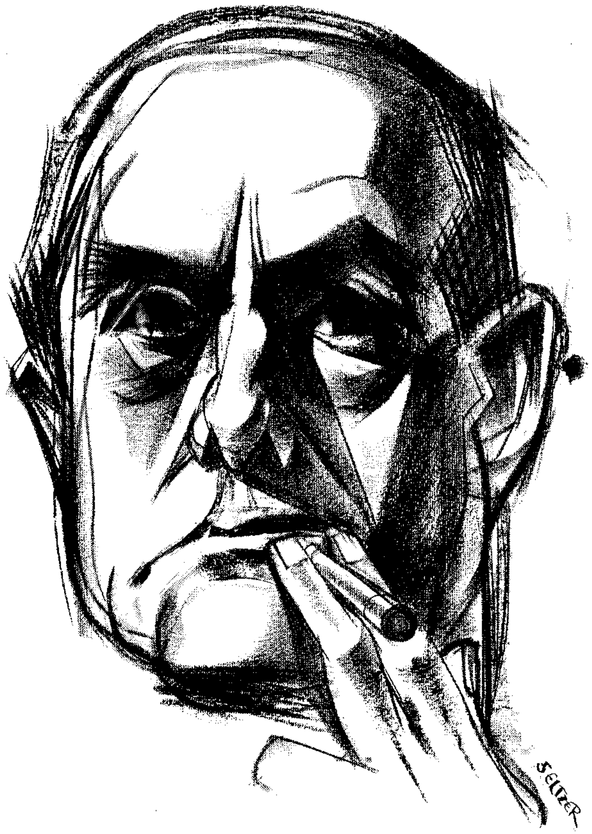
"GUITAR BOY"—A new production, by the people at the W.O.W. Café, that concerns a town of women in Oklahoma. With Lynn Hayes, Karen Campbell, Carolyn Brown, and others. (59 E. 4th St. 460-8067. Oct. 1-3 at 8. Through Oct. 24.)

PENNY ARCADE—In "Bitch! Dyke! Faghag! Whore!" With go-go dancers. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Fridays and Saturdays at 8.)

DIXON PLACE—Oct. 2 at 10:30: Ken Bullock in "My Life Is a Show.". . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 8 and 10:30: "Chump Change," by Steve Cannon. With Jim Chu, Heryong, Dawn McClendon, Lidia Ramirez, and Edwin Torres. (258 Bowery, near Houston St. 219-3088.)

ART

Beckmann Returns



Max Beckmann

"I WILL not shoot at the French," the painter Max Beckmann said to his first wife, on his refusal to bear arms during the First World War. "I've learned too much from them. And at the Russians neither. Dostoyevski is my friend." As a young artist, Beckmann was called the German Delacroix, and his work in fact reflects the craggy bent of the gothic legacy and the bombast of epic nineteenth-century novels and paintings. This consummate cosmopolite left Germany in 1937, on the day after the notorious radio broadcast in which *der Führer*, introducing the "Degenerate Art" exhibition opening in Munich, called for the imprisonment—or sterilization—of artists who continued their "practice of prehistoric art stutterings." Following a period of exile in Amsterdam, Beckmann moved permanently to the United States in 1947. Reluctantly, he taught art—first in St. Louis, and then in Oakland, where he is still remembered as a formal and rather poignant figure, who strolled around campus with his second wife, Quappi, while holding his little pug dog Butchy in his arms. Beckmann died in New York in 1950, at the age of sixty-six, and his work has influenced American painters from Philip Guston to Eric Fischl.

Beckmann gave the febrile Weimar look some muscle. The current sampling of his self-portraits, at the Gagosian gallery (980 Madison Avenue, at 76th Street; through October 31), creates the impression of a compact, brawny, chain-smoking, theatrically prodigal figure. In one picture, Beckmann looks like Picasso at his most cranially intense; in another, like Peter Lorre in the role of some aristocratic Mephisto from the nineteen-twenties. But, in whatever guise he appears, Beckmann presents an oversized and often domelike image of his head as a metaphor for the world. Associated with self-portraiture as closely as Rembrandt and van Gogh, he is one of art history's great narcissists, as well as one of its sharpest mirrors.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

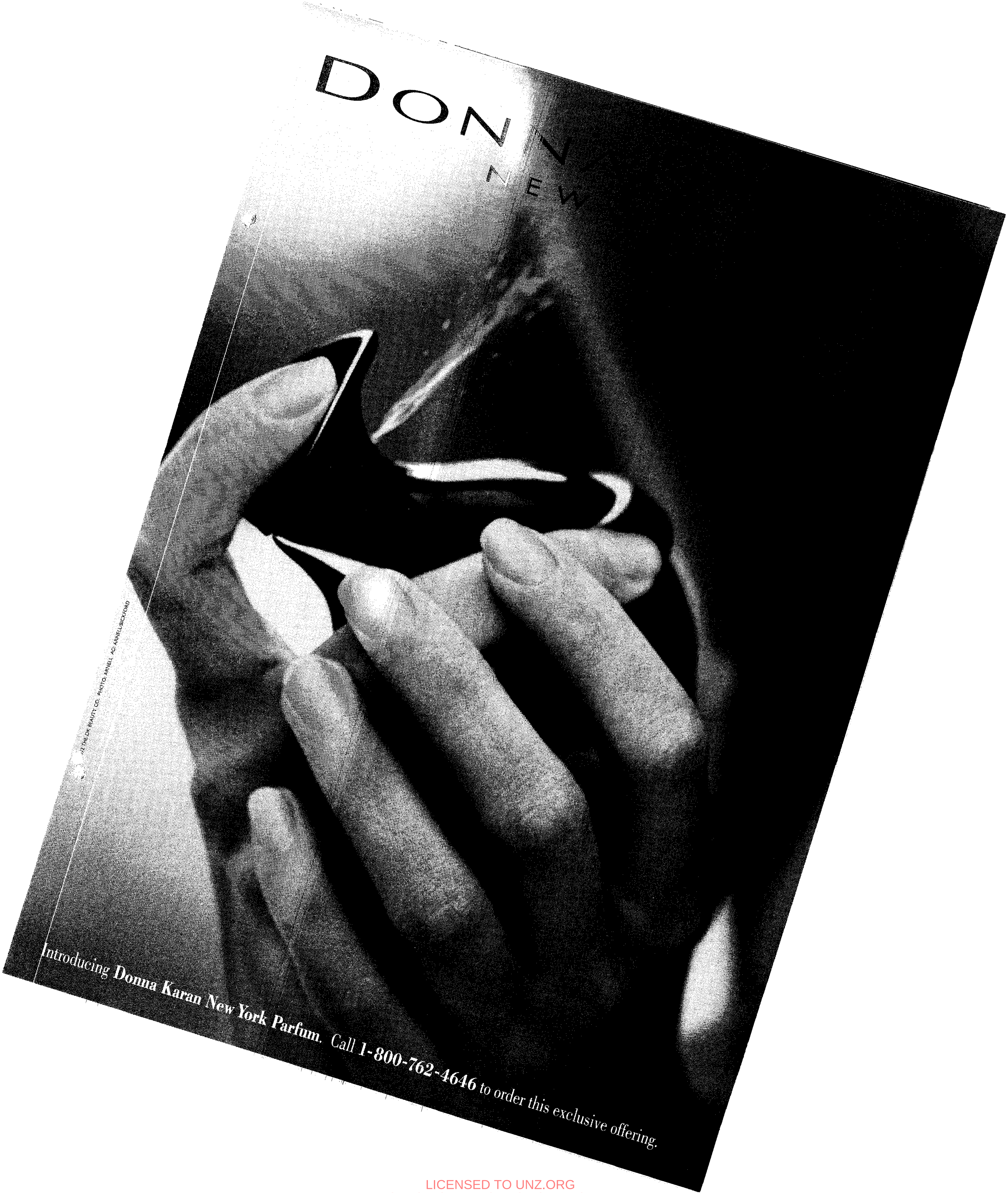
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—*Ceci n'est pas une rétrospective*: The Magritte bash includes more than a hundred and fifty paintings, drawings, bronzes, and other objects. Through Nov. 22. . . . ¶ Portraits—and self-portraits—by Thomas Eakins, Mary Cassatt, Winslow Homer, and other American artists. Through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings, drawings, and prints by the Spanish realist Jusepe de Ribera (1591-1652). Through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Color photographs by Leo Rubinfien, taken in Japan, China, and Southeast Asia. Starts Oct. 2. . . . ¶ "Modern Design: 1890-1990" shows off the museum's holdings in twentieth-century furniture, architectural and design drawings, glass, ceramics, and other objects. Through Oct. 25. . . . **NOTE:** The museum's roof garden, planted with eight sculptures by Rodin, is open when the weather permits. Through Nov. 1. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Henri Matisse." The long-awaited retrospective is up through Jan. 12. (Tickets for this exhibition have been sold in advance. A limited number of same-day tickets are available on a first-come, first-served basis. For more information, call 708-9850.). . . ¶ "The Photographs of Lucas Samaras" comprises thirty works from his many series of Polaroids. Through Dec. 1. (See Photography listing.). . . ¶ "The Young Rebel in American Photography, 1950-70" presents work by, among others, Diane Arbus, Larry Clark, Bruce Davidson, Robert Frank, and Lee Friedlander. Through Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Lean and timeless utilitarian pieces by the Finnish designer Kaj Franck. Particularly impressive is his Kilta tableware, which was in production from 1953 to 1975 and still looks contemporary. Through Oct. 12. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"The Great Utopia: The Russian and Soviet Avant-Garde, 1915-32" is a feast of eight hundred paintings, sculptures, photographs, and architectural, graphic, and stage designs. *Na zdorovye!* Through Dec. 15. (Open daily, except Thursdays, 10 to 8.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM SOHO, 575 Broadway—"Marc Chagall and the Jewish Theater." Seven murals on canvas (recently restored) that the artist created in late 1920 for the State Jewish Kamerny Theatre, in Moscow. Through Jan. 17. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings until 10.)

ISADORE SELTZER



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A PRIME NOTION IT TURNED OUT TO BE. The casks (particularly those that had contained sherry) imparted both a lustrous golden colour and a beguiling hint of redolence to the malt.

SO SUCCESSFUL WAS THE PRACTICE, in fact, that soon all the malt whiskies (among them The Macallan) were matured in this way. But time passed.

SHERRY CASKS ONCE TO BE HAD FOR A FEW PENCE NOW COST SCORES OF POUNDS. And first one and then another *faint-heart* settled for more expedient alternatives, with the result that today The Macallan is the last malt whisky to be *exclusively* so matured. However...

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ART—Cont'd

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Twenty-three drawings from the forties by Alfonso Ossorio. Through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ "Homecoming: William H. Johnson and Afro-America, 1938-46." Through Oct. 25. . . . ¶ An auxiliary exhibition, "Parallel Visions," draws on the museum's permanent collection to provide a context for viewing the works of Johnson. Among the artists represented here are Philip Evergood, Edward Hopper, Jacob Lawrence, Ben Shahn, and Alice Trumbull Mason. Through Oct. 25. . . ¶ A large exhibition of twentieth-century figurative paintings and sculptures from the collection. Through Nov. 29. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Meg Webster's installation, titled "Running," will consist of a stream of water and an adjacent resource room with a computer and books on ecology and the biosphere. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ "Fantasy Furniture" is a collection of wacky nineteenth-century pieces from around the world. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, Park Ave. at 70th St.—"Cultures at Crossroads: Southeast Asian Textiles from the Australian National Gallery." Seventy-nine objects, dating from the seventeenth century to the early twentieth, from Indonesia, Myanmar, Thailand, India, Cambodia, Vietnam, Malaysia, and the Philippines. Through Jan. 17. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, at the New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Convivencia: Jews, Muslims, and Christians in Medieval Spain." The perfect followup to the "Al-Andalus" show at the Met, which closed last week. More than a hundred manuscripts, textiles, ceramics, and architectural fragments are on view. Through Dec. 20. (Open Tuesdays, except Sept. 29, Wednesdays, and Sundays, 11 to 5; Thursdays, 11 to 8; Fridays, 11 to 3.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A large show of drawings by Fra Bartolommeo, including studies for "Vision of St. Bernard" and "Madonna della Misericordia." Through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ "Renaissance Florence: Arts and Letters," drawn from the library's collection, features letters by Michelangelo and Machiavelli, an early edition of Dante's "Divine Comedy," and inflammatory pamphlets by Savonarola. Through Nov. 29. . . ¶ All sorts of material culled from past Presidential elections (George Washington to Teddy Roosevelt) will be on view in "Seeking the 'Splendid Misery.'" Through Nov. 22. . . . ¶ "Treasures from the Permanent Collections." Through Nov. 29. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—"Visiones del Pueblo" explores, through some two hundred and fifty objects, the roots of Latin-American folk art from the sixteenth century to the present. Through Jan. 3. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11:30 to 7:30.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"A Jewish Family in Colonial New York: The Levy-Franks Family Portraits." Three generations of the Levy and Frank families, as seen in these rare seventeen-thirties oil paintings. . . . ¶ "Songs of My People," a hundred and fifty black-and-white photographs of contemporary African-American communities throughout the United States. All of the pictures were taken by African-American free-lance and newspaper photographers. Through Jan 3. . . . ¶ "Growing Old in Spanish Harlem," a show of photographs of elderly Latinos and Latinas accompanied by quotations from the subjects. Through Jan. 3. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Seventy-one paintings by Finnish modernist Helene Schjerfbeck (1862-1945). Through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ "The Artist's Eye," the first in a series of exhibitions that will organized by artists who are academy members. Philip Pearlstein has done the selecting here; among the forty works on view are Ryder's "Marine" and Sargent's "Portrait of Monet." Through Jan. 15. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5; Friday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Markers of Change: Documents of American History." The Declaration of Independence, Washington's Plan for the Retaking of New York, the Constitution of the United States (second draft), and Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address: these and twelve other historical documents are on view for only two weeks. Through Oct. 11. (In conjunction with the exhibition, the society and the League of Women Voters will offer voter registration on Oct. 1 from 5 to 8 P.M.). . . ¶ "Ansel Adams: The Early Years" covers the period from 1919 to 1941 and includes, along with several of the famous Western landscapes, lesser-known still-lifes, portraits, and views of New York City. Through Oct. 11. . . . ¶ An exhibition, mostly of paintings, from the collection of the Century Association. Some of the works, such as Albert Bierstadt's "Guerrilla Warfare, Civil War" (1862) and Winslow Homer's "Nurse and Child" (1868), were accepted by the association in lieu of the initiation fee. Through Oct. 11. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—In "New Worlds, Ancient Texts," more than two hundred manuscripts, maps, atlases, globes, books, and prints tell the story of the Old World and the New World—how they came to meet, their courtship, their quarrels, and their inevitable marriage. Through Jan. 9. (Gottesman Hall. Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.). . . ¶ Maps and atlases of yesteryear, as "Mapping the New World" demonstrates, were certainly more fanciful than today's A.A.A. road maps. The show reveals the fertile imaginations of European mapmakers, who incorporated palm trees, double-spouted whales, cannibals, and other exotic things into their works. Through Jan. 9. (Edna Barnes Salomon Room. Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

QUEENS MUSEUM OF ART, Flushing Meadow Park—"Fragile Ecologies" presents several artists' interpretations of—and suggested solutions for—various problems in the biosphere. Among those represented are Mel Chin, Alan Sonfist, Mierle Laderman Ukeles, Helen and Newton Harrison, and a group of California high-school students. Through Nov. 29. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

EUGÈNE LEROY—Recent paintings by this eighty-two-year-old from northeastern France. Leroy's impassioned, meditative canvases resemble both Frank Auerbach's and Milton Resnick's. And some of Leroy's grittier surfaces may also recall the early work of Dubuffet or Masson, though his operatic painterliness may seem overearnest to eyes accustomed to quasi-kitschiness or self-conscious historicism. Along with those of many other northern-European painters—Per Kirkeby, for instance—Leroy's compositions are sometimes so open as to seem irresolute, resulting in paintings full of inchoate gesture and primal incident. Through Nov. 7. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St. . . . ¶ A concurrent show of recent paintings is at Thorp, 103 Prince St., through Oct. 10.)

SHORT LIST—WIFREDO LAM, Americas Society, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. (opens daily, except Mondays, at noon; through Dec. 20); **IRVING PETLIN,** Kent, 47 E. 63rd St. (open Mondays,

"Every canvas is a journey all its own."

Helen Frankenthaler

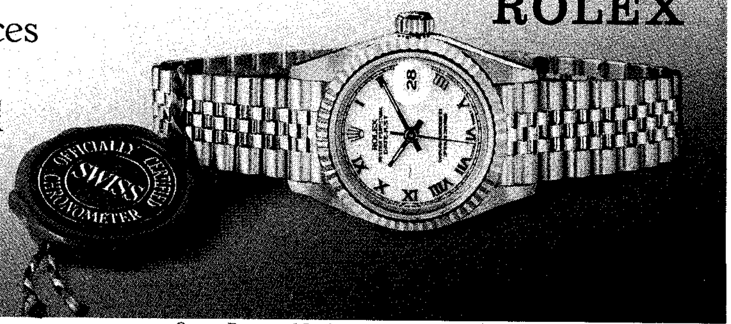
Helen Frankenthaler has long held the highest rank in contemporary painting. *Mountains and Sea,* painted when she was barely into her twenties, is credited with introducing the lyrical use of color to abstract expressionism.

Her work since, exhibited in the world's most important museums, is admired for its beauty and evocative power, and respected for its disregard of artistic fashion.

Although Frankenthaler leads a calm, ordered life, she embraces risks and adventure in her art. A strong believer in the magical spark that brings a good painting to life, Frankenthaler approaches her art intuitively, as well as intellectually, drawing inspiration wherever she may find it, "from nature and the unconscious to great artists of the past."

"I've explored a variety of directions and themes over the years. But I think in all my painting you can see the signature of one artist, the work of one wrist." And on that immensely talented wrist, Helen Frankenthaler has chosen to wear a Rolex.

ROLEX



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closed Saturdays, through Oct. 20); **FAIRFIELD PORTER,** Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (through Oct. 31); **BEVERLY SEMMES,** Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. (through Oct. 6); **DONALD SULTAN,** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (through Oct. 8); **MICHAEL TETHEROW,** Goldberg, 52 E. 76th St. (through Oct. 17).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Short List—**FEDERICO CASTELLON,** Rosenfeld, 50 W. 57th St. (through Oct. 31); **STUART DIAMOND,** McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. through Oct. 10); **JUDITH GODWIN,** Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (through Oct. 17); **MAURICE GOLUBOV,** De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (through Oct. 6); **MORRIS GRAVES,** Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. (opens Saturdays at noon, through Oct. 24); **KÄTHE KOLLWITZ,** Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 7); **WENDY MARK,** Forum, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Oct. 17); **HENRY MOORE,** Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St. (through Oct. 24); **MARIA NORDMAN** (through Oct. 10) and **ISA GENZKEN** (through Oct. 17), Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (open Mondays); **CLAES OLDENBURG,** Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (through Oct. 17); **WALLACE PUTNAM,** Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (through Oct. 17); **MILTON RESNICK,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through Oct. 17); **ABRAHAM WALKOWITZ,** Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St., and Forum, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (both shows through Oct. 17).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Farrell Brickhouse—Very good, painterly abstracts on deckle-edged paper—turbulent, but also resolved. Through Oct. 17. (Auchincloss, 558 Broadway.)

Robert Burke—A promising début by a stylistically flexible painter—at first glance, you might take this for a group show. The strongest paintings are deliberately unfinished—a target with incomplete outer rings, for example, or a work with wallpapery patterns à la Christopher Wool, mutilated here and there in what must have been a fit of pique. Through Oct. 10. (Theodore, 580 Broadway. Closed Tuesdays.)

Larry Clark—A provocative video installation by a photographer who's skilled at showing how destructive teen-age hormones can be. Videotaped segments of three separate "Donahue" shows, each having to do with physical abuse of teen-age boys, are played continuously. You have to step up very close to each monitor to hear what is being said, but that is beside the point. The violence of the piece resides in the confluence of voices coming from the monitors. They meld into a ceaseless barrage of television noise, while Mr. Donahue takes on the self-righteous qualities of a televangelist. Through Oct. 10. (Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St.)

Justen Ladda—In the main room of this gallery, you'll find an image of a tractor with Eros and a centaur painted on it and on the wall behind it in such a way that the tableau pops out at the viewer three-dimensionally. When viewed from anywhere but head on, the image dissolves into mere visual noise. Step closer to the wall and you can see that the tractor is fabricated from a heap of supermarket and drug-store packaging. There are a number of smaller works, including a painting, on plywood, of racing cars on a banked curve. The most soothing piece in the show is the self-explanatory "Model for an Indoor Island." Through Oct. 3. (Gorney, 100 Greene St.)

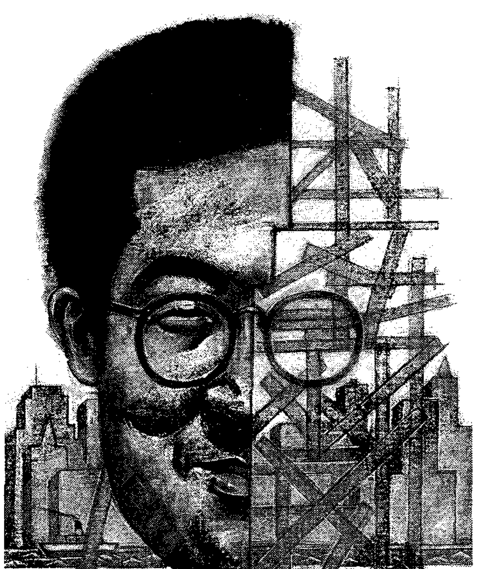
David Nash—Unlike his fellow-Brit Richard Long, whose art consists in altering actual landscapes in slight but minimalistically potent ways, Nash has a darker, more perverse side. He seeks to scar and manipulate nature, producing works that are at once grotesque and fascinating. Drawings for several projects are on view. In "Ash Dome," the artist planted a circle of young ash trees and slit their trunks, forcing them to bend at extreme angles, as if they were props for Robert Frost's "Birches." In thirty years or so, the trees should form a single dome of green. Also on display are several sculptures made of carved and burned wood. They're workmanlike—and hardly original. Through Oct. 10. (Louver, 130 Prince St.)

Tom Otterness—New works: a heart, a fist with chain, a pair of footprints, and other traditional Otterness images meticulously made from several layers of laminated wood. Otterness is, at heart, a public artist, and the most lively work here is a drawing for a colossal figurative statue for the city of Münster. Through Oct. 10. (Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Hugh Steers—A dozen small oil sketches and four large easel paintings by this young artist. Steers addresses subjects like AIDS and the erosion of reproductive rights in works that, despite their fevered East Village theatricality, can only be described as old-fashioned. Bonnard, of all people, seems to be a primary influence, followed perhaps by Oskar Kokoschka and Jared French. Paintings like the luminous "Tub," or "Plastic Embrace," with its pair of lovers and its prophylactic shower curtain, are definitely efforts to be reckoned with. A strong, affecting small show. Through Oct. 3. (Richard Anderson, 63 Thompson St.)

Walter Swennen—A first New York show of works by this midddle-aged Belgian painter. It might be more interesting if seen in relation to the Met's Magritte show. Like so many contemporary Belgians, Swennen owes his surrealistic edge to Magritte, although surrealism per se is not his game. His cartoonish images are masks for larger themes—fire, spiritual cleansing, death. Occasionally, the work is commanding. Through Oct. 3. (Klagsbrun, 51 Greene St.)

Rikrit Tiravanija—In the eighties, it is said, the true artists were the dealers, whose economic manipulations brought art—thanks in no small part to Andy Warhol—to the level of big business. In the nineties, the most canny individuals may very well turn out to be the dealers who survive the current slump in the market, which shows no signs of letting up. It is perhaps in this spirit that Tiravanija has taken the gallery's entire contents—storage, staff, and all—and deposited them in the main gallery space, as if the business itself were a relic suitable for observation. In the back room, traditionally the business center of any gallery, the artist has set up a kitchen, where he periodically prepares his native Thai dishes. Through Oct. 10. (303 Gallery, 89 Greene St.)



Tadashi Kawamata

Richard Tuttle—This is the best New York show in years by the Zen master of art. The current works—little objects, drawings, and assemblages at the base of wirelike pencil lines drawn on the walls—are playful, thoughtful, and eccentric. The work's preciousness is both its strength and its downfall. Through Oct. 31. (Boone, 417 West Broadway. . . . ¶ A show of early drawings is at Markey, 55 Vandam St., through Oct. 3. Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 2.)

Jackie Winsor—New pieces by a major sculptor who has been making minor works of late. The current crop is a number of small painted reliefs set directly into the wall. Each consists of a recessed square within a square, a configuration that draws the eye toward the shallow center. The artist's exquisite colors draw the viewer further in, but other than that there's nothing very engaging going on. Through Oct. 3. (Cooper, 149 Wooster St.)

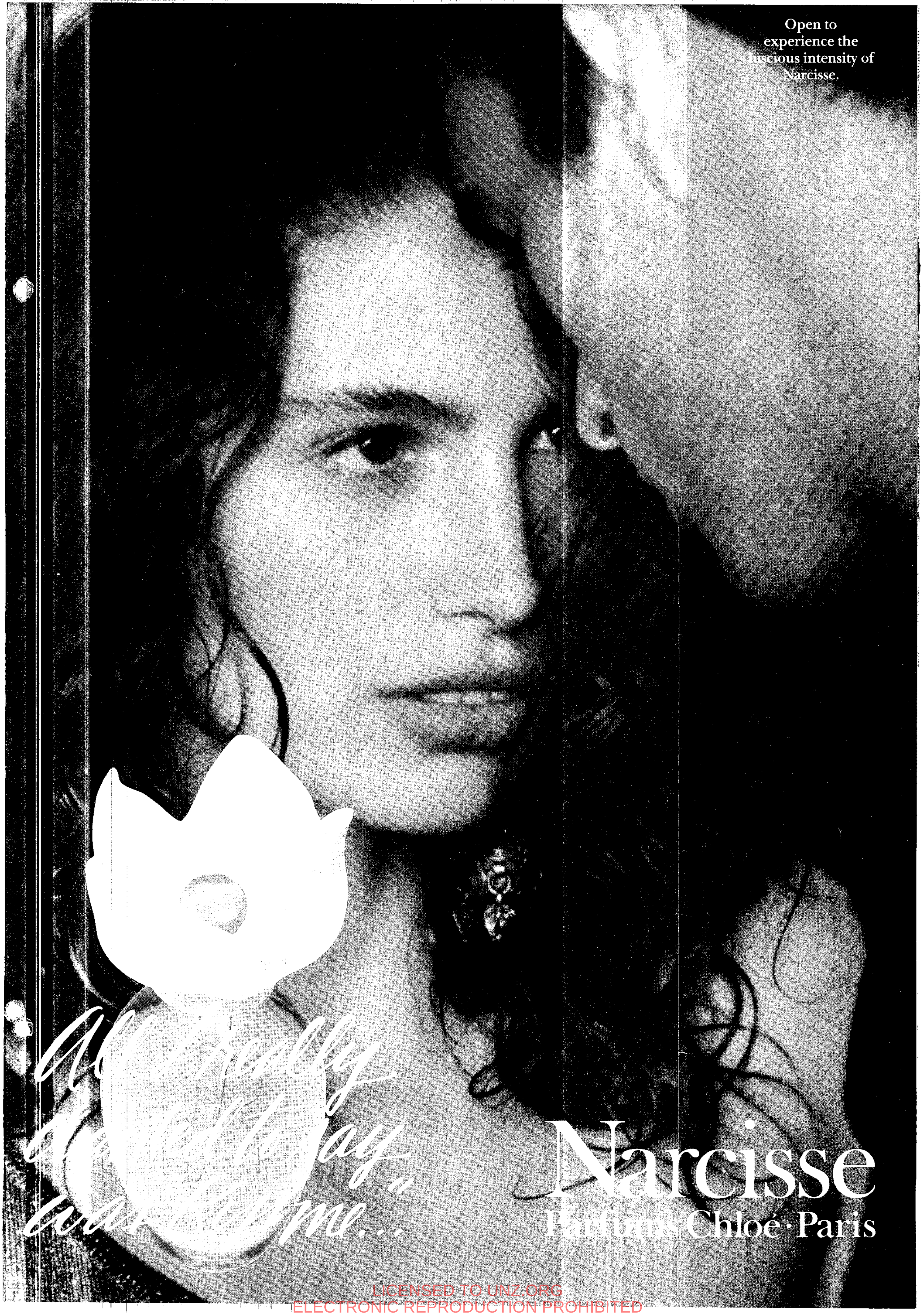
Group Show—This three-person show includes new beach-blanket paintings by Mary Heilmann, which are attractive but a bit stiff in their deliberate informality; junked-up painted assemblages by Jessica Stockholder, which hold little interest beyond their own local decorativeness; and large color photographs by Jack Pierson, the only works here with any content to speak of. These aren't Pierson's best works, but they ably give expression to his themes of longing, passion, uncertainty, and artifice. Through Oct. 24. (Hearn, 39 Wooster St.)

Short List—**KIM ABELES,** Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through Oct. 10); **ROBERT BEAUCHAMP,** M-13, at 72 Greene St. (through Oct. 3); **PETER H. BEGLEY,** Clasen, 470 Broome St. (through Nov. 28); **DAVID BOWES,** Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (through Oct. 31); **SCOTT BURTON,** Protetch, 560 Broadway (through Oct. 17); **JOHN CAGE,** Roeder, 545 Broadway (closed Tuesdays, through Oct. 10); **FRANCESCO CLEMENTE,** Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (through Oct. 31); **PETER DRAKE,** Marcus, 578 Broadway (through Oct. 3); **NORRIS EMBRY,** Snyder, 588 Broadway (through Oct. 17); **CARLO FERRARIS,** Ala, 560 Broadway (through Oct. 31); **GLENN GOLDBERG,** Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (through Oct. 10); **PAULA HAYES,** Fawbush, 76 Grand St. (through Oct. 10); **ROBERT IRWIN,** Pace, 142 Greene St. (through Oct. 17); **SILVIA KOLBOWSKI,** Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (through Oct. 10); **ANDREW KRASNOW,** Stux, 163 Mercer St. (through Oct. 3); **ADRIAN PIPER,** Weber, 142 Greene St. (through Oct. 17) and Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. (through Oct. 31); **KENNY SCHARF,** Shafrazi, 130 Prince St. (through Oct. 24); **PETER SCHUYFF,** Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (through Oct. 24); **TOSHIKO TAKAEZU,** Cowles, 420 West Broadway (through Oct. 3); **MEYER VAISMAN,** Castelli, 420 West Broadway (through Oct. 17); **MICHAEL VENEZIA,** RubinSpangle, 395 West Broadway (through Oct. 10); **ELLEN WIENER,** Pearl, 420 West Broadway (through Oct. 3); **FRED WILSON,** Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (through Oct. 3); **ADOLF WÖLFLI,** Kind, 136 Greene St. (through Oct. 17).

OTHER VENUES

Tadashi Kawamata—This Japanese artist has taken one of New York's most forlorn sites—the overgrown ruins of the Small Pox hospital on the south end of Roosevelt Island—and constructed a deliberately rickety, willfully chaotic five-story wood scaffolding around it. In the process, he has produced the sort of major public-art work that tends to be installed only in places that make a deliberate effort to attract such things, like Münster or Barcelona. The work is Kawamata's own abstract statement about institutional illness, care, and neglect, and it has obvious references to homelessness and AIDS. The piece itself cannot be visited, but you can get a glimpse of it from either the Roosevelt Island tram or the grounds of the United Nations. Through Nov. 1.

BART GOLDMAN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PHOTOGRAPHY

Klein Language

THE Howard Greenberg gallery has mounted a long-overdue retrospective of work by the gutsy and influential photographer William Klein. (120 Wooster Street; through October 24.) The show starts with pictures from the mid-fifties and ends with photographs of crowds going crazy at 1990 World Cup soccer matches, in Turin, Italy.

Klein's sophistication extends to almost every aspect of photography, from the way it's laid out in magazines and books to the way it's presented on gallery walls. His photography books from the late fifties and early sixties, on New York, Rome, Moscow, and Tokyo, are brilliant examples of just how exciting and energetic a photography book can be; they're the visual equivalent of jazz. The Greenberg show includes images from all these books, and the way the pictures are displayed—jammed together, instead of surrounded by white space—heightens their impact.

Although Klein's gritty, tough eye has made him an exceptional street photographer, he has also taken some of the most on-target fashion photographs of our time, and these, too, are here, as are his witty—if rather snotty—eighties color photographs of people lazing on European beaches. Most photographers keep their contact sheets private, perpetuating the idea that there is such a thing as *the* image. Not Klein. This show includes some large blowups of contact sheets from the past few years. They're marked up in the way photographers usually edit their images, except that instead of using wax pencils Klein has indicated his choices with thick, unmissable strokes of blue and red paint.

SHORT LIST—**JOHN BALDESSARI,** Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway (through Oct. 10); **LEWIS BALTZ,** Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway (through Oct. 10); **GEOFFREY BIDDLE,** Perry, 472 Broome St. (through Oct. 24); **HARRY CALLAHAN,** Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (through Oct. 24); **JOHN COPLANS,** Rosen, 130 Prince St. (through Oct. 17); **GEOFFREY JAMES,** Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through Oct. 10); **LOUIS LUSSIER,** Shainman, 560 Broadway (through Oct. 10); **RALPH EUGENE MEATYARD,** 292 Gallery, 120 Wooster St. (through Oct. 24); **GEANNA MEROLA,** Saul, 155 Spring St. (through Oct. 14); **DUANE MICHALS** and **LOIS GREENFIELD,** International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8; both shows through Nov. 8); **SARAH MOON,** Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (through Oct. 24); **DAVID MOROWITZ,** O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway (through Oct. 3); **MARIO CRAVO NETO,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway (through Oct. 24); **EDDIE ROLLINS,** Rice, 325 W. 11th St. (open Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 7, Sundays, 1 to 6, through Oct. 25); **LUCAS SAMARAS,** Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; through Dec. 1); **CHARLES SCHENK,** Danziger, 415 West Broadway (through Oct. 10); **AARON SISKIND,** Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (through Nov. 21), and Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (through Oct. 24).

MUSIC

Veni, Verdi, Vici

JAMES LEVINE has been accused of hogging the best casts at the Met, and why shouldn't he? He's worked hard for them. "Best casts," of course, aren't guaranteed to actually give good performances. But with at least one cast in the opening lineup—the "Falstaff" group—the odds are favorable. Here's why.

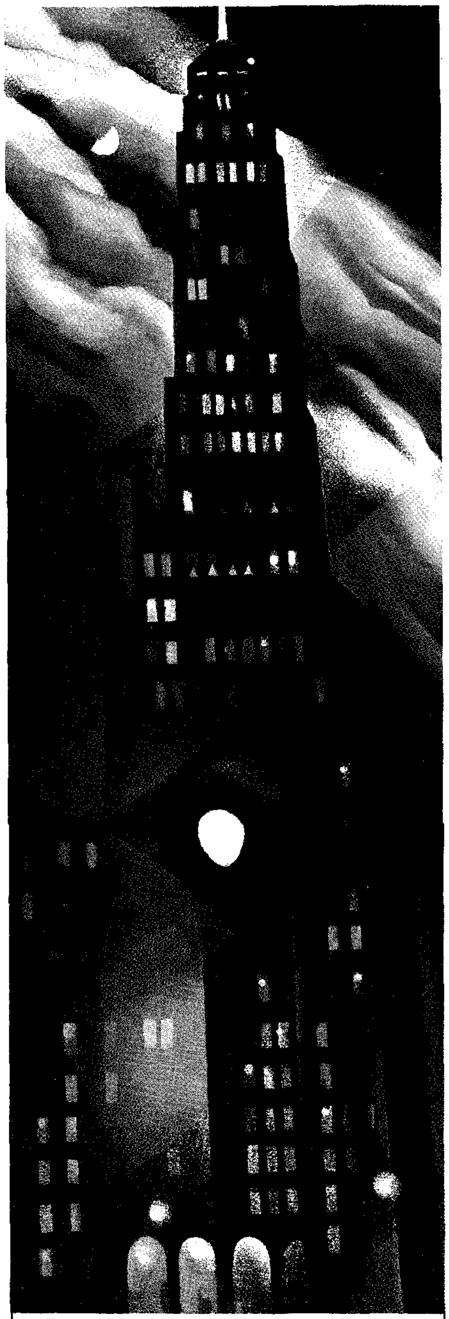
For years, operagoers have been waiting for Marilyn Horne to feel old enough for merry Dame Quickly, with her deep-voiced obeisances to the fat knight. A recording has finally come out, on RCA; she sounds as if she's having fun. Mirella Freni has a quality not always found in grand Italian prima donnas: a sense of conspiratorial comedy. (Remember her big-eyed Susanna in the Ponnelle film of "Figaro"?) Paul Plishka, the Falstaff, has always been billed as a bass, but for several years his best notes have been right at the top, just above normal bass territory—more or less what Bernard Shaw said you need to sing Falstaff: "a rich *basso cantante,* who can knock out a vigorous high G and play with F sharp as Melba plays with B flat." How well Plishka will encompass the human side of the part is hard to infer from his usual roles; in recital appearances, at least, he has shown a big-boned geniality. The Master Ford is Bruno Pola, who was solid, traditionally Italianate, and easy onstage as Gianni Schicchi. Then there is Mr. Levine in the pit; "Falstaff" was one of his earliest successes at the Met, some twenty years ago. When these five musicians are right, "Falstaff" gives the best that Italian opera has to offer.

OPERA

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; for Carnegie Hall, 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719.)

METROPOLITAN OPERA—**LES CONTES D'HOFFMANN,** with Carol Vaness (singing all the heroines), Susanne Mentzer, Placido Domingo, and Samuel Ramey; conducted by James Levine. (Sept. 28 and Oct. 2 at 8.)... **FALSTAFF,** with Mirella Freni, Barbara Bonney, Marilyn Horne, Frank Lopardo, Paul Plishka, and Bruno Pola; James Levine. (Sept. 29, Oct. 3, and Oct. 6, all at 8.)... **UN BALLO IN MASCHERA,** with Aprile Millo, Harolyn Blackwell, Florence Quivar, Richard Leech, and Louis Quilico; John Fiore. (Sept. 30 at 8 and Oct. 3 at 1:30.)... With Aprile Millo, Harolyn Blackwell, Ludmila Schemtchuk, Richard Leech, and Juan Pons; John Fiore. (Oct 7 at 8:30.)... **MADAMA BUTTERFLY,** with Diana Soviero, Wendy White, Michael Sylvester, and Dwayne Croft; Julius Rudel. (Oct. 1 at 8.)... With Yoko Watanabe, Yun Deng, Michael Sylvester, and Dwayne Croft; Julius Rudel. (Oct. 5 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—**DOKTOR FAUST,** by Ferruccio Busoni, with Eva Zseller, Michael Rees Davis, and William Stone; conducted by Christopher Keene. (Sept. 29 at 8.)... **CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA** and **PAGLIACCI,** in a double bill conducted by Steven Sloane; with Sharon Graham, Melanie Sonnenberg, Craig Sirianni, and Max Wittges in the former, and Gwynne Geyer, Antonio Barasorda, and



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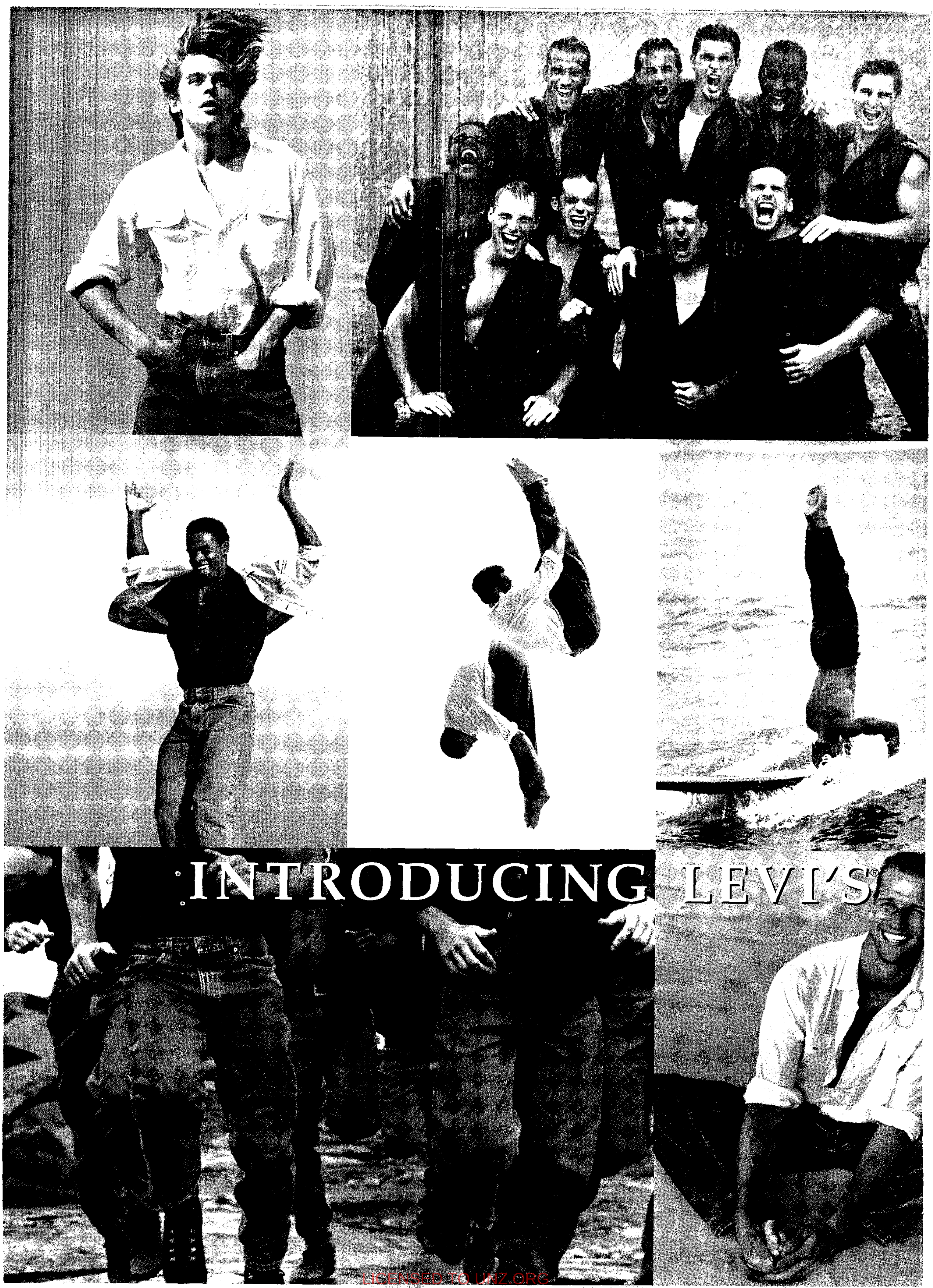
Georgia O'Keeffe, *Ritz Tower, Night,* signed with initials *OK* in artist's device and dated *1928* on the reverse, oil on canvas, 40 x 14 inches

CHRISTIE'S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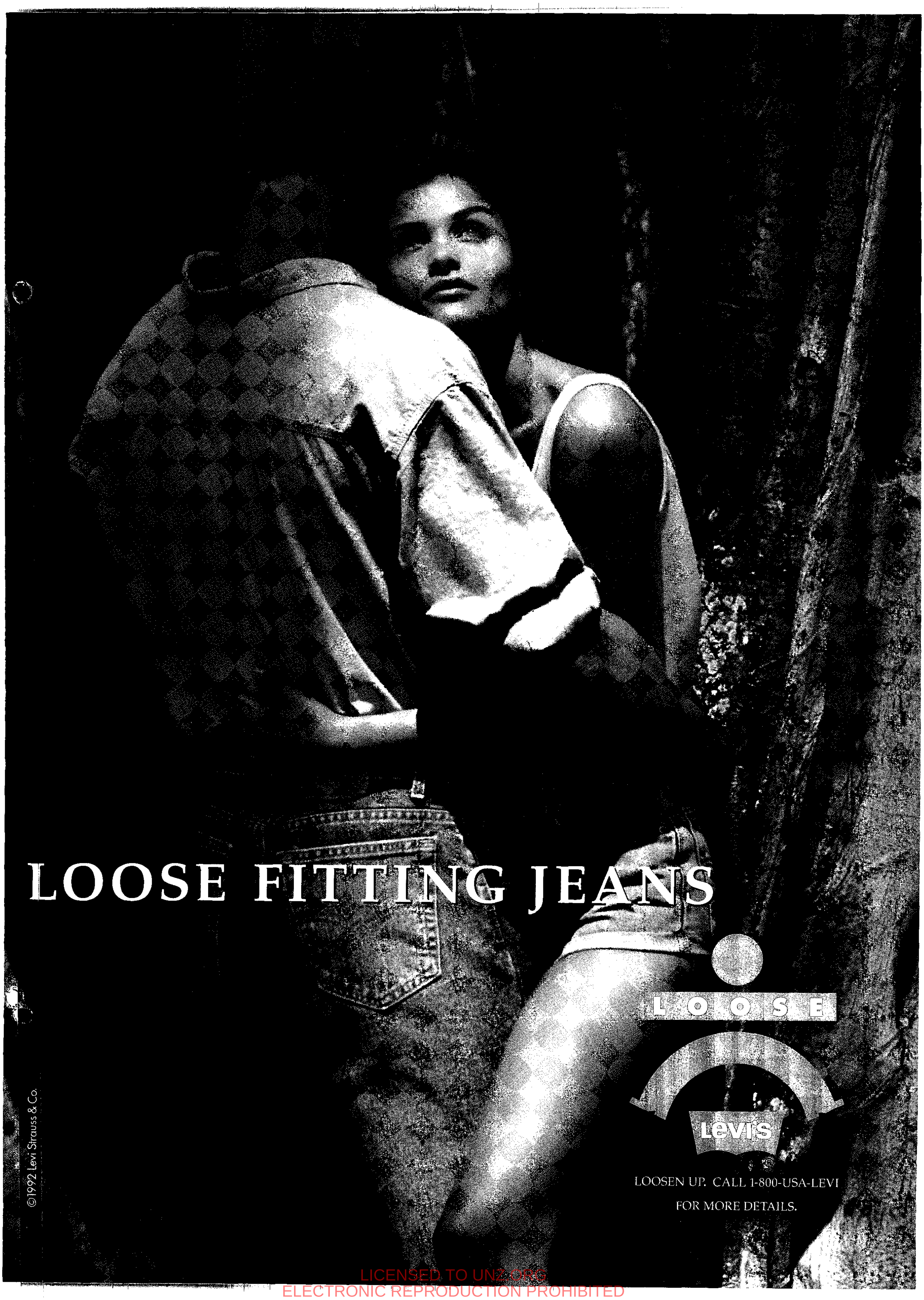
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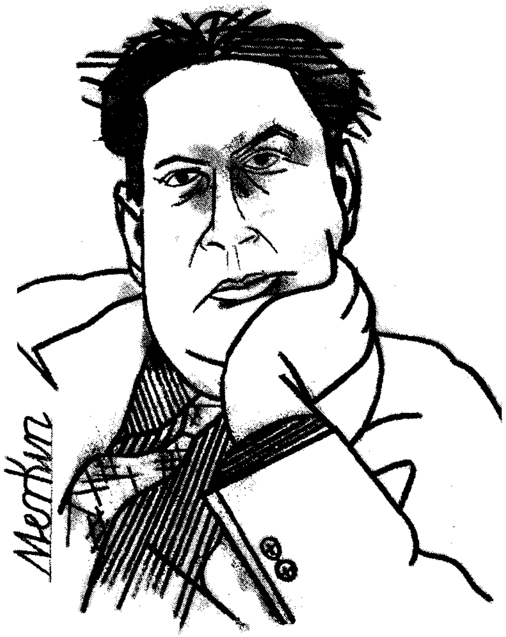
Sigmund Cowan in the latter. (Sept. 30 at 8.). . . **THE DESERT SONG,** by Sigmund Romberg, with Linda Michele, Lillian Graff, Richard White, John Lankston, John Daniecki, and Louis Otey; Chris Nance. (Oct. 2 at 8.). . . With Michele McBride, Lillian Graff, Richard White, Robert Tate, and Cris Groenendaal; Chris Nance. (Oct. 4 at 1:30.). . . **IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA,** with Lisa Saffer, Robert Tate, Louis Otey, and Joseph McKee; Scott Bergeson. (Oct. 3 at 1:30.). . . **THE MAGIC FLUTE,** sung in English, with Amy Burton, Rachel Rosales, Richard Drews, Jeff Mattsey, and John Calvin West; Scott Bergeson. (Oct. 3 at 8.). . . **CARMEN,** with Robynne Redmon, Christiane Riel, Antonio Barasorda, and Harry Dworchak; Guido Ajmone-Marsan. (Oct. 7 at 8.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Amato Opera Company—Presenting "Rigoletto." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Oct. 2-3 at 7:30.)

"Handel's Muzio"—Conductor Rudolph Palmer continues his annual tradition of presenting little-known Handel operas, leading a concert performance of "Muzio" (or "Muzio Scevola," for those not on a first-name basis), in its first American airing. "Muzio" was a curiosity of the 1721 season of London's Royal Academy of Music (which boasted Handel as its "Master of the Orchestra with a Sallary"): each of its three acts was assigned to a different composer. As a result, Act I is by Filippo Amadei (who was a cellist in the Academy's orchestra), Act II is by Giovanni Bononcini (also a cellist, but so celebrated as a composer that his works had occupied fully two-thirds of the Academy's evenings in the preceding two years), and only Act III is by Handel. Whether or not the exercise was (as the historian Charles Burney suggested) "a pre-meditated plan, to try their several abilities, and determine pre-eminence," the first audience approached "Muzio" as a sort of competition. And, while Handel was generally conceded to be the victor, Bononcini's operas continued to be in demand (unlike Amadei's). At the very least, this performance will afford modern audiences a chance to assess the accuracy of John Byrom's oft-cited doggerel:

Some say, compar'd to Buononcinny
That Mynheer Handel's but a Ninny.
Others aver, that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a Candel.
Strange that this difference there should be
'Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee!



The music of Darius Milhaud at Merkin Concert Hall

The performing forces include sopranos Julianne Baird and Erie Mills, mezzo-sopranos D'Anna Fortunato and Jennifer Lane, bass John Ostendorf, and the Brewer Original Instruments Orchestra. (Merkin Concert Hall. Oct. 5 at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Kurt Masur conducting. Sept. 29 at 8: The première of "Bang!" (composed by Tobias Picker to celebrate the orchestra's sesquicentennial), as well as Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto (featuring Midori) and Bruckner's Ninth Symphony. . . . ¶ Oct. 2-3 at 8: Kodály's "Háry János" Suite, Gershwin's Piano Concerto in F (with Jeffrey Kahane), and Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" (in an orchestral arrangement by Sergei Gorchakov). . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 6:45: The orchestra's first "rush-hour concert," possibly of special interest to the young professional set who want to be out and on their way while the evening is still young. In this inaugural installment, Kurt Masur conducts Kodály's "Háry János" Suite and the Mussorgsky/Gorchakov "Pictures at an Exhibition."

Pittsburgh Symphony—At Carnegie Hall, Lorin Maazel conducting. Sept. 30 at 7:30: An all-Tchaikovsky benefit concert to open the hall's season: his "Romeo and Juliet" overture-fantasy, "Variations on a Rococo Theme" (with cellist Yo-Yo Ma), and Symphony No. 5. . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 8: Beethoven's "Fidelio," in concert; with a cast that includes Mary Jane Johnson and Gary Lakes.

Juilliard Orchestra—Otto-Werner Mueller conducts Hindemith's "Symphonic Metamorphosis on Themes of Carl Maria von Weber," Mozart's D-Major Piano Concerto (K. 451, featuring Lorraine Min), and Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," in Ravel's classic orchestration. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sept. 30 at 8.)

Mannes College Orchestra—Michael Charry conducts Beethoven's Symphony No. 3, the "Four Sea Interludes" from Britten's "Peter Grimes," and Strauss's Oboe Concerto (with Elizabeth Timorsky as soloist). (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Oct. 1 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

New York Pops—Conductor Skitch Henderson proves that he and his orchestra are a little bit country, with the help of Chet Atkins. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 2 at 8.)

Philharmonia Virtuosi—Richard Kapp leads the orchestra in Schubert's "Italian" Overture (D. 590), Brahms' Serenade No. 2, and Barber's Violin Concerto (with Dylana Jenson). (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Oct. 2 at 8.)

Manhattan School of Music Philharmonia—Glen Cortese conducts Brahms' "Academic Festival Overture," Bernstein's Symphony No. 1 (the "Jeremiah"), and Dvořák's Symphony No. 8. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Oct. 2 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

New York Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducts the New York premières of David Diamond's "Music for Chamber Orchestra" and the orchestral version of Bright Sheng's "Two Folk Songs from Chinhai," as well as Mendelssohn's G-Minor Piano Concerto (with André Watts) and Symphony No. 1 (in C Minor, Op. 11). (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Oct. 3 at 8 and Oct. 4 at 3.)

RECITALS

Darius Milhaud Festival—At Merkin Concert Hall. A daylong look at the life and works of Milhaud, with performances and first-hand accounts from several of his colleagues and admirers. Born a hundred years ago, in Aix-en-Provence, he became one of the most cosmopolitan composers, passing the First World War in Rio as a diplomatic attaché, spending the interwar years in Paris as a member of the "Groupe des Six" ("Darius Milhaud is the most gifted of us all," said his confrère Arthur Honegger), dividing his time in the forties and fifties between the United States (teaching at Mills College, in California) and France (teaching at the Paris Conservatoire), and reaching the end of his long life in Switzerland. Milhaud was prolific—his output reaches four hundred and forty-one opus numbers—and those works that reflect his Jewish heritage are among the most affecting; and it is those that will hold pride of place in these concerts. Oct. 4 at 2:30: Solo-piano and chamber music, performed by pianists Grant Johannesen and William Bolcom, mezzo-soprano Joan Morris, the Dorian Wind Quintet, and the Windham String Quartet; including the "Saudades do Brasil" (Op. 67), the "Divertissement on Twenty Kentucky Airs" (Op. 278a), and the well-loved "La Cheminée du Roi René" (Op. 205). . . . ¶ At 6: Reminiscences from Madeleine Milhaud, the composer's widow, as well as the screening of a film documentary on Milhaud and a panel discussion with Nancy Shear, Charles Jones, and Messrs. Bolcom and Johannesen. . . . ¶ At 8: Milhaud's vocal and choral music on Jewish themes, with Judith Clurman directing the New York Concert Singers, including the "Service Sacré pour le Samedi Matin" (Op. 279, with baritone William Sharp).

Bartok Ensemble—Music lovers who have inadvertently failed to keep up with the musical avant-garde of Chile may rectify their deficiency when this Santiago-based chamber ensemble plays works by such composers as Eduardo Cáceres, Federico Heinlein, Alfonso Letelier, Guillermo Rifo, and Santiago Vera. There will also be pieces from Brazil, Mexico, and the United States. A benefit concert. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Sept. 29 at 8:30.)

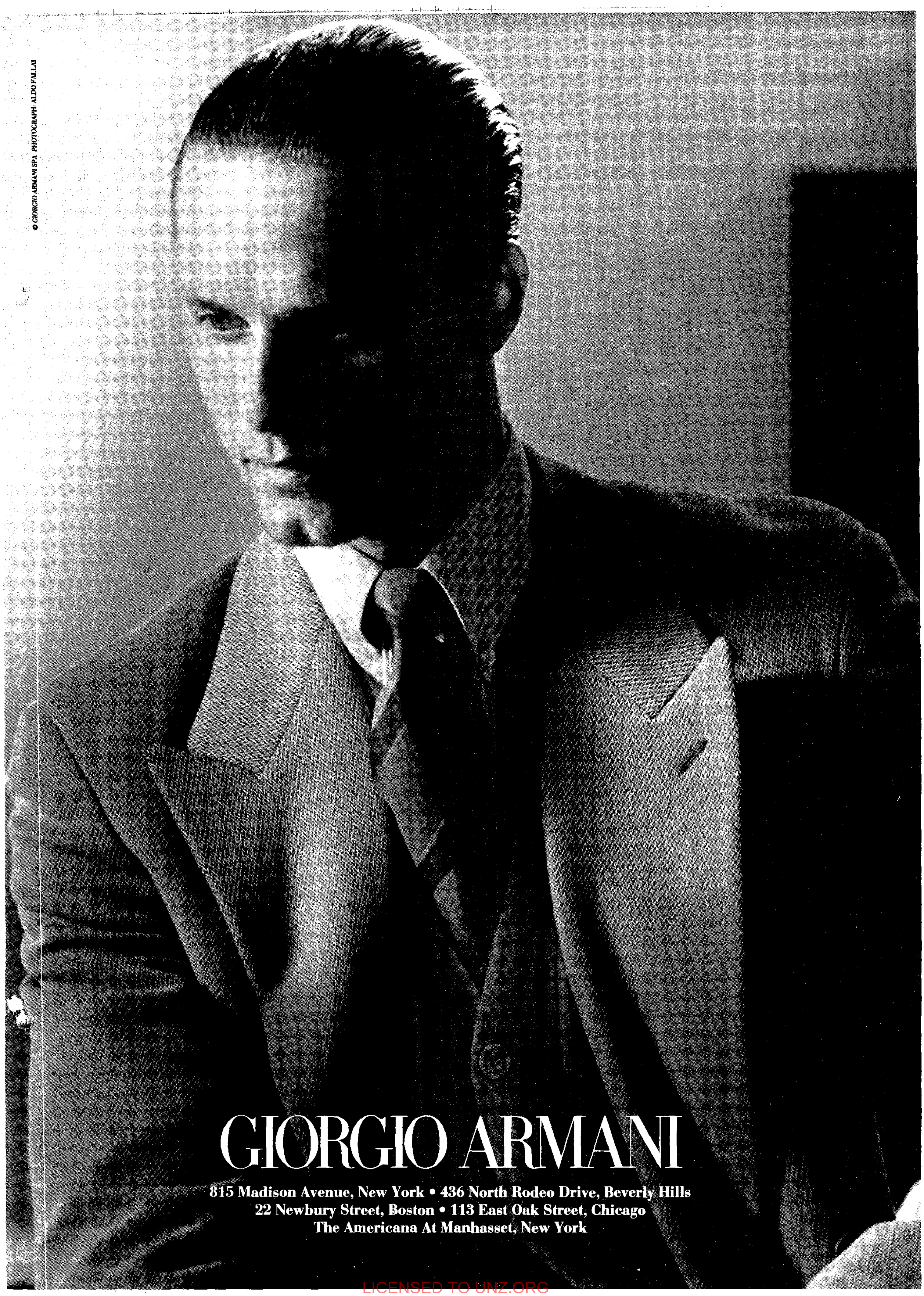
Parnassus—Although the music of Stefan Wolpe has long been admired by connoisseurs, it has only recently begun to move into the sphere of more general audiences. His career was geographically circuitous. He was born in Berlin, where, in the nineteen-twenties, he kept company with the Dadaists, when not travelling to Weimar to absorb the influence of the Bauhaus. By 1933, the political climate inspired a move to Vienna (where he studied with Webern), and then to Palestine; and in 1938, he moved definitively to the United States, where he proved influential as a composer and a teacher until his death, in New York, in 1972. His musical style was equally peripatetic, ranging from strict tonality to various experimental approaches to atonality, and even embracing folk and jazz idioms. Mezzo-soprano Joyce Castle joins the contemporary-music group in a tribute to Wolpe, which will include late instrumental works, three songs to texts by Brecht, and the premières of works by his students Ursula Mamlok and Matthew Greenbaum. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. Sept. 30 at 8. For information about tickets, call 864-4197.)

Bargemusic—Chamber music by Antonio Rolla, Strauss, and Shostakovich; with violinist Nai-Yuan Hu, cellist Christopher Costanza, and pianist Phillip Bush. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Oct. 1 at 7:30 and Oct. 4 at 4.)

Chamber Pot-Pourri—To kick off its fifth season, the Miller Theatre has assembled a gaggle of the prominent chamber musicians who have graced its stage in recent years. The program will comprise Brahms' Piano Quintet (with pianist Gilbert Kalish and the Juilliard String Quartet), songs by Ives (with soprano Dawn Upshaw and Mr. Kalish), Earl Kim's "Now and Then" (in which Ms. Upshaw will be joined by an instrumental ensemble), and several works by Elliott Carter (featuring flutist Samuel Baron, violinist Joel Smirnoff, violist Samuel Rhodes, cellist Joel Krosnick, and Mr. Kalish). (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Oct. 1 at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—Presenting works of New York composers Barbara Kolb, Jacob Druckman, Steven Mackey, Elliott Carter, and

RICHARD MERKIN



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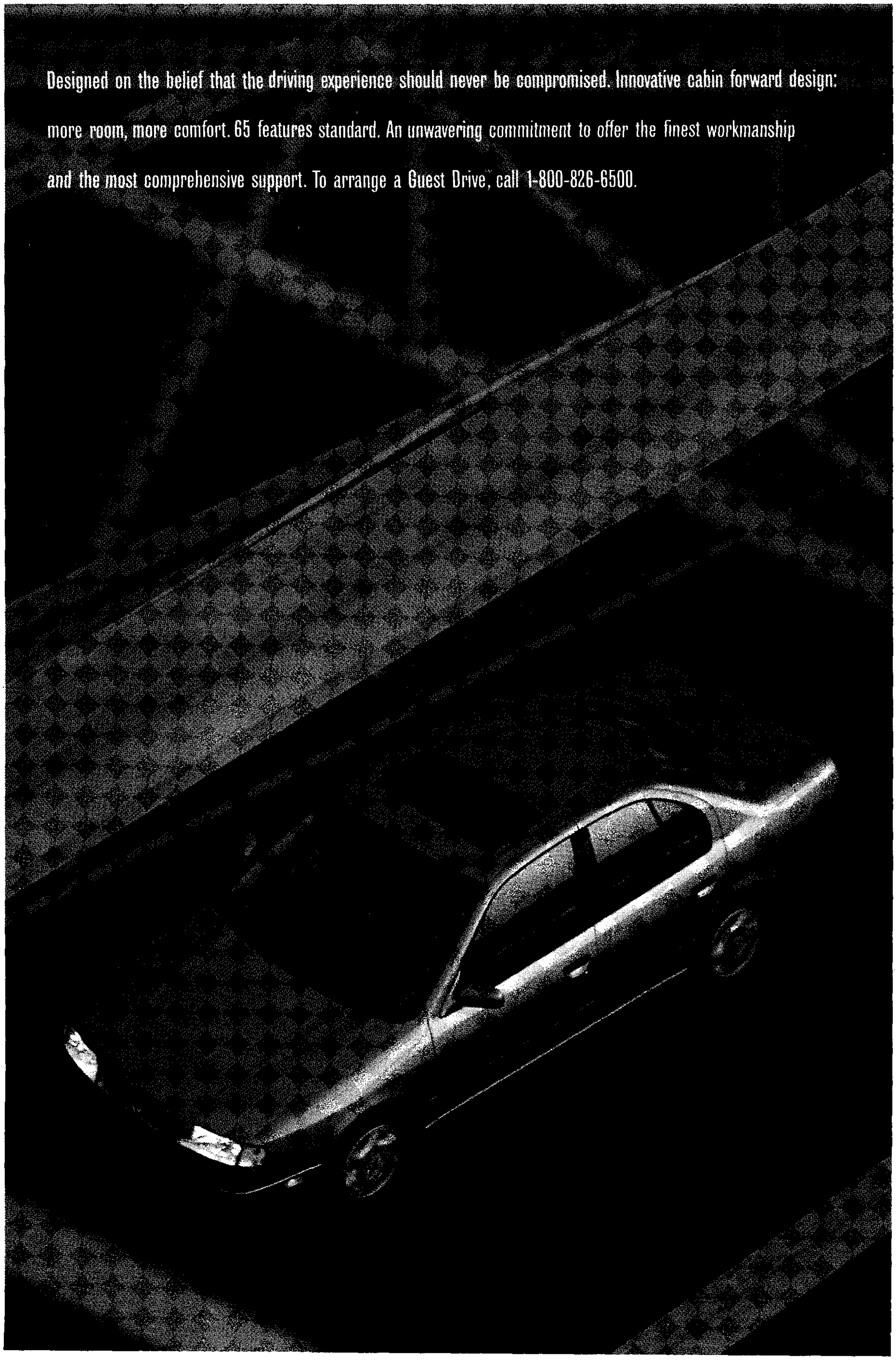

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MUSIC—Cont'd

Charles Wuorinen. (Merkin Concert Hall. Oct. 1 at 8.)

Russell Sherman and the New World String Quartet—Schumann tended to fix his musical interests on a specific genre and then explore *it exhaustively before moving on to* other areas. In 1838, it was the piano that held his interest most strongly, as reflected by the nearly back-to-back composition of such repertoire staples as the C-Major Fantasie, "Kinderszenen," the Noveletten, and—over the course of four days in late April—"Kreisleriana," a cycle of eight fantasies, named after a fictional E. T. A. Hoffmann character, and dedicated to Chopin. Mr. Sherman will explore "Kreisleriana" in a concert that also includes two chamber works composed by Schumann in 1842: the A-Minor String Quartet and the Piano Quintet. Programming the last might be viewed as a sesquicentennial tribute to an enduring masterpiece: inasmuch as the quintet was begun on September 23 and completed on October 12—two and a half weeks well spent!—this concert falls exactly a hundred and fifty years after the midpoint of its creation. (Weill Recital Hall. Oct. 2 at 8.)

Yo-Yo Ma and Emanuel Ax—The cellist and the pianist play sonatas by Debussy (his First), Mendelssohn (his Second), and Brahms (his Third), in addition to several works by Webern. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 3 at 8.)

Carolyn Lee—The self-styled Princess of Glitz offers her annual Liberacean go-round, in which she sings, dances, plays piano, and dons wondrous costumes. (Weill Recital Hall. Oct. 4 at 2.)

Joseph Fuchs—The nonagenarian violinist performs works by Brahms, Martinů, Moszkowski, and others; with the assistance of violinist Glenn Dicterow, violist Robert Dan, and pianist Richard Bishop. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 4 at 2:30.)

The Roches

Chopin Trio of Warsaw—Performing trios by Haydn, Chopin, and Tchaikovsky. (Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. 734-2130. Oct. 4 at 2:45.)

Artemis Chamber Ensemble—The flute-cello-and-piano trio performs music by Beethoven, Dutilleux, and others. (St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W. 20th St. Oct. 4 at 4. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Ronn Yedidia—Several of the Israeli composer's chamber works. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. Oct. 4 at 6. No tickets necessary.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK
PERSONAL APPEARANCES

The Roches—Maggie, Terre, and Suzzy, the sweet-and-sour sisters from the Village (by way of the Jersey suburbs), are touring in support of their terrific seventh album, "A Dove," whose title sounds as warm and cute as the three women appear to be—until they start singing. Their voices can be ethereal—their a-cappella "Hallelujah Chorus" is an awe-inspiring display of close harmony—but most of their songs demonstrate that these folk-pop gals are tough-minded emotional surrealists who know the value of dissonance and the limits of sentimentality. When they perform live, there's a lot of goofing around and mock-competitive by-play and family togetherness. The best thing about a Roches concert, though, is the vigorously adult examination of romantic love and ambition that flows from lovely tunes with intelligently puzzled lyrics. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Oct. 2 at 7:30.)

Del Amitri—No trend, genre, or convenient category attaches to this rock quartet from Glasgow, and a blindfold listener who tried to date their new album, "Change Everything," might pick any year between Woodstock and Lollapalooza. Such independence, along with impeccably witty and soulful songwriting, is its own refreshing brand of hipness. Most of the songs are by Justin Currie, whose weary-tough lead singing is the key ingredient in the band's sound. *Infidelity, failed romance, and bitter nostalgia* are the subjects of his songs. "Change Everything" is a relatively quiet record, but this band rocks hard and furiously onstage, roaring right past all the fashionable stops. (Irving Plaza, Irving Pl. at 15th St. 307-7171. Oct. 2 at 7:30.)

Elton John—His new album, "The One," includes at least one more candidate for the *Taupin-John pantheon*: "The Last Song," a breathtaking, simple ballad about a dying son reconciling with his father and "the hidden truth no longer haunting me." John himself clearly has a new take on life; he recently went through a long-overdue drug-rehab regime, and not only is he comfortably out of the closet (he now lives *part of the year in* Atlanta with a young American companion) but he has thrown out most of the punk-Liberace outfits and glittery accessories that once cluttered his stage act. On this tour, he has been killing audiences with shows that rival the razor-sharp performances he gave back in the misty seventies. Welcome back, Elton. (Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Oct. 2-3, Oct. 5, Oct. 7, and Oct. 9-10, all at 8.)

Glenn Frey—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Sept. 29 at 8.

"The Music of Andrew Lloyd Webber"—Featuring Michael Crawford. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. Sept. 29-Oct. 2 at 8, Oct. 3 at 2 and 8, and Oct. 4 at 3.)

Roscoe Mitchell New Chamber Ensemble/Space—Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Sept. 30 at 8.

Dwight Sills—Winter Garden, World Financial Center, Battery Park City. Oct. 1 at 6:30. No tickets necessary.

The Spin Doctors—With the Wallflowers. (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. 307-7171. Oct. 1 at 8.)

Adam Rudolph's Moving Pictures—With Yusef Lateef and Shankar. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Oct. 2 at 8.)

Mose Allison—Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Oct. 2 at 8.

Music by Duke Ellington—The Brooklyn Philharmonic, Kermit Moore conducting, plays excerpts from "Sacred Concerts 1, 2 and 3." (Winter Garden, World Financial Center. Oct. 3 at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Shankar—With Swapan Chaudhuri and Puvalur Srinivasan. (Symphony Space. Oct. 3 at 8.)

"Heavenly Jazz"—The season opens with the Milt Hinton quartet. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Oct. 4 at 5. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Jethro Tull—Beacon Theatre. Oct. 5-6 at 8.

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Mets—Vs. the Philadelphia Phillies, Sept. 28-30 at 7:40. . . . ¶ Vs. the Pittsburgh Pirates, Oct. 2 at 7:40, and Oct. 3-4 at 1:40.

Jets—Vs. the New England Patriots, Oct. 4 at 8.

(The Mets play at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499, and the Jets play at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. For Jets tickets, call 1-516 538-6600.)

RACING

Horses—At Belmont: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. The Turf Classic and the Vosburgh are on Oct. 3. Through Oct. 19. . . . At the Meadowlands: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. . . . **trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: Mondays through Saturdays at 8 and Tuesdays at 1; Sundays at 6:45.

CHAMPIONSHIP—BASEBALL

Playoffs—The National League Championship Series begins Oct. 6; the American League Championship Series begins Oct. 7.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Anthropological—With its annual Margaret Mead Film Festival (from Sept. 29 to Oct. 4), the American Museum of Natural History provides New Yorkers with the latest in anthropological films. Highlights this year include "Mixed Feelings," directed by Karin Junger, about an interracial couple in South Africa; "Shayna Maydels," by Lisa Kors, about three girls who embrace Orthodox Judaism; and "Black Harvest," by Bob Connolly and Robin Anderson, about a mixed-race Papua New Guinea highlander. For a complete schedule of films and playing times, call 769-5305.

Tiny—From Oct. 1 to Oct. 4, the people at the New York Botanical Garden are putting on their annual display of bonsai. Bonsai master Yuji Yoshimura will give a free lecture on Oct. 4, starting at 2. For more information, call 220-8777.

Holy—The feast of St. Francis is Oct. 4. At 11 a.m., New Yorkers can take their house pets to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine (Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St.) and have them blessed. All the dogs and cats will be joined in the aisles by a few more exotic creatures—a llama, an elephant, a python—that have been invited for the occasion. For more information, call 662-2133.

Romantic—Lisa Hayes enacts scenes from "Jane Eyre" at the Old Merchant's House, 29 E. 4th St. 777-1089. Oct. 4 at 5 and Oct. 5 at 8.

Glitzy—Film, theatre, and fashion luminaries, possibly including Elizabeth Taylor, Cameron Mackintosh, Glenn Close, Gregory Hines, Bernadette Peters, Faith Prince, and Joan Rivers, will convene at the Sheraton New York (Seventh Ave. at 53rd St.), on Oct. 4 at 6:30, for a *night of casino gambling*. Tickets are pricey; proceeds benefit Broadway Cares/Equity Fights AIDS. For more information, call 772-9550.

Readings—Sept. 30 at 7:30: James Merrill reads from his own poetry. (Tishman Auditorium, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.). . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 7: Norman Rush reads from "Mating." (Brentano's, Fifth Ave. at 48th St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 7: Lucille Clifton, Allen Ginsberg, and Galway Kinnell read from their own poetry. (New York Transit Museum, Boerum Pl. and Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn Heights. For information about tickets, call 254-9628.). . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 8: Arthur Miller reads from his own work. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.)

Memorandum—Yom Kippur begins at sundown on Oct. 6.

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EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Enchanted April" (†).
Theatre 2: "Light Sleeper" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Living End" (directed by Gregg Araki).
Theatre 4: "Jumpin at the Boneyard" (Jeff Stanzler), with Tim Roth and Alexis Arquette.
Theatre 5: "Night on Earth" (Jim Jarmusch).
Theatre 6: "Delicatessen" (Jean-Pierre Jeunet and Marc Caro, in French).

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Sept. 28: Theatre closed.
Sept. 29: (Separate admissions) "Lettres d'Amour du Somalie" (1982, Fréderic Mitterand; in French) and "Tricheurs" (1983, Barbet Schroeder; in French).
Sept. 30: (Separate admissions) A program of five short films and "Paris vu Par" (1965).
Oct. 1: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 2: "The Wrong Move" (1975, Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler).

Newman Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
From Oct. 2: "Macbeth" (1948, Orson Welles), with Welles, Jeanette Nolan, Don O'Herlihy, and Roddy McDowall.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Innocent Blood" (John Landis), with Anne Parillaud, Robert Loggia, Anthony LaPaglia, and Don Rickles.
Theatre 2: "The Last of the Mohicans" (†).
Theatre 3: "Husbands and Wives" (†).

Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 1: "Mr. Saturday Night" (†). From Oct. 2: "Hero" (†).
Theatre 2: "Mr. Saturday Night" (†).
Theatre 3: "Blade Runner" (†).
Theatre 4: "School Ties" (Robert Mandel), with Brendan Fraser.
Theatre 5: "Singles" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Sept. 29: "Blade Runner" (†). From Sept. 30: "Glengarry Glen Ross" (†).
Theatre 7: "Bob Roberts" (†).

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 1: "Captain Ron" (Thom Eberhardt), with Kurt Russell and Martin Short. From Oct. 2: "The Mighty Ducks" (Stephen Herek), with Emilio Estevez.
Theatre 2: "The Player" (†).
Theatre 3: "London Kills Me" (Hanif Kureishi).
Theatre 4: "Gas Food Lodging" (Allison Anders).
Theatre 5: "The Hairdresser's Husband" (Patrice Leconte, in French).
Theatre 6: "Sarafina!" (Darrell James Roodt), with Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 7: "The Refrigerator" (Nicholas A. E. Jacobs).

19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: (Separate admissions) "Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth" (Anthony Hickox); and "Honeymoon in Vegas" (†).
Theatre 2: "Husbands and Wives" (†).
Theatre 3: "Captain Ron" (Thom Eberhardt), with Kurt Russell and Martin Short.
Theatre 4: "Husbands and Wives" (†).
Theatre 5: "Innocent Blood" (John Landis), with Anne Parillaud, Robert Loggia, Anthony LaPaglia, and Don Rickles.
Theatre 6: "Unforgiven" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood, Gene Hackman, Morgan Freeman, and Richard Harris.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Raise the Red Lantern" (Zhang Yimou; in Chinese).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Mr. Saturday Night" (†).

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 1: "Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth" (Anthony Hickox). From Oct. 2: "Of Mice and Men" (Gary Sinise), with John Malkovich and Sinise.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 1: "Captain Ron" (Thom Eberhardt), with Kurt Russell and Martin Short. From Oct. 2: "The Mighty Ducks" (Stephen Herek), with Emilio Estevez.
Theatre 3: "Sarafina!" (Darrell James Roodt), with Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 4: "Light Sleeper" (†).

34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Innocent Blood" (John Landis), with Anne Parillaud, Robert Loggia, Anthony LaPaglia, and Don Rickles.
Theatre 2: "Honeymoon in Vegas" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 1: "School Ties" (Robert Mandel), with Brendan Fraser. From Oct. 2: "Hero" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Sneakers" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Sept. 29: "Basic Instinct" (†).
From Sept. 30: "Double Edge" (Amos Kollek), with Faye Dunaway.

Sutton I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "Sarafina!" (Darrell James Roodt), with Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 1: "Sarafina!" From Oct. 2: "The Mighty Ducks" (Stephen Herek), with Emilio Estevez.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Last of the Mohicans" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Mediterraneo" (Gabriele Salvatores, in Italian).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Unforgiven" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood, Gene Hackman, Morgan Freeman, and Richard Harris.
Theatre 2: "Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth" (Anthony Hickox).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Sept. 29: "A League of Their Own" (Penny Marshall), with Tom Hanks, Geena Davis, Madonna, and Lori Petty.
From Sept. 30: "Death Becomes Her" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (35[illegible]1663)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 29: "Death Becomes Her" (†). From Sept. 30: "Glengarry Glen Ross" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 1: "Sneakers" (†). From Oct. 2: "Hero" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Bob Roberts" (†).
Theatre 2: "Captain Ron" (Thom Eberhardt), with Kurt Russell and Martin Short.
Theatre 3: "Gas Food Lodging" (Allison Anders).

Art East Cinema, 1st Ave. at 61st. (644-1111)
Through Oct. 1: "La Discrète" (Christian Vincent; in French).
From Oct. 2: To be announced.

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "Raising Cain" (Brian De Palma), with John Lithgow.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 1: "Storyville" (Mark Frost), with James Spader. From Oct. 2: "Of Mice and Men" (Gary Sinise), with John Malkovich and Sinise.
Theatre 3: "Single White Female" (†).
Theatre 4: "Twin Peaks: Fire Walk with Me" (David Lynch), with Kyle MacLachlan, Sheryl Lee, and Ray Wise.
Theatre 5: "Honeymoon in Vegas" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Player" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Wind" (Carroll Ballard), with Matthew Modine and Jennifer Grey.
Theatre 2: "Innocent Blood" (John Landis), with Anne Parillaud, Robert Loggia, Anthony LaPaglia, and Don Rickles.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Husbands and Wives" (†).

New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Singles" (†).
Theatre 2: "Mr. Saturday Night" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Enchanted April" (†).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"School Ties" (Robert Mandel), with Brendan Fraser.

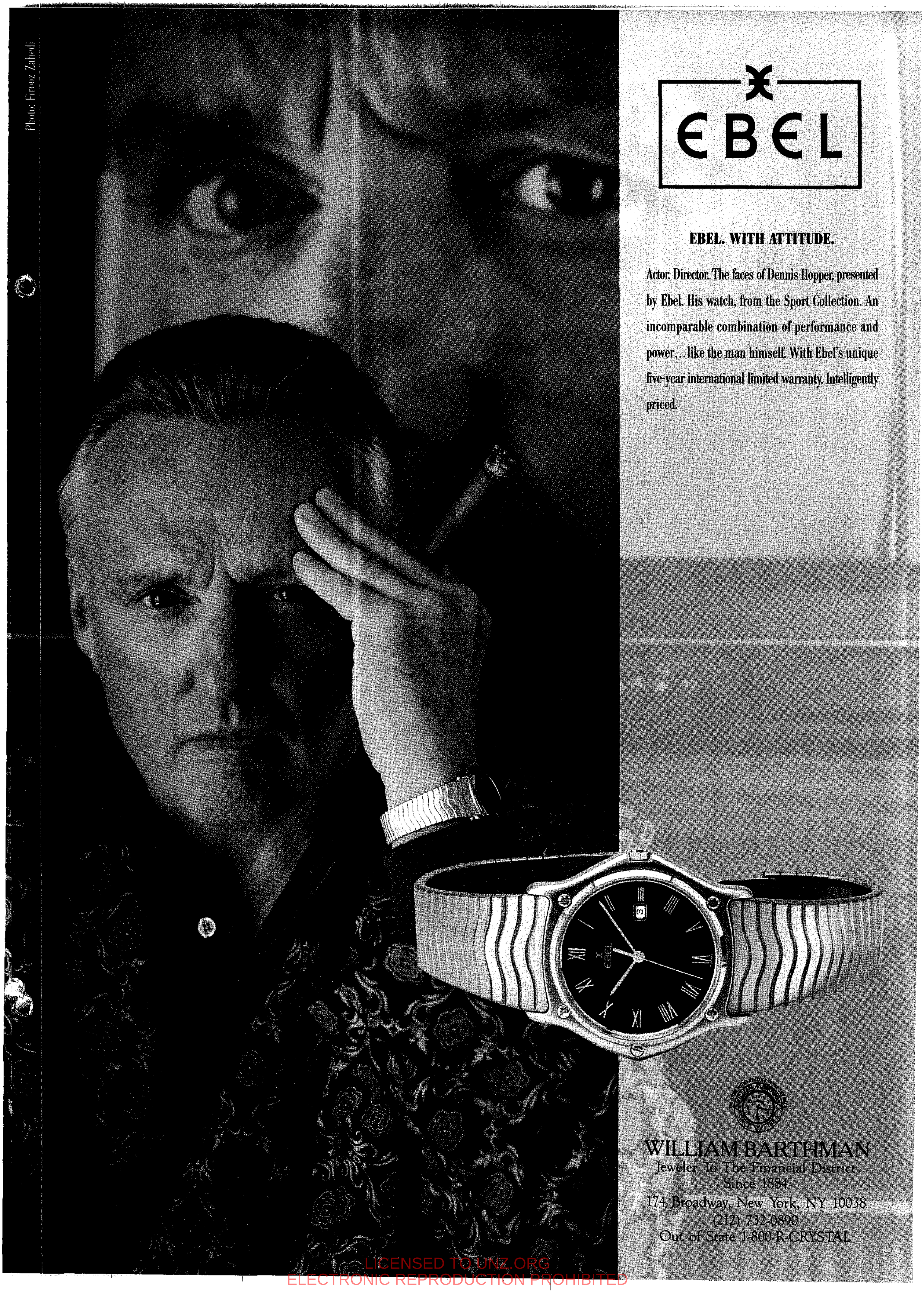
East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth" (Anthony Hickox).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Sneakers" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 1: "Honeymoon in Vegas" (†). From Oct. 2: "Hero" (†).

Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: "Husbands and Wives" (†).
Theatre 2: "Singles" (†).
Theatre 3: "Mr. Saturday Night" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 29: "Husbands and Wives" (†). From Sept. 30: "Glengarry Glen Ross" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Oct. 1: "Captain Ron" (Thom Eberhardt), with Kurt Russell and Martin Short.

Geena Davis, Andy Garcia, and Dustin Hoffman in "Hero"

MICHAEL WITTE



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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

From Oct. 2: "Of Mice and Men" (Gary Sinise), with John Malkovich and Sinise.
Theatre 6: "Innocent Blood" (John Landis), with Anne Parillaud, Robert Loggia, Anthony LaPaglia, and Don Rickles.
Theatre 7: Through Oct. 1: "Mr. Saturday Night" (†). From Oct. 2: "The Mighty Ducks" (Stephen Herek), with Emilio Estevez.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Sarafina!" (Darrell James Roodt), with Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 2: "Single White Female" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 6: "Together Alone" (1991, directed by P. J. Castellaneta), with Todd Stites and Terry Curry. From Oct. 7: "Feed" (Kevin Rafferty and James Ridgeway), a documentary.
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "Brother's Keeper" (Joe Berlinger and Bruce Sinofsky), a documentary.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Sneakers" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 1: "Laws of Gravity" (Nick Gomez). From Oct. 2: "Of Mice and Men" (Gary Sinise), with John Malkovich and Sinise.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Honeymoon in Vegas" (†).
Theatre 2: "Storyville" (Mark Frost), with James Spader.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "La Discrète" (Christian Vincent; in French).
Theatre 2: "Mediterraneo" (Gabriele Salvatores, in Italian).
Theatre 3: "The Tune" (Bill Plympton), an animated film.
Theatre 4: "One False Move" (Carl Franklin), with Bill Paxton, Cynda Williams, Billy Bob Thornton, and Michael Beach.

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "School Ties" (Robert Mandel), with Brendan Fraser.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 1: "Mr. Saturday Night" (†). From Oct. 2: "Of Mice and Men" (Gary Sinise), with John Malkovich and Sinise.
Theatre 3: "Mr. Saturday Night" (†).
Theatre 4: "Sneakers" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Last of the Mohicans" (†).
Theatre 6: "Singles" (†).
Theatre 7: Through Oct. 1: "The Last of the Mohicans" (†). From Oct. 2: "Hero" (†).
Theatre 8: "Sarafina!" (Darrell James Roodt), with Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 9: Through Sept. 29: "Sneakers" (†). From Sept. 30: "Glengarry Glen Ross" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Wind" (Carroll Ballard), with Matthew Modine and Jennifer Grey.
Theatre 2: "Single White Female" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 1: "Raising Cain" (Brian De Palma), with John Lithgow. From Oct. 2: "The Mighty Ducks" (Stephen Herek), with Emilio Estevez.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Oct. 1: "School Ties" (Robert Mandel), with Brendan Fraser.
From Oct. 2: "The Mighty Ducks" (Stephen Herek), with Emilio Estevez.

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Single White Female" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sneakers" (†).
Theatre 3: "Death Becomes Her" (†).
Theatre 4: "Light Sleeper" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Last of the Mohicans" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Sept. 29: "The Best Intentions" (†). From Sept. 30: "Double Edge" (Amos Kollek), with Faye Dunaway.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Mr. Saturday Night" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Honeymoon in Vegas" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Single White Female" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 1: "Jumpin at the Boneyard" (Jeff Stanzler), with Tim Roth and Alexis Arquette. From Oct. 2: "Of Mice and Men" (Gary Sinise), with John Malkovich and Sinise.
Theatre 2: "Storyville" (Mark Frost), with James Spader.

Fine Arts, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"Howards End" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Player" (†).

Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Bob Roberts" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Mr. Saturday Night" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Danzón" (Maria Novaro; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "A Brief History of Time" (†).
Theatre 3: "Swoon" (Tom Kalin), with Craig Chester and Daniel Schlachet.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Last of the Mohicans" (†).

84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Husbands and Wives" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sarafina!" (Darrell James Roodt), with Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 3: "Innocent Blood" (John Landis), with Anne Parillaud, Robert Loggia, Anthony LaPaglia, and Don Rickles.
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 1: "School Ties" (Robert Mandel), with Brendan Fraser. From Oct. 2: "Hero" (†).
Theatre 5: "Singles" (†).
Theatre 6: "Enchanted April" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Sneakers" (†).
Theatre 2: "Honeymoon in Vegas" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Unforgiven" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood, Gene Hackman, Morgan Freeman, and Richard Harris.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 1: "Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth" (Anthony Hickox). From Oct. 2: "The Mighty Ducks" (Stephen Herek), with Emilio Estevez.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Wind" (directed by Carroll Ballard), with Matthew Modine and Jennifer Grey.
Theatre 2: "Basic Instinct" (†).
Theatre 3: "Unforgiven" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood, Gene Hackman, Morgan Freeman, and Richard Harris.
Theatre 4: "Singles" (†).
Theatre 5: "Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth" (Anthony Hickox).
Theatre 6: "Innocent Blood" (John Landis), with Anne Parillaud, Robert Loggia, Anthony LaPaglia, and Don Rickles.
Theatre 7: "Rapid Fire" (Dwight H. Little), with Brandon Lee.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Sarafina!" (Darrell James Roodt), with Whoopi Goldberg.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 1: "Captain Ron" (Thom Eberhardt), with Kurt Russell and Martin Short. From Oct. 2: "Hero" (†).
Theatre 2: "Boomerang" (†).
Theatre 3: "Honeymoon in Vegas" (†).

Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Pet Sematary Two" (Mary Lambert).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Sneakers" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Last of the Mohicans" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Sept. 29: "Daughters of the Dust" (1991, directed by Julie Dash); and "Mississippi Masala" (1992, Mira Nair), with Denzel Washington and Sarita Choudhury.
Sept. 30-Oct. 1: "Noises Off" (1992, Peter Bogdanovich), with Michael Caine; and "This Is My Life" (1992, Nora Ephron), with Julie Kavner, Samantha Mathis, and Gaby Hoffmann.

Oct. 2-3: "Prospero's Books" (1991, Peter Greenaway), with John Gielgud; and "Edward II" (1992, Derek Jarman).
Oct. 4-6: "Citizen Kane" (1941, Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "King Kong" (†).
From Oct. 7: "Rambling Rose" (1991, Martha Coolidge), with Laura Dern, Diane Ladd, Lukas Hass, and Robert Duvall; and "Poison Ivy" (1992, Katt Shea Ruben), with Tom Skerritt, Sara Gilbert, Cheryl Ladd, and Drew Barrymore.

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Through Oct. 1: "Detour" (1945, Edgar G. Ulmer), with Ann Savage and Tom Neal; and "Gun Crazy" (1949, Joseph H. Lewis), with Peggy Cummins and John Dall.
Oct. 2-3: "The Promised Land" (1974, Andrzej Wajda; in Polish).
Oct. 4: "Man of Marble" (1976, Andrzej Wajda; in Polish).
Oct. 5: "Without Anesthesia" (1978, Andrzej Wajda; in Polish); and "Landscape After Battle" (1970, Wajda; in Polish).
Oct. 6-7: "Ashes and Diamonds" (1958, Andrzej Wajda; in Polish), with Zbigniew Cybulski; and "Kanal" (1956, Wajda; in Polish).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Sept. 28: "The Bride Wore Black" (1968, François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau; and "Two English Girls" (1972, Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.
Sept. 29: "The Big Heat" (1953, Fritz Lang), with Glenn Ford and Gloria Grahame; and "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt" (1956, Lang), with Dana Andrews and Joan Fontaine.
Sept. 30: "The Blue Gardenia" (1953, Fritz Lang), with Anne Baxter, Richard Conte, and Ann Sothern; and "The Woman in the Window" (1944, Lang), with Edward G. Robinson, Joan Bennett, and Dan Duryea.
Oct. 1: "An American Werewolf in London" (1981, John Landis), with David Naughton; and "The Lost Boys" (1987, Joel Schumacher), with Dianne Wiest, Jason Patric, Jami Gertz, and Kiefer Sutherland.
Oct. 2-3: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941, John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre; and "Casablanca" (1942, Michael Curtiz), with Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, Paul Henreid, Conrad Veidt, Greenstreet, and Lorre.
Oct. 4: "Stage Fright" (1950, Alfred Hitchcock), with Jane Wyman, Marlene Dietrich, Richard Todd, and Michael Wilding; and "Strangers on a Train" (1951, Hitchcock), with Farley Granger and Robert Walker.
Oct. 5: "Scene of the Crime" (1987, André Téchiné; in French), with Catherine Deneuve; and "Vagabond" (1985, Agnès Varda; in French).
Oct. 6: "The Manchurian Candidate" (1962, John Frankenheimer), with Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Janet Leigh, Angela Lansbury, and James Gregory; and "On the Beach" (1959, Stanley Kramer), with Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner, Anthony Perkins, and Fred Astaire.
Oct. 7: "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959, Joseph K. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn; and "Holiday" (†).

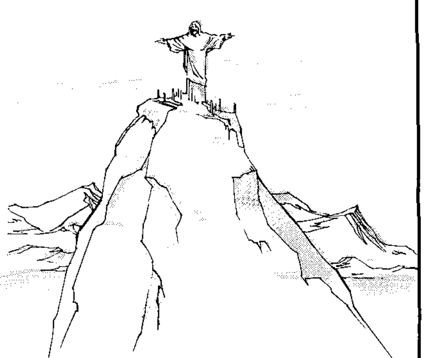
Tribeca Cinema, 41 White St. (925-2570)
Through Sept. 29: "Nuns on the Run" (1990, Jonathan Lynn), with Eric Idle and Robbie Coltrane; and "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (1976, Paul Mazursky), with Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, and Ellen Greene.
Sept. 30-Oct. 1: "Love and Death" (1975, Allen), and "Annie Hall" (1977, Woody Allen), both with Allen and Diane Keaton.
Oct. 2-3: "The Decameron" (1971, Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini; and "Entre Nous" (†).
Oct. 4: "Paisan" (1946, Roberto Rossellini; in English, French, Italian, and German); and "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (1966, Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with a cast of nonprofessionals.
Oct. 5-6: "Point Break" (1991, Kathryn Bigelow), with Patrick Swayze, Keanu Reeves, Gary Busey, and Lori Petty; and "The Presidio" (1988, Peter Hyams), with Sean Connery and Mark Harmon.
From Oct. 7: "Viva Zapata!" (1952, Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Jean Peters, and Anthony Quinn; and "The Last Tycoon" (1976, Kazan), with Robert De Niro, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Jack Nicholson, and Donald Pleasence.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Oct. 1 at 2:30 and Oct. 3 at 5: "The Wages of Fear" (1953, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, and Peter Van Eyck. . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 3 and 6: "Mixed Feelings" (1991, Karin Junger), a documentary. . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 6 and Oct. 2 at 2:30: "The Birds" (†). . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 12:30 and 6, Oct. 3 at 2, Oct. 4 at 5, and Oct. 6 at 3 and 6: The approximately ninety winners of the 1992 British Advertising Broadcast Awards. . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 6: "The Night Watch" (1960, Jacques Becker; in French), with Phillipe Bancel, Michel Constantin, and Philippe Leroy. . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 1: "Exodus" (1960, Otto Preminger), with Paul Newman, Eva Marie Saint, Sal Mineo, Ralph Richardson, and Lee J. Cobb. . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 5 and Oct. 4 at 2:30: "Forest of the Hanged" (1965, Liviu Ciulei). . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 2: "Three Brothers" (see page 52). . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 5: "Never on Sunday" (1960, Jules Dassin; in English and Greek), with Melina Mercouri and Dassin. . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 2:30: "Caméra Arabe" (1987, Férid Boughedir), a documentary. . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 6: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970, Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson.

New York Film Festival—A series of international films—Sept. 28 at 6:15 and Sept. 29 at 9:15: "Benny's Video" (Michael Haneke, Austria). . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 9:15: "Autumn Moon" (Clara Law, Hong Kong/Japan). . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 6:15 and Sept. 30 at 9:30: "Leolo" (Jean-Claude Lauzon, Canada). . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 6:15: "Allah Tantou" (David Achkar, Guinea/France) and "Lumumba–Death of a Prophet" (Raoul Peck, Germany/Switzerland). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 6 and Oct. 3 at 11:30: "Dream of Light" (Victor Erice, Spain). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 9:30 and Oct. 3 at 6:15: "The Oak" (Lucian Pintilie, Romania/France). . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 6:15 and Oct. 4 at 9:30: "The Story of Qiu Ju" (Zhang Yimou, China). . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 9:15 and Oct. 4 at 1:30: "A Tale of Winter" (Eric Rohmer, France). . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 3:45: "Stone" (Alexander Sokurov, Russia). . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 9 and Oct. 4 at 4:15: "Hyenas" (Djibril Diop Mambety, Senegal/Switzerland/France). . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at midnight and Oct. 4 at 7: "In the Soup" (Alexandre Rockwell, United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 6 and Oct. 6 at 9: "La Sentinelle" (Arnaud Desplechin, France). . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 9: "Side/Walk/Shuttle" (Ernie Gehr, United States), "John Five" (James Herbert, United States), and "Short Fuse" (Warren Sonbert, United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 6 and Oct. 7 at 9:30: "Les Amants Du Pont Neuf" (Leos Carax, France). . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 6:45: "Careful" (Guy Maddin, Canada). (Alice Tully Hall. For tickets, call 875-5050.)

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—Sept. 29 at 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10: "The White Rose" (1961, Roberto Gavaldón; a Mexican film, in Spanish). . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 2, 4:15, 6:30, and 9: "Two Mules for Sister Sara" (1970, Don Siegel), with Shirley MacLaine and Clint Eastwood. . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 2, 4:15, 6:30, and 9: "The Night of the Iguana" (1964, John Huston), with Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr, and Sue Lyon. . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10: "The Young One" (1960, Luis Buñuel), with Bernie Hamilton and Zachary Scott. . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10: "Macario" (1959, Gavaldón). . . . ¶ Oct. 4-7 at 2, 4:15, 6:30, and 9: Eight different programs of videos.



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MOVIES IN BRIEF

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Coming Home

FRANCESCO ROSI'S 1981 masterwork, "Three Brothers" (playing October 4, at the Museum of Modern Art) is a heart-stabbing and provocative expansion of Andrei Platonov's brief, poignant story "The Third Son." In Platonov, six sons scattered all over Russia return to their peasant father's home to mourn the death of their mother. Caught up in their far-flung occupations, they're incapable of comprehending the extent of their father's grief; only at two o'clock in the morning on the day of the burial do they completely give in to their own sorrow.

Rosi and his co-scenarist, Tonino Guerra, transfer the action from rural Russia to southern Italy, reduce the six brothers to three, and transform them into embodiments of divisions in Italy's modern industrial state. Philippe Noiret is a self-assured, humanistic judge adjusting to a Rome in which terrorist assassination is an everyday threat; Michele Placido is a frustrated, angry blue-collar worker from Turin; and Vittorio Mezzogiorno is an idealistic supervisor-teacher in a Naples reformatory.

All the brothers' anxieties and longings spill out in dreams, which Rosi sees as the prime wellspring of contemporary man's spontaneity and creativity. The dreams of their rustic father, though, are different: they're poetic distillations of a lifetime of feelings and experiences. Charles Vanel is remarkable as the anachronistic patriarch; he manages to seem both dignified and lost in the company of his grown children. Rosi's breathtaking achievement in "Three Brothers" is his portrayal of the emotional connection between this direct yet mysterious man and his granddaughter, played by Marta Zoffoli. The director suggests that the instinctual rapport binding together a clan and its homeland never entirely passes out of a family. It may just skip a generation.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

BASIC INSTINCT—A vicious, grindingly manipulative urban mystery that uses a thick atmosphere of S & M kinkiness to distract the audience from the story's thinness and inanity. Michael Douglas plays a cop with a "dark side." Sharon Stone plays a rich, beautiful bisexual novelist who is the prime suspect in a murder case. He falls in love with her, and the two of them breathe heavily through the rest of the picture. Stone has a few bright moments early on. But our basic instinct as we watch Douglas's strenuous grimaces of sexual transport is to flee the theatre. And the mystery is so ineptly constructed that it's not much fun trying to work out the solution. We sense that the screenwriter, Joe Eszterhas, and the director, Paul Verhoeven, don't have any respect for the genre—that they're too jaded to care about anything but giving us enough voyeuristic jolts to keep us awake. When the picture is over, we realize that the only suspense that it has produced effectively is a weird kind of ideological suspense. Will the movie take its smarmy misogyny all the way, or will it pull back in the end? It goes all the way.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/6/92.) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, through Sept. 29.)

THE BEST INTENTIONS—It boasts the built-in interest of a script by Ingmar Bergman, dramatizing the courtship and early married life of his parents. Bille August directed, and Jorgen Persson did the cinematography; their square filmmaking has an antique sheen. But they've made an orderly movie about disorderly conduct. At three hours, the drama, about the mismatch between a tormented, self-denying pastor (Samuel Froler) and a coddled bourgeois woman (Pernilla August), is one prolonged, unrevealing study in frustration. Of course we know that these two won't live happily ever after; they did give birth to Ingmar Bergman. With its inexorable depiction of increasing marital woe, this film is the cinematic equivalent of predestination. Except for the expressive Max von Sydow (in the role of Bergman's maternal grandfather), the actors don't operate in a climate of free will; they register carefully prescribed dollops of anguish. In Swedish.—M.S. (7/27/92) (Worldwide Cinemas; through Sept. 29.)

THE BIRDS (1963)—Some of the special effects are amusing, and a few are perverse and frightening, but the effects take over in this Hitchcock scare picture, and he fails to make the plot situations convincing. The script (by Evan Hunter) is weak, and the acting is so awkward that often one doesn't know how to take the characters. With Rod Taylor, Tippi Hedren, Suzanne Pleshette, and Jessica Tandy.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Oct. 1-2.)

BLADE RUNNER (1982)—Ridley Scott's futuristic thriller is set in a hellish, claustrophobic city, dark and polluted, and with a continual drenching rainfall—it's Los Angeles in the year 2019. The congested-megalopolis sets are extraordinary: this is the grimy, retrograde future—the future as a black market, made up of scrambled, sordid aspects of the present. A visionary sci-fi movie that has its own look can't be ignored: it has its place in film history. But you're always aware of the sets as sets—it's 2019 back lot. And the movie forces passivity on you. It puts you in this lopsided maze of a city, with its post-human feeling, and keeps you persuaded that something bad is about to happen. Harrison Ford is the blade runner—a police officer who kills "replicants," the powerful humanoids manufactured by genetic engineers, if they rebel against their drudgery in the space colonies and show up on Earth. He tracks down four of these replicants (Brion James; Joanna Cassidy; Daryl Hannah, who has killer thighs and does a punk variation on Olympia, the doll automaton of "The Tales of Hoffmann"; and the blue-eyed scenery chewer Rutger Hauer), but Ford's mission seems of no particular consequence. The whole movie gives you the feeling of not getting anywhere—of being part of the atmosphere of decay. With Sean Young as Rachael and William Sanderson as the toymaker. From the 1968 novel "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?" by Philip K. Dick; adapted by Hampton Fancher and David Peoples. The version now showing has some changes that make it more faithful to the director's intentions than the original release was.—P.K. (Village Theatre VII.)

Bob Roberts—Tim Robbins is the writer, director, and star of this mock documentary that chronicles, C-SPAN style, the senatorial campaign of a young radical-right demagogue. Bob Roberts is a folksinger: instead of giving speeches, he picks up an acoustic guitar and invites his audiences to sing along with his reactionary "protest" anthems. He's Pat Buchanan in Woody Guthrie's clothing, and what's scary about the movie is that this grotesque coupling doesn't even feel like a stretch. Robbins works like an inspired political cartoonist: this picture is his chance to have his say on everything that's been bugging him for the past twelve years, and he makes the most of it. He tosses off nasty satiric riffs at a reckless, headlong pace, and the movie, even at its most chilling, is hilarious; its humor is both precise enough to deflate its targets and goofy enough to feel liberating. And his performance as smiling Bob, although it's conceived as a caricature, is never tiresome: it's too finely detailed, and too gleeful. The picture is a down-and-dirty exercise in negative campaigning, and it's bracing to see some mean, memorable zingers coming from the left. Wittily, Robbins has appropriated for his own purposes the attack-dog campaign style of the right wing. This terrifically entertaining movie represents something very unlikely and very welcome: liberal humor with sharp teeth. Also with Gore Vidal, Alan Rickman, Giancarlo Esposito, Brian Murray, and Ray Wise. Many familiar performers turn up in juicy cameos: John Cusack, Bob Balaban, Susan Sarandon, Fred Ward, Pamela Reed, Peter Gallagher, Helen Hunt, and the country singer Kelly Willis. The songs are by Tim Robbins and his brother, David.—T.R. (9/7/92) (Village Theatre VII, Cinema I, and Columbus Circle.)

Boomerang—Set in a world where entire upscale companies are run by African-Americans, this Eddie Murphy vehicle tries hard to be positive. It's a pity that the movie isn't any good. Murphy is a Manhattan marketing hot shot and ladies' man who ends up working under the woman of his dreams (Robin Givens) when their cosmetics firms merge. She treats him as cavalierly as he treated the previous women in his life; the script hands out one earnest lesson after another, so that he can learn what it feels like to be used. Givens knows how to employ her flashing eyes and chiselled, haughty features for comic effect, but she doesn't get a single clever line. As the gal who strives to save the hero, Halle Berry is so much more accessible than Givens, while being equally pretty, that dramatically there's no contest. Murphy has a couple of peppy scenes with David Alan Grier and Martin Lawrence, who play his best buddies, but a lot of the time he acts unconvincingly modest. The screenplay (by Barry W. Blaustein and David Sheffield), with its constant references to Murphy's sexual magnetism, does all the bragging for him. Directed by Reginald Hudlin.—M.S. (7/13/92) (Embassy.)

A Brief History of Time—Errol Morris's inspirational documentary essay about the physicist Stephen Hawking is a cross between a puff piece and a gee-whiz science special. The movie is even more abstract than it has to be, and it's remarkably soft-edged. In the biographical sections, Morris sketches Hawking as a wayward boy wonder who focusses his talents only after he's stricken with Lou Gehrig's disease. As far as characterization goes, that's it. There's some curiosity but no depth in the director's depiction of eccentric British intellectuals; he treats his interviewees as if he were pinning them to specimen boards, except that he doesn't name or identify them. As a record of inquiry into black holes and how they relate to the creation of the cosmos, the picture is one "Eureka!" episode after another. Morris presents Hawking's ironic contrasts between human mortality and the life span of the universe with such hushed awe that he robs them of their delectability. (The familiar ripple of Philip Glass's music doesn't help.) By the end, the film disappears into its own cranium.—M.S. (9/7/92) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Death Becomes Her—If he'd cut it to twenty-six minutes, Robert Zemeckis' duelling-bitch comedy would have been a super episode of the HBO anthology series, "Tales from the Crypt." It stars Meryl Streep as a Broadway-Hollywood diva, Goldie Hawn as her high-school chum, and Bruce Willis as the plastic surgeon they both desire. At its peak, Zemeckis, the cast, and the special-effects team achieve de-luxe variations on the TV show's macabre slapstick. But at a hundred and three minutes, the laughs dribble away. The script, by Martin Donovan and David Koepp, which pivots on an immortality potion, is basically an excuse for Streep and Hawn to wallop each other with the aid of flesh-bending special effects. Too often the lines are witless and the narrative invention pitiful. The best reason to see the movie is Streep. In this film about women losing control of their bodies, she is more at home in hers than ever before.—M.S. (8/24/92) (Worldwide Cinemas. . . . ¶ Baronet; through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ 59th Street East Cinema; starting Sept. 30.)

Enchanted April—Adapted by Peter Barnes from Elizabeth von Arnim's 1922 novel, this period romance has a healthy sprinkling of bewitchments. The lead characters are two proper middle-class English ladies, played by Josie Lawrence and Miranda Richardson, who, partly to get away from their husbands, pool their resources to rent an Italian villa named San Salvatore for a month. They ultimately share expenses with an austere, cultured widow (Joan Plowright) and a gorgeous, bored aristocrat (Polly Walker). Italy awakens the women's sensuality and imagination, and gives them perspective; Lawrence and Richardson end up jolting their deadhead husbands (played by Alfred Molina and Jim Broadbent) back to life. The director, Mike Newell, handles the performers deftly and sympathetically, from the wonderfully ebullient Lawrence and the ravishing Walker to the robustly comical Plowright; Michael Kitchen contributes a tour de force of eccentric charm as the villa's owner. If the film, with its brittle, satiric London scenes and its expansive Italian ones, breaks too distinctly into pieces, the magic of the sunnier locations seals the cracks. The cinematographer, Rex Maidment, captures the enveloping pastoral euphoria of San Salvatore; the movie was shot at the same Mediterranean estate where von Arnim composed her novel.—M.S. (8/10/92) (Angelika Film Center, 68th St. Playhouse, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

Entre Nous (1983)—The French actress-turned-filmmaker Diane Kurys tells the story of two young married women in the nineteen-fifties who don't recognize how unfulfilled they have been in their marriages until they meet each other. The two women (Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou) are lighted and posed so that they are two heroic profiles, with taut neck tendons and beautiful chins. Kurys lets us see their self-preoccupation and their unresponsiveness to their children, but this is all pushed to the side; it isn't given any weight. The women are romanticized and politicized as soul mates; they're turned into feminist precursors, while the husbands (Guy Marchand and Jean-Pierre Bacri), who always seem to need a shave, are treated as lumps, as part of the common herd. Kurys tells us that the characters played by Huppert and Marchand are her parents, and Marchand, who plays his role superbly, is the only one a viewer is likely to have any feeling for. But Kurys has made a very peculiar kind of memory film: its psychology goes in one direction, its sexual politics take it in another. And the construction is lackadaisical and flabby. Apparently we're supposed to think that whether or not the women are lovers is irrelevant to the changes in consciousness they bring out in each other. Yet the picture keeps teetering on the verge of a seduction scene, and that teasing possibility gives many of the scenes their only tension. This is a movie about two women

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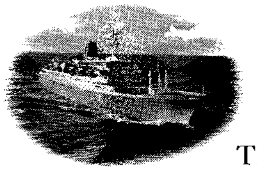

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IN BRIEF—Cont'd

not having a lesbian affair. Written by the director and Alain Le Henry. In French.—P.K. (Tribeca Cinema; Oct. 2-3.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—With Al Pacino, Jack Lemmon, Alec Baldwin, Ed Harris, Kevin Spacey, Alan Arkin, and Jonathan Pryce; directed by James Foley. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Village Theatre VII, Baronet, Orpheum VII, and Chelsea Cinemas; starting Sept. 30.)

Hero—With Dustin Hoffman, Geena Davis, and Andy Garcia; directed by Stephen Frears. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, Coronet, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy; starting Oct. 2.)

Holiday (1938)—In the thirties, Katharine Hepburn's wit and nonconformity made ordinary heroines seem mushy. Here she is in her archetypal role, as the rich tomboy Linda in Philip Barry's romantic comedy. She had understudied the role in 1928 on Broadway and had used it for her screen test, and she was the moving force behind this graceful film version, which Donald Ogden Stewart and Sidney Buchman tailored for her and which George Cukor directed. In the pivotal role of a man who wants a holiday in order to discover his values, Cary Grant manages to make a likable and plausible character out of a dramatist's stratagem. With Edward Everett Horton and Jean Dixon as the man's friends; Lew Ayres as Linda's brother; Henry Kolker as her father; Doris Nolan as her stuffy, patrician sister; and Henry Daniell and Binnie Barnes among her obnoxious relatives. (A 1930 film version starred Ann Harding, with Mary Astor as her sister.)—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 7.)

Lew Ayres, Katharine Hepburn, and Cary Grant in "Holiday"

KOBAL COLLECTION

Honeymoon in Vegas—A comic zephyr that tickles the back of your neck as it whisks by. Andrew Bergman's ninety-five-minute screwball idyll zigs and zags from New York to Las Vegas to Hawaii as Nicolas Cage and Sarah Jessica Parker lurch from the brink of matrimony to splitsville. James Caan, a pro gambler, shellacks the would-be groom in a welcome-to-Vegas poker game and takes a weekend with Parker as his prize. The movie is about learning how much you want something just when it looks as if you might lose it forever. "Vegas" is also a diverting expression of clashing generational styles. Cage is a nineties boy-man—he's unable to commit. Caan is the traditional manly man who's *too* willing to take on responsibility. No wonder Parker is puzzled. Bergman makes antic hay out of contemporary confusion, and his cast keeps the romantic triangle spinning like a gyroscope. Cage's amorous anxiety gives the film a charge, Caan epitomizes male hubris, and Parker is a great all-around responder. It's weirdly right that the music of Elvis Presley comments on the action, not only in a Vegas crawling with Elvis impersonators but in Kauai, too. (Willie Nelson sings "Blue Hawaii.") America's pop god of self-creation belongs in a movie about lovers bopping their way to the altar by trial and error. With a risible cameo by Peter Boyle.—M.S. (9/7/92) (19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, First & 62nd Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Festival, Metro Cinema, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Park & 86th Street Cinemas; through Oct. 1.)

Howards End—James Ivory's movie version of the 1910 E. M. Forster novel is a handsome and intelligent piece of work: a faithful, well-paced, and carefully crafted dramatization of a very good story. The heroine, Margaret Schlegel (Emma Thompson), is a thirtyish Englishwoman of German ancestry who lives with her sister and her brother in a London town house. The plot brings the cultured and rather high-minded Schlegels in contact with a very different sort of family, the Wilcoxes, who appear to represent English values at their most infuriatingly solid and complacent. The emotional core of the movie is the brief, unlikely friendship that develops between Margaret and conservative Ruth Wilcox (Vanessa Redgrave), a woman who inhabits a narrow world so profoundly, and with such enormous feeling, that she transforms it. Redgrave is at her most radiant in this role. And Thompson, whose character is meant to be seen as the heir to Mrs. Wilcox's thoroughly English kind of spirituality, comes through with a thrilling, original performance; she carries the movie. These luminous performances go a long way toward putting Forster's ambitious ideas across on the screen. (Anthony Hopkins, as the no-nonsense businessman Henry Wilcox, is awfully good, too.) The story holds us for the full two hours and twenty minutes that the movie takes to tell it; Ivory and his screenwriter, Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, have done a skillful and sensitive job of adaptation. All that's missing, really, is the elusive quality that makes Forster such a brave, moving writer: his constant striving to see beyond the story, to see through it, to transcend it. Also with Helena Bonham Carter.—T.R. (5/4/92) (Fine Arts.)

Husbands and Wives—Woody Allen's uncomfortably personal new movie renders the dissolution of a marriage in a style that's meant to look raw, rough-edged, truthful. He uses jump-cutting and wobbly hand-held camerawork to create the illusion of immediacy, of lifelike spontaneity and muddle. But the movie's vision of life isn't really very persuasive, and Allen isn't saying anything that he hasn't said before. The only thing that has changed since his late-seventies explorations of romantic futility (such as "Annie Hall" and "Manhattan") is the tone, which is now sour, dispirited, almost vindictive. The cinéma-vérité surface feels like a con, a razzle-dazzle cover for imaginative exhaustion. Both the style and the substance of this picture have a curdled quality, the air of things that have gone bad but haven't been thrown away. Except for Judy Davis's ebullient performance as a friend of the central couple, Gabe and Judy Roth (Allen and Mia Farrow), the movie's humor is sur-

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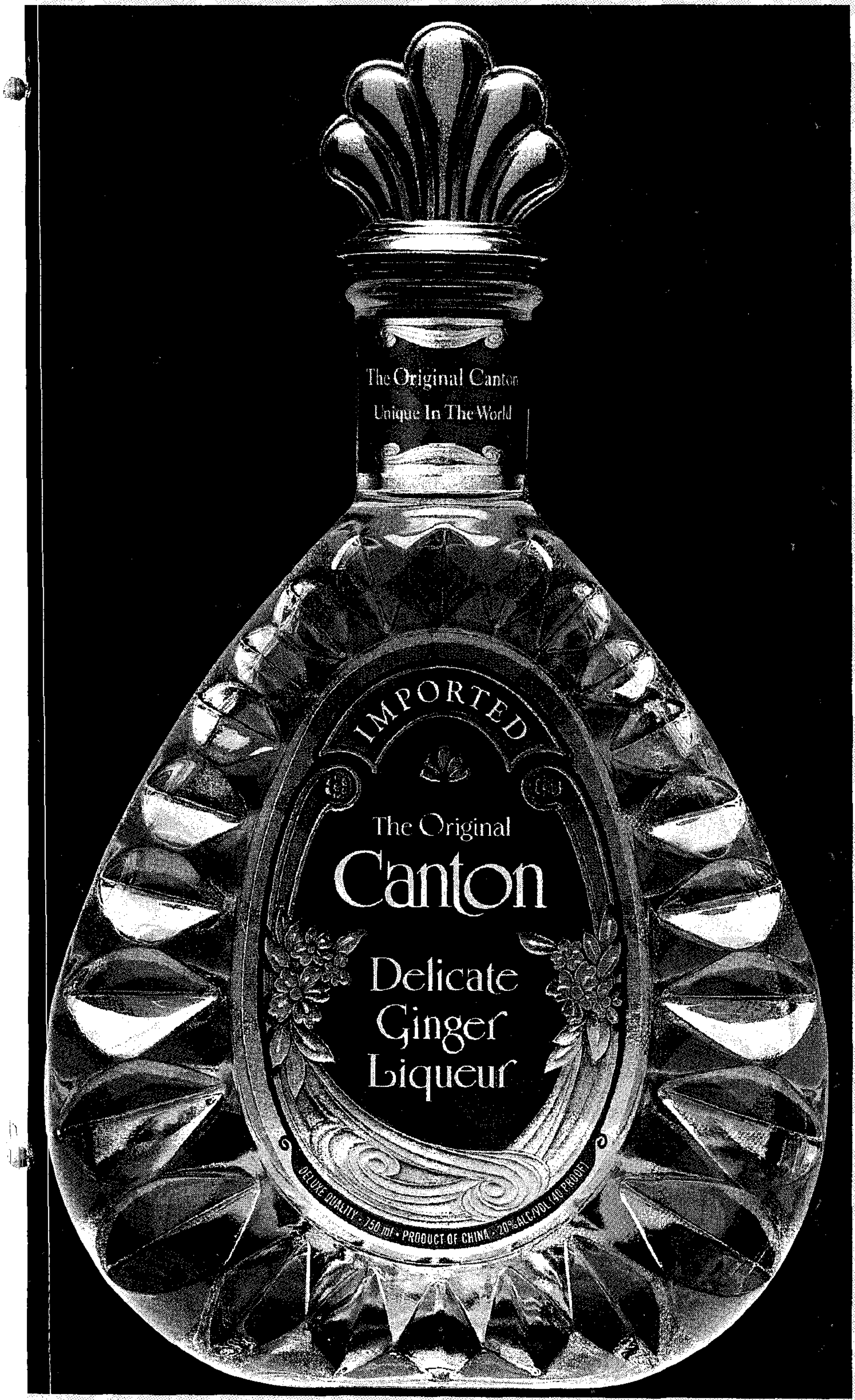
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IN BRIEF–Cont'd

prisingly flat. Allen's gags and situations no longer betray even a trace of delight at the absurdities of human behavior: his bemused vision of romantic folly has turned, over the years, into a bilious take-my-wife-please routine. It's tempting to think of this bleakly nihilistic film as an expression of its creator's weariness with his own ideas. The most disturbing, and angering, thing about the picture is that Allen has transformed his disappointment in himself into disgust for other people: he's going down, and he's determined to take the rest of us with him. Also with Liam Neeson, Juliette Lewis, Sydney Pollack, Lysette Anthony, and Benno Schmidt.—T.R. (9/21/92) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, Beekman, Orpheum VII, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

King Kong (1933)—This is the tale of one lucky moviemaker. It's got two epic antiheroes: the mythic dinosaur-size ape and the famous jungle-film director patterned after Frank Buck and played by Robert Armstrong. At the beginning, Armstrong complains about pundits who charge that his movies would have more draw if they contained some romance. So he scours New York City soup lines for a woman needy enough to join his biggest and most mysterious adventure—a secret journey to Skull Island in search of the fabled Kong. Fay Wray turns out to be a plucky leading lady with a powerful set of lungs, and Kong is, if anything, overly coöperative in filling out Armstrong's love story—especially in the restored prints, in which Kong gently strips away Wray's clothing. But like any huge star, the ape is uncontrollable—especially, again, in the unexpurgated version, where he viciously tromps and chomps his victims in close-up. Fortunately, the show-biz frame cushions the bone crushing. You see the action through Armstrong's let's-put-on-a-show eyes, and it becomes a grand excursion into impure movie magic. Directed by Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack; James Creelman and Ruth Rose did the script (from an Edgar Wallace story). With Bruce Cabot as Wray's more conventional leading man.—M.S. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 4-6.)

"King Kong"

PHOTOFEST

The Last of the Mohicans—With Daniel Day-Lewis and Madeleine Stowe, directed by Michael Mann. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gotham Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, Regency, and National Twin.)

Light Sleeper—John LeTour (Willem Dafoe), the main character of Paul Schrader's dreamlike but tough-minded new film, is a forty-year-old New York drug courier who knows he has to change his life, yet doesn't quite know how. "You drift from day to day," he writes in his journal, and for most of the picture that's all we see him do. He glides through the night streets in the back of a limo, carrying small amounts of cocaine to upper-middle-class customers and then carrying their money back to his employer, a chic dealer named Ann (Susan Sarandon), who pays him a modest salary. It's an unexciting, shockingly routine existence. The movie is anything but routine. This is an absorbing, superbly confident piece of filmmaking, and the acting—by Dafoe, Sarandon, David Clennon, Victor Garber, Mary Beth Hurt, and a radiant newcomer named Jane Adams—is sensational. (Only Dana Delany, in the pivotal role of LeTour's ex-girlfriend, is uninteresting.) Schrader's theme is the role of chance (sometimes called fate, or fortune, or providence, or plain luck) in contemporary life, and for most of the picture his writing and direction daringly embody the idea of unpredictability. Every scene is built around some sort of surprise: a disorienting visual twist; a reversal of narrative expectations; an unanticipated reaction by one of the characters. Up to the final minutes, when Schrader borrows one motif too many from his earlier "American Gigolo," the picture keeps the audience as well as the hero in a constant state of uncertainty: we don't know what we'll see when we turn the corner. We drift pleasurably, borne by the film's mordant wit and its rigorous, unfakable honesty.—T.R. (Angelika Film Center, Murray Hill Cinemas, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Mr. Saturday Night—With Billy Crystal, David Paymer, Julie Warner, Helen Hunt, and Ron Silver; directed by Crystal. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Village Theatre VII, Bay Cinema, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and 62nd & Broadway.)

The Player—The title character of Robert Altman's new movie is a young Hollywood studio executive named Griffin Mill (Tim Robbins), who, for no very good reason, murders an aspiring screenwriter. The picture is a brilliant dark comedy about the death of American filmmaking. It's like a documentary about a mirage: the world it shows us is sunlit and shimmering, and the people have the thin presence of holograms. Altman is doing one of his specialties here—exploring an odd American subculture—and when his idiosyncratic realism is applied to the insular, constantly self-regarding community of Hollywood "players" it has an almost hallucinatory effect. The movie has the exhilarating nonchalance of the director's seventies classics, and its tone is volatile, elusive: with breathtaking assurance, it veers from psychological-thriller suspense to goofball comedy to icy satire. Altman turns the self-reflective world of Hollywood into a fun house in which every grotesque distortion somehow appears to us as a newly discovered, paradoxical truth. Robbins gives a layered, richly suggestive performance—the sort of performance that Altman's style, at its best, produces without obvious effort. At sixty-seven, Altman still seems like the youngest filmmaker in America. The script, by Michael Tolkin, is adapted from his own novel.—T.R. (4/20/92) (Village East Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Cinema 3.)

Singles—Cameron Crowe's second film as a writer-director (the first was the lovely 1989 teen comedy "Say Anything") is a buoyant, sweet-tempered little picture about the romantic confusions of some young Seattle apartment-dwellers. It's an ensemble piece, the sort of movie that flits from character to character like a hummingbird. Crowe's touch is so light that you may, in the end, feel a bit unsatisfied—disappointed that the movie's buzzing comic vitality starts to lose its resonance the moment you leave the theatre. This is romantic comedy of the wispiest kind, but the picture is generous, graceful, and consistently funny. The director, in his airy way, has really created a world here: he turns the urban Northwest into a Forest of Arden for young professionals and hopeful grunge-rockers. Campbell Scott and Kyra Sedgwick play Steve and Linda, idealistic yuppies in love, and both prove to be wonderfully deft comedians. And Matt Dillon, as Cliff, the rather dim leader of a band called Citizen Dick, is hilarious. But the standout in Crowe's energetic cast is Bridget Fonda, who plays Janet, a bubbly underachiever inexplicably smitten with Cliff. Fonda is a true original: she brings such reckless, joyous abandon to Janet's pursuit of the unlikely object of desire that she transforms this desperate-love story line into something exuberantly optimistic. This movie shows that Cameron Crowe is a rare bird, too: a sunny realist. Also with Sheila Kelley, Jim True, and Bill Pullman. The soundtrack features new songs by Pearl Jam (whose members play Cliff's bandmates) and other luminaries of the flourishing Seattle rock scene, including Soundgarden, Mudhoney, and Alice in Chains.—T.R. (Village Theatre VII, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Single White Female—The movie collapses so thoroughly between its promising introduction and its Grand Guignol conclusion that the audience exits muttering about stupidity and waste. Mainly, what's wasted is the talent of two fresh, still-growing stars, Bridget Fonda and Jennifer Jason Leigh, in the roles of twentyish out-of-towners scrambling to survive in New York City. Leigh answers Fonda's ad for a roommate and immediately charms her way into a rent-controlled Upper West Side apartment. Virtually from the start you guess that Leigh's character plans to become Fonda's identical twin. It's merely a matter of time before this unformed young lady tries on Fonda's clothes, bearing, and hairdo, and wipes out any competition for Fonda's attention. The actresses are compelling; Leigh is particularly adept at furtive, inchoate emotions. But when the climax of a movie is inevitable, the director shouldn't delay it as long as Barbet Schroeder does. The movie is mostly just a tiresome tease.—M.S. (8/24/92) (First & 62nd Cinemas, 86th Street East Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, Worldwide Cinemas, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

Sneakers—The director, Phil Alden Robinson ("Field of Dreams"), attempts to fashion a liberal thriller-comedy about a group of high-tech security analysts, led by Robert Redford. Under pressure from the National Security Agency, Redford agrees to steal a device that can decode any computer program in the private and public sectors. His character is a sixties survivor (one of the first computer pranksters) who has teamed up with four other overgrown, misfit boys: Sidney Poitier as a canned C.I.A. agent, River Phoenix as an ethereal computer-age juvenile delinquent, Dan Aykroyd as an ex-con gadget freak, and David Strathairn as a blind master of sound tracing. The filmmakers haven't given them the distinctive interplay and kicky gimmicks that can make a comic-book ensemble tickle the fantasy bone. They're a liberal dream team as neutered alternative family, with Redford's love interest, Mary McDonnell, as den mother. The film's smug anti-Republican humor won't win any crossover votes. "Sneakers" exploits an audience's fear of the microchip revolution, then ends up celebrating computer sabotage in the service of progressive causes. It plays into the hands of its enemies; it says that left-wings *are* a self-righteous élite. With Ben Kingsley, who glowers malignantly in the role of a mysterious genius. From a script by Robinson and the producing-writing duo of Lawrence Lasker and Walter F. Parkes ("War-Games").—M.S. (9/21/92) (34th St. East, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and National Twin. . . . ¶ Coronet; through Oct. 1.)

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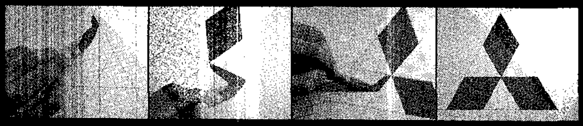

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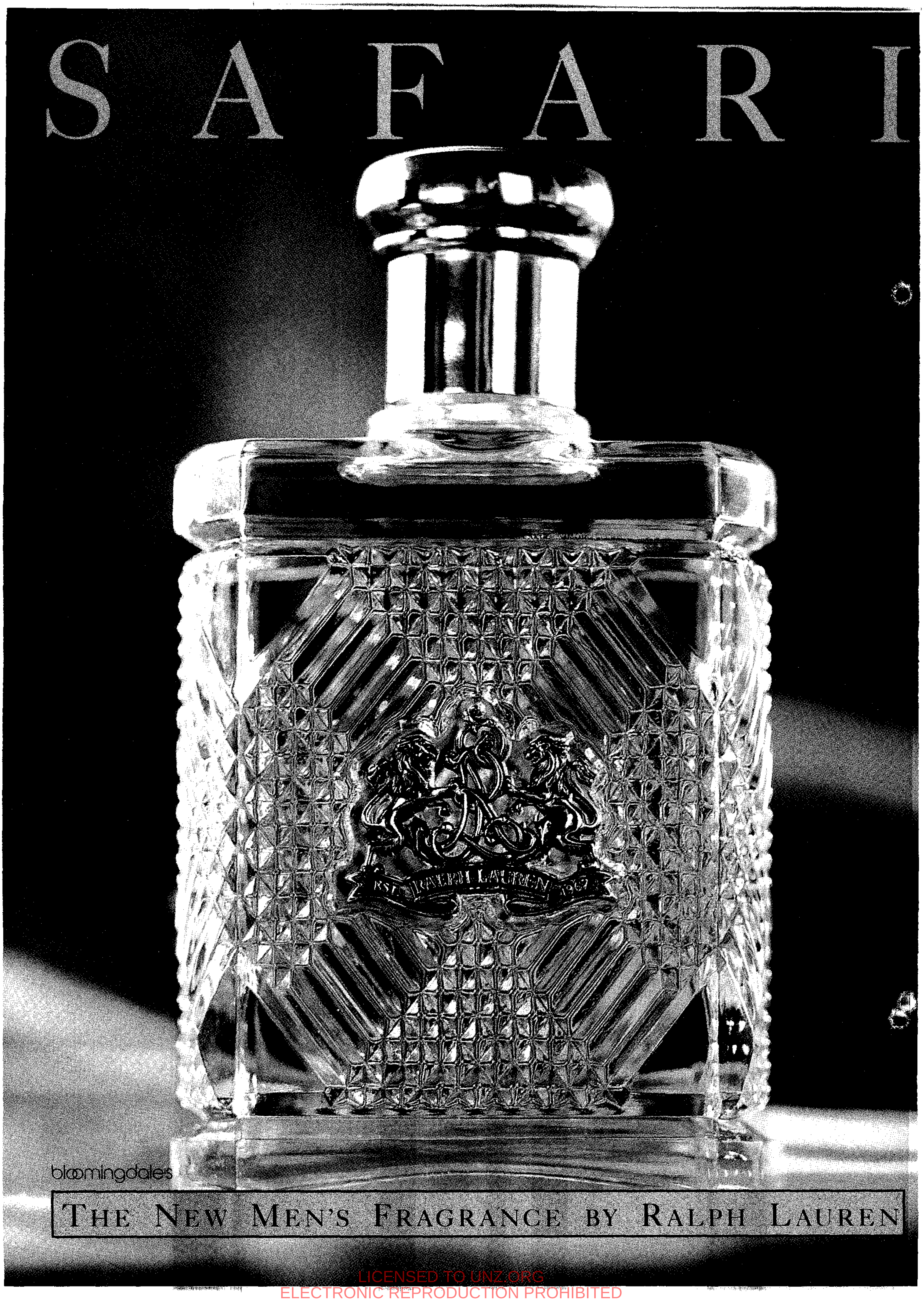
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THE NEW MEN'S FRAGRANCE BY RALPH LAUREN

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

COCOON

YOU don't realize how deeply entrenched the nineties have become until you talk to someone like Pedro Almodóvar, the Spanish filmmaker. "My life now is so different from my life in the eighties," he says. "It was much funnier then. We were always more happy." He's on the phone from Madrid, but you can picture him: the big dark eyes, the fleshy mouth, and that Q-tip puff of black hair. Almodóvar has long been the embodiment of the spirit of the *movida*—Madrid's answer to everything balmy, frivolous, and outrageous in American pop culture. "I hate to be mature," he says. "Really, I would like to make the opposite way, to be more immature—just to face things with a kind of joy, and no responsibilities."

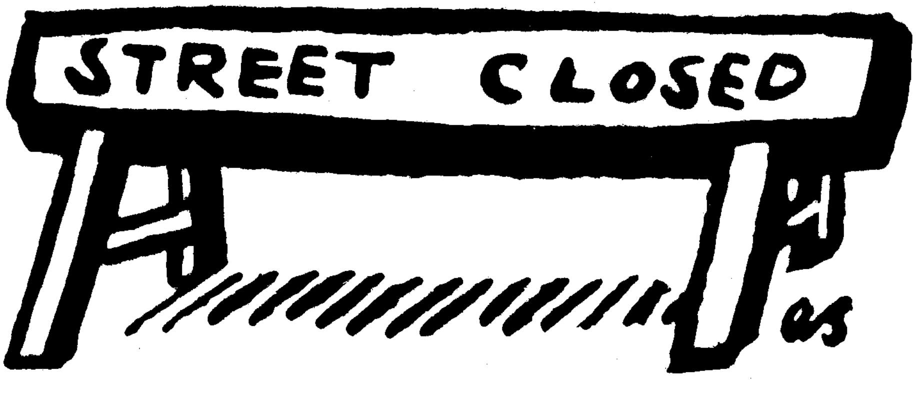
Actually, a mature, subdued Almodóvar would scarcely be Almodóvar at all. Ever since he moved from La Mancha to Madrid, in 1967, he's been a source of anarchic creative energy. He was sixteen then, a clerk for the national phone company. But as Madrid awakened during the post-Franco years, so did he. And by the end of the eighties he had been an avant-garde actor, a comic-strip artist, the author of sexy mock memoirs, a rock-and-roll performer, and, of course, the writer and director of the campy, ultra-hip movies that finally made him famous: "Matador," "Law of Desire," and "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown."

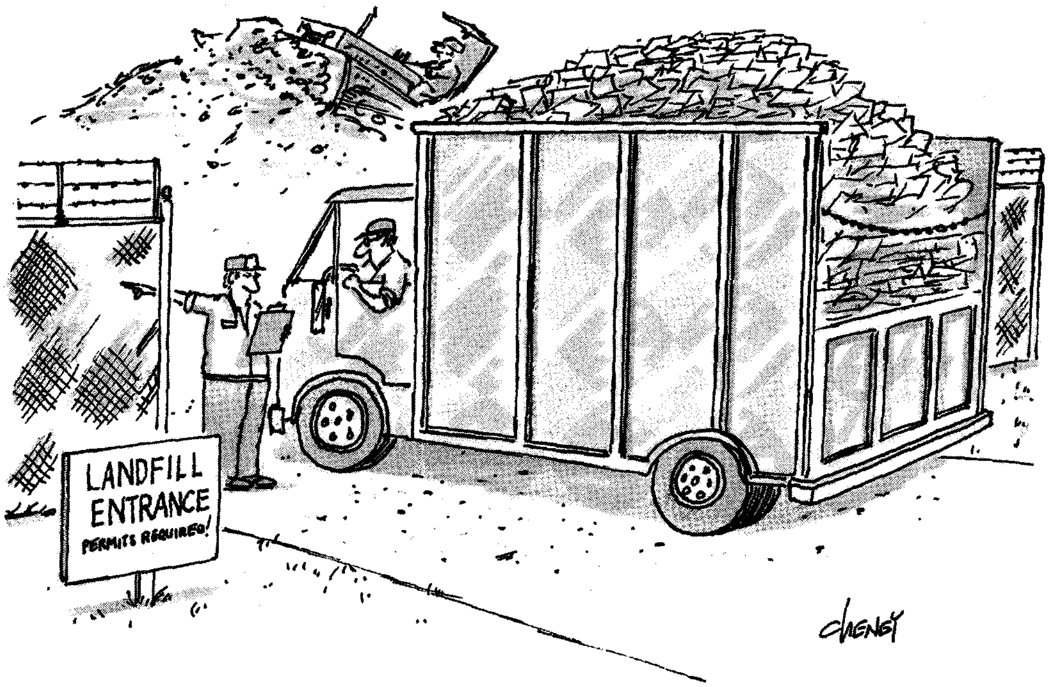
His countrymen have been packing a lot in, too. If you visited Spain during the eighties, you probably discovered that the sleepy, tranquil Spanish weren't so sleepy and tranquil anymore. They even gave up siestas. They also managed to invent their own sixties-style pop culture, their own seventies-style drug-and-disco culture, and their own eighties-style yuppie culture, all in the decade and a half after Franco's death. And now?

"Now it's so changed that I cannot avoid to feel nostalgic," Almodóvar says. "And I don't like to be nostalgic. It's a feeling I don't want to feel." But nostalgia is a feeling that will come naturally to many who dip into his new book, "Patty Diphusa and Other Writings," a lively, unpretentious collection of comical *pensées*; it's so full of pre-rehab sex, drugs, and rock and roll that it can make any survivor of the last two decades feel ancient. "Everybody was younger in the eighties," Almodóvar says. "And younger means not only more beautiful and more thin; younger means that we didn't know so much. So we could live with more spontaneity. There was a moment when Madrid was really a reborn place, full of excitement and full of joy."

The first half of "Patty Diphusa" is a novella culled from a magazine serial that Almodóvar wrote from 1983 to 1984, recounting the adventures of his alter ego, a porno actress and "international sex symbol" who spends most of her nights in disco bathrooms with strange men and lots of cocaine. The actress (her name is a play on *patidifusa*, which means "flabbergasted" in Spanish) treats drugs, casual sex, and other hot-button topics with a blitheness that seems almost antediluvian—and, in a censorious age, refreshingly subversive. "You know, the first period of drugs really was very stimulating," Almodóvar says. "But this is a lesson that you learn with time: that drugs only work in the first stages. The second and third stages are just a nightmare. So in those days we had the best of all these dangers, and it was a very good experience. And, you know, I survived. Which is also good."

The book intends to shock with a smile, but there are some canny observations. In a berserk 1988 piece called "Styles and Customs in the Nineties," Almodóvar predicts that "all sorts of traffic problems" will result in people's being "condemned to stay at home and do everything for themselves." And that's exactly what has happened to Almodóvar and his gang: the movers





"Résumés over there."

and shakers of Madrid's mad eighties are now cocooning.

"We don't live in a group, like before," Almodóvar says. "It seems that everybody is more alone than ever now, more isolated. Before, I was under the influence of the atmosphere around me. Now you have to look into your own apartment—you have to see into yourself for inspiration."

But does he at least get out nights? Does he still listen to rock and roll?

"Not so much, no. It's not that I refuse it consciously, but I discovered that I don't go to see any concerts."

Oh dear. If even Almodóvar and all his crazy Madrid friends have gone hopelessly, drably nineties, what about the rest of us? Is every former Wild Thing doomed to face facts, buckle down, get serious?

At last, a reassuring giggle. "Not serious," Almodóvar says. "Just fat."

REWRITING HISTORY

At the start of the current Presidential campaign, many people wondered whether a politically exhausted George Bush might come up with a way of reinventing himself. The answer came in his acceptance speech, in which he asked to be seen as the reincarnation of Harry S. Truman, "embarked on a similar mission"—the mission, presumably, of winning an election in which an unpopular President (formerly a popular President's Vice-President) finds himself alarmingly behind in the opinion polls. There remained, of course, the awkward fact that Give-'Em-Hell Harry was a Democrat; and two weeks after his speech Bush confessed that in 1948 he had voted for his current inspiration's opponent, Governor Thomas E. Dewey.

Truman's papers ended up in a Presidential library; Dewey, the forgotten man in 1992, lodged his in the Rush Rhees Library, at the University of Rochester. "Dewey's papers are here because a history professor in the nineteen-forties asked him if they could come here," Karl Kabelac, the manuscripts librarian at Rush Rhees, said the other day. He also said he had no idea whether the thousand feet of files that make up the Dewey archives contained anything that would shed light on a possible Bush-Dewey connection beyond that of voter to candidate, but he promised to have a look. What he found is not without historical and political, and even Oedipal, interest.

In 1968, George Bush was a first-term representative from a wealthy Republican district in Houston, and the Republican nominee for President, Richard Nixon, was about to select a running mate. In 1952, Nixon had quaked before the imperious Dewey, who was asked to pass judgment on his nomination as Eisenhower's No. 2. In 1968, Dewey was still a power within the high councils of the Republican Party. That summer, inside a secretly convened Coördinating Committee that advised Nixon on a running mate, Dewey and George Champion, the chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank, pushed for the selection of young Bush, and he was interviewed by the group. Nixon, however, decided upon Spiro Agnew. Yet Dewey's enthusiasm for Bush undoubtedly made an impression on Nixon, for he assumed the role of Bush's mentor.

Prescott Bush, George's father, had been an ally and friend of Dewey's for years, a relationship documented in the Dewey archives: Prescott, the delegate who voted for Dewey at the 1948 Convention; Prescott, the Wall Street banker and chairman of the Connecticut Republican Finance Committee; Prescott, the United States senator; Prescott, the golf partner. His tone in a letter of August 10, 1968, was disappointed but still flattering.

DEAR TOM:

We heard from George Bush about his next-to-last minute talk with you concerning the VP nomination. We are proud that you think so well of George.

I fear, Tom, that Nixon has made a serious error here. He had a chance to do something smart, to give the ticket a lift, and he cast it aside. . . .

Ah well! I speak now of a more pleasant subject, and that is Tom Dewey himself. I thought your speech at the convention was easily the best I heard. You were at your old time best, and I congratulate you. You lent some Klass, as Ethel Merman says, with a capital K., to those proceedings.

Perhaps the Republican Party owes more to you than any man living, not just because of 1944 and 1948 when you led us, but also because of your constant devotion to the efforts of those on the firing line, and giving so much of yourself in support and guidance. . . .

With respect, and warm personal regard, I am

Sincerely,
PRES. BUSH

Three days later, Dewey replied to his old friend:

> DEAR PRES:
>
> It is so good to have your letter. . . . As to George, I think there was simply a feeling that he had not been in public office long enough. Everything else was favorable. . . . I hope your arthritis is clearing up and that we will have a golf game when you get back to these parts.
>
> With warmest personal regards,
> Sincerely,
> THOMAS DEWEY

George, for his part, was thrilled. In an undated 1968 letter on his congressional stationery he thanked Dewey profusely:

> DEAR GOVERNOR DEWEY:
>
> George Champion told me of your interest in my being considered for vice-president. I am most appreciative of this interest and help.
>
> The wine was a little heady—getting even considered for this post; but I do feel that the efforts made on my behalf were made with taste and in such a way as not to disrupt what I consider are many fine relationships in the Congress.
>
> Thanks ever so much for your interest in this Silky Sullivan long shot. Though we finished out of the money it was a great big plus for me, and I am indebted to you for your interest—
>
> Best regards,
> GEORGE BUSH

Twelve years later, of course, Bush succeeded in getting nominated—and elected—Vice-President. Eight years after that, when he won the Presidential nomination on his own, Bush—as if to make up for what Dewey had failed to achieve for him—chose as his running mate a puppyish scion of a prominent Republican family. But all this was far in the future when Dewey, writing with paternal affection, replied to Bush on September 6, 1968:

> DEAR GEORGE:
>
> I have your good note about the considerations about the vice-presidency and want you to know that it was a labor of love. . . .
>
> All in all, it certainly did no harm and I am sure you have a wonderful future ahead of you. I hope I will see you soon.
>
> With warm regards,
> Sincerely,
> THOMAS DEWEY

Dewey, who died in 1971, did not live to see his protégé's embrace of the man who had inflicted upon him one of the great political humiliations of the century. That embrace, one can speculate, might have struck him as

NAKED CAME THE STRANGERS

THE book biz still believes that skin alone will snare the unwary. Earlier this year, Turtle Bay Books tried to lob Dalma Heyn's "The Erotic Silence of the American Wife" onto the best-seller lists. A study of adultery as a crooked runway to self-actualization, "Erotic Silence" had all the fixings of a pop feminist awakening à la "Backlash" and "The Beauty Myth." Adorning the cover was a portrait of a reclining nude model shot from behind, long blond hair cresting around a bare shoulder blade. Her classical bottom baited the reader into thinking this would be a *tasteful* tell-all.

It was. But hardly anyone bit. "The Erotic Silence of the American Wife" failed to crack the charts. Its valorization of extramarital affairs ("valorization": big word meaning "Go for it, sister") didn't meet with a receptive response among civilian readers. One married woman with a two-year-old child said to me, "An affair? Who has the *time*?" and then ordered me off her porch. It's as if publishers wished to relive that heyday when orgasm augured new gods, and our naked skins were shining vestments. But AIDS and a general funk in the air have left a cloud cover over this branch of liberation theology. In the *Times Book Review* Martin Amis made toasted marshmallow of Richard Rhodes' memoir "Making Love."

Still, sex books continue down the pike. The publishers subsist on the hope that someone is having fun somewhere. Or, if not having fun, going to hell in a fancy coffin. A nude model also bedecks the cover of Darcey Steinke's new steamer, "Suicide Blonde" (Atlantic Monthly Press), her body making an S as she lolls in the sack, lighting a cigarette after God only knows what depraved act. The cover of the slick galleys announces that this will be a book that wrings out the bedsheets and reads them as a map of a sick psyche, and taped to the inside is a personal note from Atlantic Monthly Press's bon-vivant publisher, Morgan Entrekin (his motto: Walk Softly and Carry a Big Comb), which says, "*Suicide Blonde* is one of the most startlingly original novels I have read in years."

Its title taken from an INXS song, "Suicide Blonde" is the diary of a death wish. The book would be a doomsday bummer if it weren't so full of camp howlers; for example, "I opened the curtains a bit, the raw light reminded me of infected skin." And, after scenes of debauchery written with one eye bulging through the peephole, "Suicide Blonde" doles out some bitter, valuable lessons: "He used to tell me that a person who reads all day, then watches the sunset is just as valuable as a person who interacts with the world, but he didn't believe it and God knows this world doesn't either." Yeah, this planet really sucks.

TOM BACHTELL

If "The Erotic Silence of the American Wife" is the last murmur of the Me Decade, "Suicide Blonde" is the final stagger of eighties funkytown fatalism. Such books have missed their moment. The wiliest sex book of recent times was Nicholson Baker's "Vox," where skin never met skin. Naked flesh on the cover no longer guarantees a lock on our libido. "Sexy" isn't sexy anymore. —JAMES WOLCOTT having an element of irony—even of ingratitude.

SECRET WEAPON

Up in the fox-hunt country of Dutchess County, one relative newcomer professes a certain dismay over the leisure pursuits of the local gentry. "They wear the little hats, the pink shirts—everything," Fred Drasner said one recent Sunday morning as he gazed over the rolling meadows and hunt trails behind his rented weekend house. Only slightly misquoting Oscar Wilde, he added, "The uneatable being chased by the unspeakable."

Drasner's own sensibilities were suggested by his appearance that morning. Unshaved, his longish gray hair protruding beneath a baseball cap, he wore bluejeans and a black cotton T-shirt bearing the image of a hellbound corpse astride a big Harley and the legend "Better to Burn Out Than to Fade Away." Fred Drasner is a Brooklyn kind of guy, and that has proved a useful and profitable thing to be.

Drasner was the point man in Mortimer Zuckerman's long, complicated effort to acquire the bankrupt *Daily News*. Zuckerman's strategy focussed on the drivers, the pressmen, the machinists, the electricians, the paper handlers, and the mailers—the people who put the paper out and who, when piqued, have shut it down. Their paychecks make up much of what it costs to put out the *News*, and getting them to take less (through manpower reductions or by other means) is the quickest way to reduce the red ink. But the workers were a wary and determined lot, battered and alienated by a succession of managements and suitors, among them open adversaries (the Tribune Company) and fake saviors (Robert Maxwell).

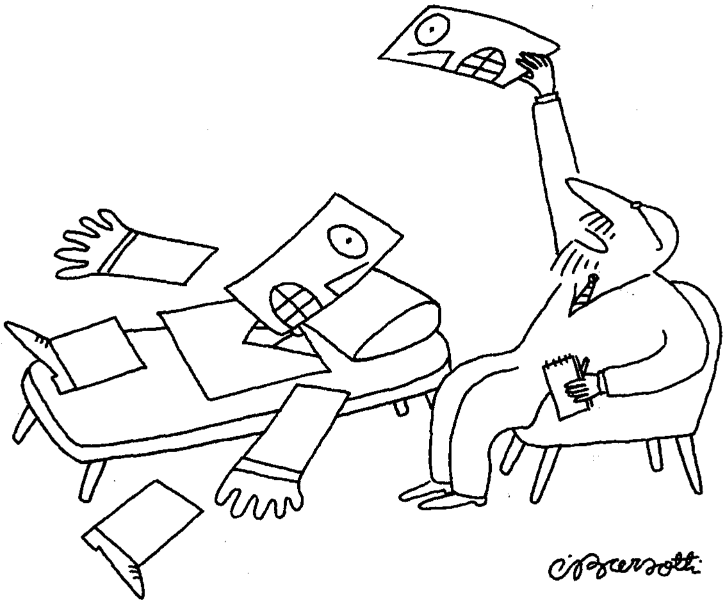
To the task of winning over these workers, Zuckerman assigned Drasner, a forty-nine-year-old former accountant and tax lawyer from Coney Island. "He's Mort's secret weapon," one confidant of the pair said. After the unions handed Zuckerman their endorsement, Walter T. Beese, the vice-president of the pressmen's union, remarked of Drasner, "Well, he's a street guy like the rest of us. I mean, we don't like pussyfooting around. You come, we talk, and then we can come up with something."

But before Drasner talked he studied. Beginning last February, he pored over the paper's agreements with the unions and immersed himself in the untidy process by which a daily newspaper is produced. He went out to the production plants, he rode the trucks, he ate predawn breakfasts in *News* haunts, and eventually he accomplished his mission: he made friends. "You gotta remember one thing, I grew up with these guys," he said, in his slightly raspy voice. "I mean, but for a few bounces in my life, I woulda been one of 'em. All my friends from high school are in this, uh, *stratus*. And I genuinely like 'em."

For all his street-guy chumminess during the *News* project, Drasner also showed a tough hand. During the years of Tribune ownership, the *News* crafts unions developed a reputation for workplace rules and practices that were, by the most generous assessment, inefficient in the extreme. Most of these were done away with at the time of Robert Maxwell's frenetic acquisition of the *News*, but other inefficiencies remain. There is still, for instance, the "bundle blesser"—a union employee whose task is to put a piece of paper on top of a bundle before it goes into the tying machine. In addition, the drivers' practice was to have five workers between the tying machine and the truck, three of whom Drasner determined were not fully engaged in productive work. Drasner's approach was direct. He told the unions that he would protect "real jobs," but that he meant to eliminate—or, at least, reduce—the less productive ones. "I'm not after the real work," he said. "If there's real work, I'll hire somebody to do it. I can't make money by cutting costs, I've gotta grow the business. But I'm after the non-job jobs." In the end, he didn't get everything he wanted, but he got a lot.

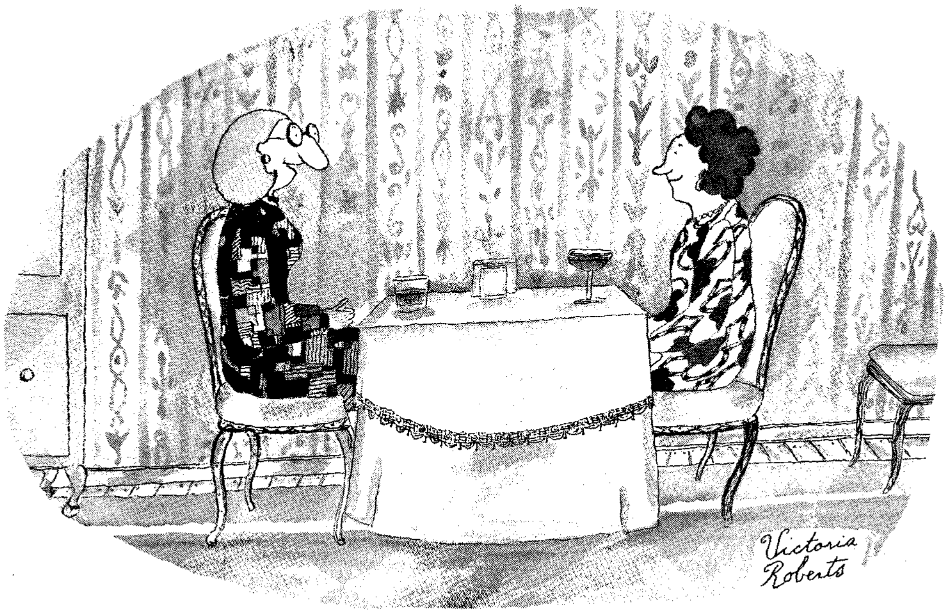
Drasner is not without his detractors. "Some people thought he was a little bit of a wise guy," said Michael M. Connery, an attorney who had been hired by the unions to find a buyer for the *News*. "He can be a little Don Rickles-ish." In dealing with the Newspaper Guild, the union representing the paper's news, advertising, and clerical workers, Drasner wasn't always empathetic: he insisted upon the right to replace new editorial employees without relying on attrition and without arbitration. "This thing is a corpse," he said. "You gotta get it outa the coffin. You can't do it through a number of years of arbitrations and attritions."

Being Mort Zuckerman's Brooklyn guy has made a prosperous man of Drasner: he has an equity position in *U.S. News & World Report* and in another Zuckerman partnership, and will be rewarded with a piece of the *News* if the deal comes through. And it's clear that he will be Zuckerman's operations head at the paper—a prospect that promises, one former *U.S. News* hand said, "a certain amount of creative tension." In reference to his executive style, Drasner is fond of citing a memo he wrote to his sales staff when *U.S. News* surpassed *Newsweek* in the number of advertising pages sold last year. "The staff was runnin' around yellin' and screamin' that we had passed *Newsweek*," he recalls. "I just wrote a



"It's O.K. I've got it."

memo that said, 'We didn't pass *Newsweek*, *Newsweek* passed us going the wrong way. Just because you're standing on the street and somebody jumps off a building, it doesn't mean you've done anything. But at least you were smart enough to not get hit by the body, so here's the bonus.' "



" '*Incandescent' is how he thinks, but 'fluorescent' is what I want.*"

• •

THE CHANGING TIMES

LATELY, Jeffrey Schmalz, an editor and reporter at the *Times*, has been writing a lot about AIDS. He has written pieces on Bob Hattoy and Elizabeth Glaser, who spoke about their experiences with the disease at the Democratic National Convention, and a piece about Mary Fisher, who spoke at the Republican gathering. Most recently, he has completed a story for an upcoming issue of the *Times Magazine* about gays and the Presidential election. His choice of assignments is more unusual than it might seem at first glance: Schmalz is one of the few people with AIDS who are writing about the epidemic for a major news organization.

That situation has led to some novel interviews. "When I interviewed Hattoy in Los Angeles, he said to me that he had really come to deal with it very well," Mr. Schmalz recalled recently. "I said, 'Bullshit. I know what it's like. I know what it's like to wake up in the middle of the night and to think you're dying, and I don't want to hear this, that it's not difficult for you. I don't believe it.' Then he broke down—he cried, and he said, 'I know I'm going to die of AIDS.' And then he looked at me and said, 'Aren't you?' And it was just such a dagger into my heart, you know, because, yeah, the answer is yes."

Twenty years ago, Schmalz had a burning desire to be a lawyer, but he joined the staff of the *Times* as a copyboy, because he needed the money and could work at night while he attended Columbia College. He has never left. From copy editor he worked his way up to assistant metropolitan editor, and after stints as the Albany bureau chief and as a national correspondent based in Miami he was made the deputy national editor. Some people thought he was going to be the next national editor.

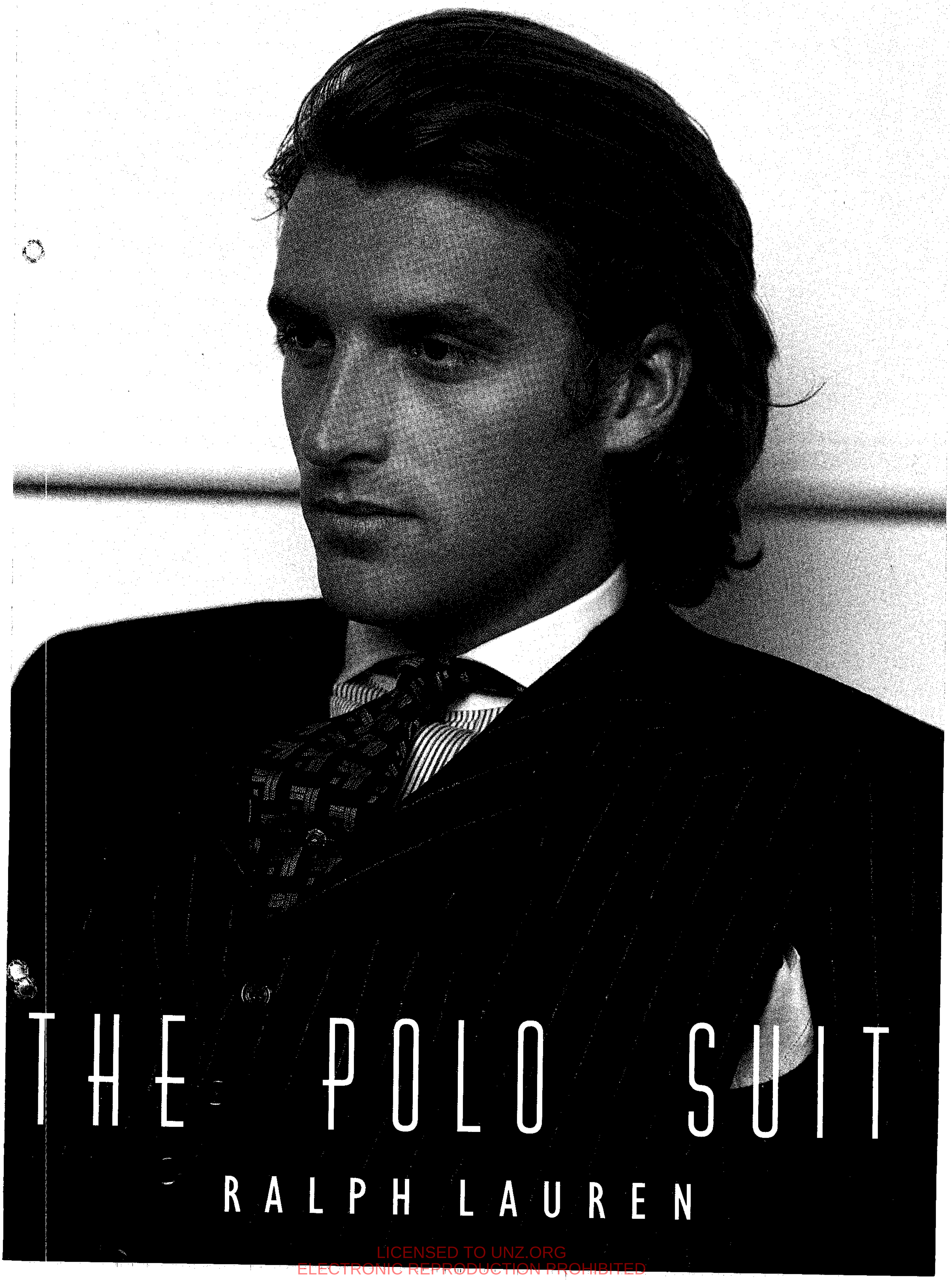
Then, late in 1990, he suddenly got sick. "About two weeks before Christmas, I was sitting at my desk in the office and was about to go into the page-one meeting, and suddenly my vision, which had been a little bad, got horrendous," he said. "Everything was a blur." Scared that he might be having a stroke, he stood up, took a few steps, and collapsed on the floor in the grip of a grand-mal seizure. When he came to, he was shouting, and the executive editor, Max Frankel, was holding his hand.

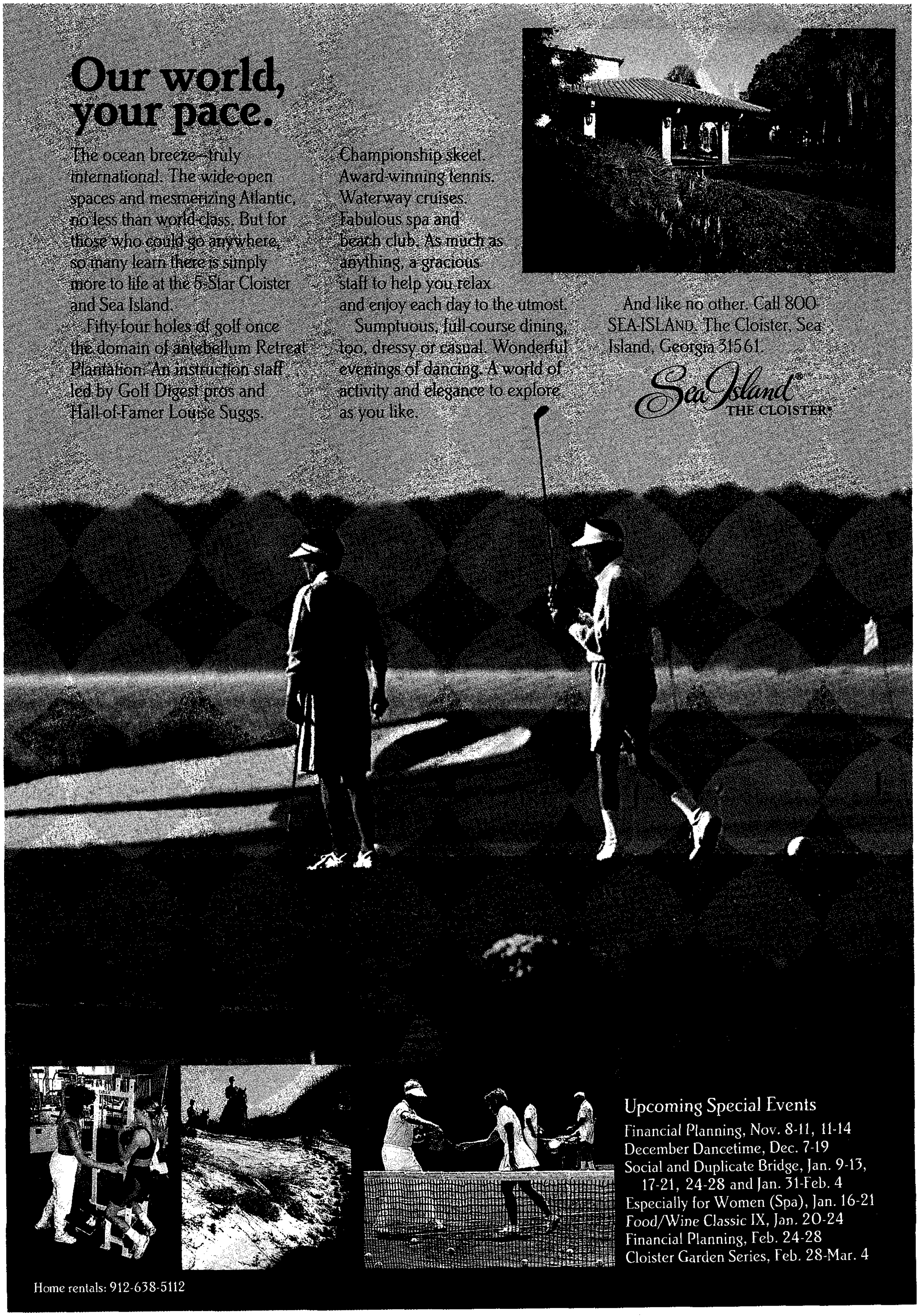
He went to his doctor and then got himself a good neurologist, but after a second seizure, in his mother's living room, his doctors told him to take an H.I.V. test. While he was standing at a pay phone in the *Times* cafeteria, so that nobody would overhear the conversation, he learned he was positive. Things got worse. An AIDS expert, after consulting with specialists and conducting a battery of tests, concluded that Schmalz had full-blown AIDS. And then exploratory brain surgery revealed that he had progressive multi-focal leukoencephalopathy, an untreatable brain infection, which typically proves fatal within four months of the onset of symptoms.

Schmalz told his editors of his diagnosis and took an unofficial leave of absence. While he was away from the paper, he was hospitalized for successive illnesses, and, he says, he "pretty much gave up." Then, in September of last year, in a turnaround his doctors tentatively credit to the drug AZT but aren't really sure how to explain, his good health returned. "It was as if somebody had pressed a switch," he said. "All my energy came back."

Schmalz returned to the *Times*, but he found himself unable to work until Joe Lelyveld, his managing editor, suggested that he write some coverage of the Presidential campaign. Since then, Schmalz has alternated between writing about AIDS and writing about politics. His suggestion that he write news stories about a disease that affected him raised some eyebrows, but the top editors say that they believe he can keep a suitable distance on the topic. "I think the feeling was that if you say I can't write about AIDS, then you have to say that blacks can't write about blacks, that Jews can't write about Israel," Schmalz says. "It gets out of hand."

Nowadays, in addition to taking AZT every four hours, he injects the blood thinner heparin twice a day to prevent blood clots, takes Dilantin to prevent seizures, takes acyclovir, an antiviral, to bolster the effects of AZT, and takes Bactrim to prevent flareups of pneumonia. "I feel better that I've done all this," he says. "I feel better that when I do get sick I'll be able to look back and say that I really did what I could do, that I really stayed in there for the fight, and I really made my contribution not just to the gay cause but to the New York *Times*—that I really gave them terrific stories on this issue. I didn't give them maudlin stories. I didn't give them editorials." ♦


THE POLO SUIT
RALPH LAUREN



DEPARTMENT OF RAISED EYEBROWS

FETUS, DON'T FAIL ME NOW

by Robert Hughes

THE thing puzzled everyone when it appeared in Barcelona. On TV, where most people saw it, it appeared on the screen at the end of the closing ceremonies of the Olympic Games—a computer-generated Shmoo, wriggling in its native electronic soup. In real life, it capered on the stage of the Montjuïc stadium, eight feet tall or so, apparently made of foam plastic, moved by a dancer inside it, and flashing a fixed white grin as inane as a smiley-face sticker's. This, the announcer announced, was Whatizit, the official mascot of the 1996 Atlanta Olympics. Tiny limbs, goggly eyes, an oversized body, a vestigial tail on which the five Olympic rings were coyly threaded like quoits on a stick. The resemblance was impossible to overlook: what Walt Disney did to the duck, it seemed, an American designer had done to the fetus. The fetish of the religious right had become an Olympic mascot. No wonder the Catalans were perplexed.

Does this portend a wave of Fetus Chic for '96? Unlikely, but there are bound to be millions of Whatizit souvenirs, as there were millions of Cobis in Barcelona—fetus lapel pins, fetuses drinking Coke, inflatable fetuses, huggable stuffed fetuses covered in synthetic plush, fetus paperweights. Close your eyes and see a new hotel by Michael Graves, its pediment supported by fetal caryatids, all in the form of Whatizits. This prospect suggests how deep the image of the fetus has sunk into the weird stew of American media-consciousness—a third of the country obsessed with the Unborn and another third vaporing about its Inner Child.

It seems improbable that the committee for Atlanta '96 deliberately decided to have a Games logo in the form of a fetus. Fetuses do not suggest sport. They are, on the whole, as unathletic as little pashas. They never jump, run for extended periods, cycle, or show signs of proficiency with a target pistol. Lolling in their amniotic fluid, they do not practice the butterfly or the Australian crawl; they do not even begin to kick until they are almost babies. No, Whatizit is not a conscious image; he is a phantom of the zeitgeist, a case of overspill, or precipitation, from a popular culture laden with fetal obsession. Semiologists, if one wanted to get fancy about it, would call Whatizit a floating signifier. He would not exist without those demonstrators brandishing their plastic babies at the abortion clinics on the six-o'clock news; without the two Pats of the fanatic right ranting about morals. Only in America could the fetus pass so quickly from the battlefield of a "cultural war" to the sidelines of a sports event. Whatizit is a cute reminder of an issue that is not at all cute.

This is why, as the Games approach, Whatizit is going to get very intrusive and gratuitously bothersome. He already bothers me, and I have seen him only once so far—but then, being an ex-Catholic, I am readily irked by such matters. In the comparatively simple and absolutist frame of a Catholic upbringing in Irish Australia forty years ago, there wasn't the enormous ambiguity about abortion that America has today; abortion was simply assumed to be a crime, as unthinkable as murder, *tout court*, no argument about it. Where the stress lay was on contraception, and on the "right to life" of the spermatozoon. Crammed with unruly testosterone, two hundred of us boys would sit in the boarding-school chapel listening to a priest expound the moral theology of this. God, one learned, had put the sex drive in us for two reasons. The first was to insure the propagation of the species. The second was to give pleasure, thus holding legitimate marriages together. It was wrong to short-circuit God's first purpose in order to get to the second, especially if you weren't married (but even if you were). Primary purpose, secondary purpose: this arid quibble, designed by celibate theologians, has helped to drive countless Catholics out of the Church. Masturbation might not make you blind

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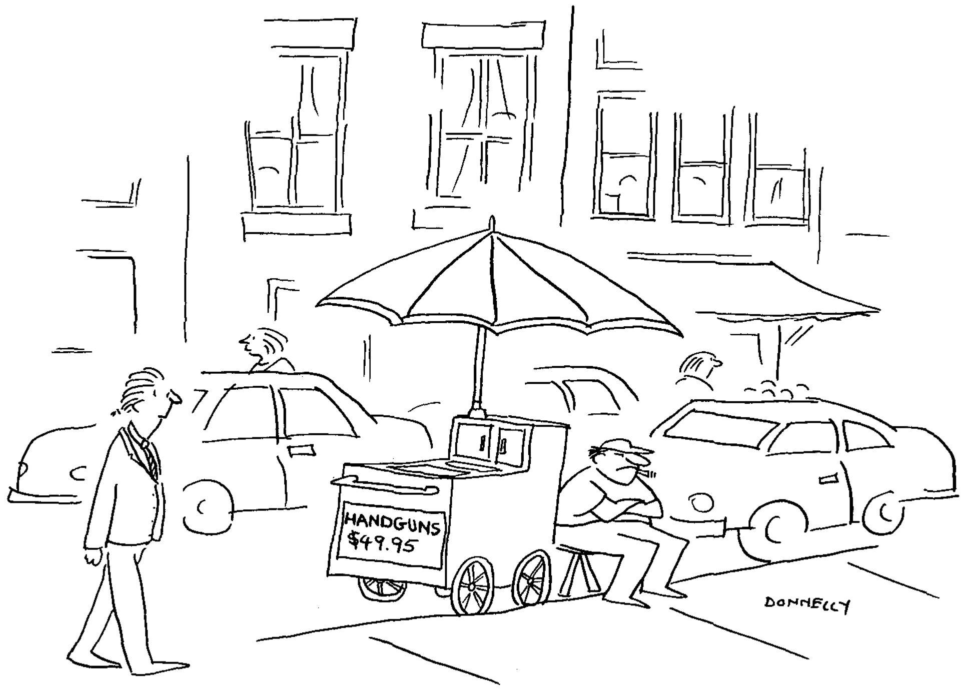

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or cause a single black hair to sprout unstoppably from the palm of your hand—the Jesuits, on the whole, were above such coarse Protestant fright tactics—but every sperm was sacred, since it was a potential human being: more like a microscopic tadpole right now, but capable of turning into a person once it hit an egg, and therefore to be honored and preserved along with its millions of siblings. Every time you wanked, it was a large slaughter of small future Catholics, so tiny that hundreds of them could dance, or at least wiggle, on the head of a pin. The real trouble with masturbation was that it represented an inversion of the cosmic order—and contraception, even worse. The notion that some small part of the cosmic order hung on our teen-age willies was a heavy load for us young soldiers in St. Ignatius' Army of Christ. In some of us, including Private Hughes, it induced the kind of suffocating guilt that led to skepticism: If God was so busy counting sperm and so apparently unconcerned with preventing the world's famines, epidemics, and wars, was He a suitable object for worship? Was He there at all? No answer from the altar.

Something of this fetishism about sperm continues to haunt the abortion debate—to the point where Cardinal O'Connor, in a speech to the national convention of the Knights of Columbus in New York in August, felt moved to propose that a "tomb of the unborn child" should be erected in every Roman Catholic diocese in America. This, not the Olympics, would be the right venue for Whatizit. We are to value the three-month fetus—or even the embryo, that insentient piece of organized tissue attached to the uterine wall—above the interests of the mother not because of what it *is* but for what it *may become*. The primary purpose of women is to be mothers and to insure the continuation of the species; their secondary purpose is to be self-sufficient people, with rights over whatever their bodies contain. If the two conflict, the second must yield. This is the iron law of abstraction.

No decent person pretends that abortion does not present a grave moral choice, but the point is that this choice must be made by the mother, not denied her by the state. Nobody—except those who believe that an immortal soul really is implanted in the embryo at the moment of conception, thus endowing it with complete humanity—can say at what point an embryo turns into a human being. The innocence of fetuses is not in doubt. But it is not a moral value. Lettuces are innocent, too. Fetuses do not sin because they cannot sin. They cannot sin because, at least as far as anyone can detect, they have no free will and are not presented with the occasions of sin. The womb is short of temptation. It is like the Garden of Eden before the snake. Presumably, this is why the anti-abortionists, with their slogans about "the massacre of the innocents," prefer the unborn to the born: in the act of being born, we fall into an imperfect world and quite often become bastards in one way or another, whereas the fetus, like the distinctly unborn-looking Star Child surrounded by a caul of light in Kubrick's "2001," is an emissary from a perfect world—the uterine state, the Womb with a View, of which all our expensive comforts, from sofas to heated swimming pools, are only metaphors. This may be one reason that the opposition to abortion grows more extreme as the material circumstances of America grow worse.

Just twenty years ago, when Philip Roth published "Our Gang," his wonderfully corrosive lampoon of Richard Nixon, he imagined the President setting out to run for office on the votes of the unborn. "Maybe a big dose of innocence is just what this country needs to be great again," Roth's Nixon declares. "When election time rolls around, of course the embryos and fetuses of this country are likely to remember just who it was that struggled in their behalf ... making this country a fit place for the unborn to dwell in pride."

Hardly a book critic in America failed to take Roth to task for going over the top, exceeding the permissible limits of satire, and the rest. Running for office on fetuses! Canvassing fetal votes! Who ever heard of such a thing? "Our Gang" was the only satire written by a modern American fit to be compared to Swift's "A Modest Proposal." But, unlike the Dean's vision of a starving Ireland nourished on the flesh of its surplus babies, Roth's has, in a general way, come true. There are moments in America when reality outstrips the powers of satire, and the abortion issue has precipitated one of them. When it barges into the domain of sport, I am for choice. My choice would be to abort Whatizit, and get a more neutral Olympic logo for Atlanta '96—a possum, say, or a crawdaddy. Anything but this lurid homunculus. ♦

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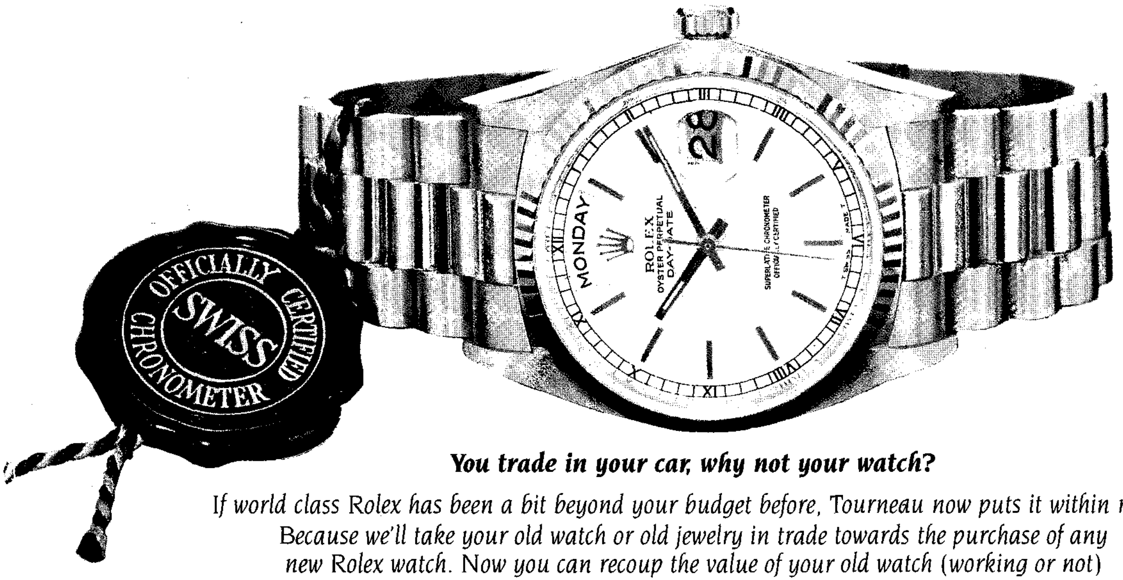

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AROUND CITY HALL

WHO GUARDS THE GUARDS?

by Andy Logan

AFTER Representative Ted Weiss died suddenly, of cardiac arrest, on the morning of September 14th, the day before the New York Democratic primary, Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan said of Weiss, who had represented the residents of Manhattan's Upper West Side for fourteen years in the City Council and then for nearly sixteen years in the House, that New York had lost not only a fine public servant but "a man of surpassing gentleness and grace." It was a week when the words "gentleness" and "grace" were among the last that would have entered the mind of anyone trying to describe what was going on in Weiss's city. The Democratic senatorial primary campaign just ending had been so ugly that in the future the Democrats who contributed to its horrors, including the Primary Day winner, State Attorney General Robert Abrams—who is now running head to head against Republican Senator Alfonse D'Amato—can expect only jeers and other rude noises when they complain of Republican negative campaign tactics, past or present, here or on the national scene. Several times during the primary, Governor Mario Cuomo told Abrams and City Comptroller Elizabeth Holtzman, also a candidate, that their repellent, take-no-prisoners campaign tactics—most of which consisted of attacks on a third candidate, Geraldine Ferraro—would insure that whichever Democrat was chosen to take on D'Amato in the general-election campaign would be damaged goods.

Meanwhile, the level of contempt and hatred that some members of the city's Police Department felt for Mayor David Dinkins had reached such a pitch that they felt they had every right to engage in behavior that, had they not been cops, the Police Department would surely have labelled a riot. On the morning of September 16th, the day of Weiss's funeral, some ten thousand off-duty policemen massed in front of City Hall to protest against what they saw as the outrages they had been subjected to by the Dinkins administration. The outrage uppermost in their minds at the moment was legislation proposed by the Mayor and backed by eighteen members—the majority of them black and Latino—of the fifty-one-member City Council. (Last fall, Council members were elected from districts that had been redrawn in accordance with the federal Voting Rights Act to reflect demographic changes in the 1990 census. As a result, the number of black and Latino members increased from nine to twenty-one.) The proposed legislation so offensive to City Hall's visitors would provide for a new, independent Civilian Complaint Review Board to deal with formal complaints by the public of mistreatment by the cops, including the use of excessive force—known outside police headquarters as police brutality.

Six of the twelve members of the present board are appointed by the Police Commissioner and six by the Mayor. The majority of its staff members who investigate complaints are police officers, and all are Police Department employees—an arrangement that could help explain why in 1991, when there were three thousand three hundred and seventy-nine complaints against the police by local citizens, many of them black and Latino, the board found only ninety-nine to be valid. In testimony on September 17th before the City Council, Phil Caruso, the head of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, the police union, urged the Council to show its respect for "New York's Finest" and "leave well enough alone." Dinkins, in his 1989 mayoral election campaign, had promised that there would be an independent complaint-review board in his administration. However, in his first two years in office, perhaps because he had other things on his mind—or possibly because what he had on his mind was his reëlection prospects, which have been considered dim, and he didn't care to offend the famously politically powerful P.B.A.—he left the Civilian Complaint Review Board well enough alone. He didn't even bother to name some mayoral appointees to the board when the chance arose. With the swearing in of the newly elected City Council, however, a group of liberal-minded white members who had long hoped to improve the handling of police-brutality complaints in the city but had lacked the numbers now had allies in some of the newly elected black and Latino members. Not until word got around, late last spring, that eighteen Council members were going to introduce a C.C.R.B. reform bill did the Mayor offer his own reform proposal (requiring, for example, that all investigators of complaints against the police be from outside the department), and that helped set off the September 16th police onslaught.

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During the demonstration, the protesters blocked all traffic for nearly an hour on the Brooklyn Bridge, whose Manhattan end is a few hundred feet from City Hall. The last time traffic on the bridge was completely halted, the police had moved in swiftly and arrested some of the mostly black perpetrators, who, led by the veteran militant Sonny Carson, were protesting what they saw as the gross inequities of the treatment of minorities by the criminal-justice system, and were waving "No Justice, No Peace" signs. On September 16th, the signs read "No Justice, No Police." Although three hundred on-duty police had been brought in to handle the cop protest, no arrests were made. Phil Caruso explained the next day that whatever actions his members had taken were understandable in view of all their frustrations with the Mayor and only proved that they were human, and not "robots." The response of local headline writers was less indulgent. "MUTINY!" took

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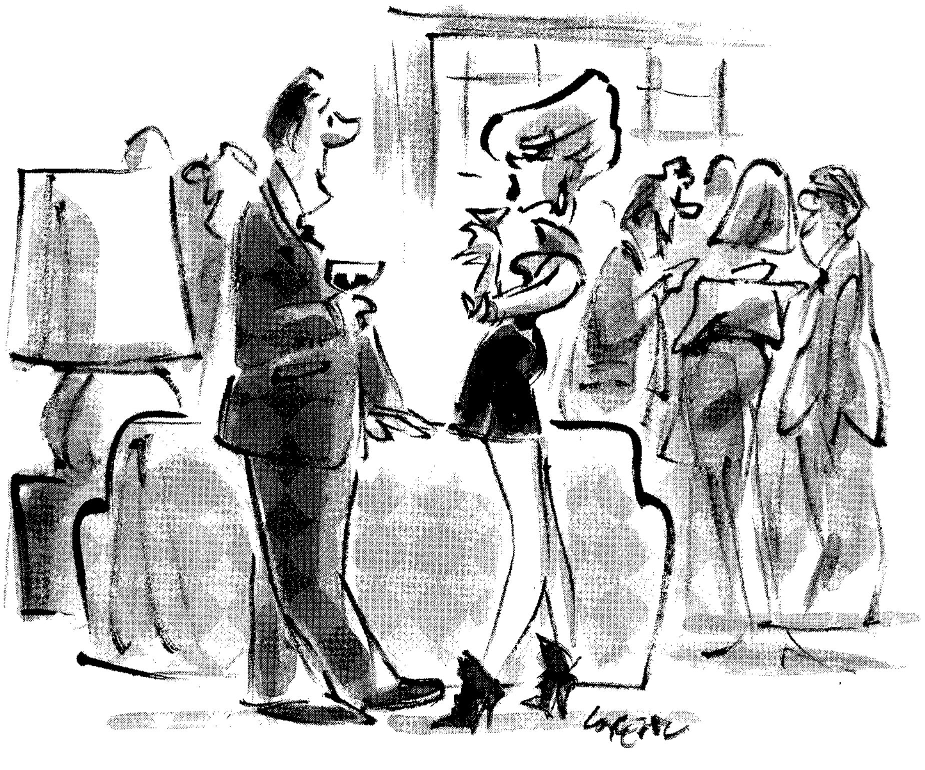
up most of the *Post's* front page, while *Newsday* called it a "BLUE ZOO." Thousands more cops stormed up City Hall's steps to the front doors, which had to be hastily locked to protect the seat of government from those charged with maintaining order and enforcing the laws of the city.

Some of the enforcers got so carried away that they stomped on the roofs of cars in the City Hall parking lot. They also asserted their right to say whatever they wanted to any woman in sight. "Here, let me grab your ass!" one of them, wearing a P.B.A. T-shirt, shouted to a woman television reporter, adding, to the amusement of his colleagues, "Just let me get a handful." The next day, Dinkins, looking stunned, read aloud these remarks—which had been reported by Jimmy Breslin in *Newsday*—at a City Council hearing before urging the Council members to pass his C.C.R.B. reform bill. Nearly all the September 16th rampagers were white. (Eleven and a half per cent of the city police force is black, but among the three hundred and sixty P.B.A. delegates there are only five blacks.) During the protest, Una Clarke, who last fall became the first Caribbean-born woman to be elected to the City Council, tried to get through the crowd to attend a meeting, and showed one of the off-duty cops her identification. He refused to let her pass, and called out to a pal, "This nigger says she's a City Council member!"

Detective Robert Rivers, the president of the Guardians Association, which is the black cops' fraternity, said a couple of days later, "The whole thing about the C.C.R.B. was just a pretext—the main thing is that we have a black mayor, and the police union just doesn't want to accept that." During the demonstration, the word "nigger" was often heard. At the City Council hearing, Dinkins, speaking of the men who had used the epithet, asked how anyone could believe "that they would have the sensitivity to handle a tense situation in the minority community." The word was also used by the demonstrators in close association with his name, and among the hundreds of "Dump Dinkins!" signs were crudely drawn posters that showed him with large lips and wearing an exaggerated Afro, and others that demanded "Dump the Washroom Attendant!" Fortunately, the Mayor was spared any view of this scene, since at the time he was several miles north, at the Stephen Wise Free Synagogue, on West Sixty-eighth Street, where he was one of the speakers at Ted Weiss's funeral.



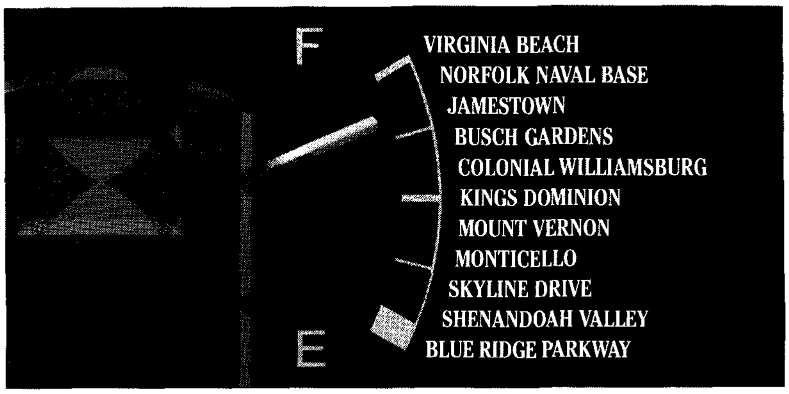
"I am a member of the legal profession, but I'm not a lawyer in the pejorative sense."

THE scene on West Sixty-eighth Street was, of course, very different from the one at City Hall that morning—and, oddly, less depressing, considering that what had brought seventeen hundred people to the synagogue was death. Weiss, a slight, dark-haired man, had frequently dwelt on how much he enjoyed what he did in life, and there was that to remember. Most of the people at the funeral had known him long enough to recall that when he was first elected to the House, in 1976, the eighteen politicians whose districts were entirely (or predominantly) within the city's five boroughs were known to their House colleagues from more Main Street America as the New York Crazies: overly liberal, Democratic, and ethnic (meaning overly Jewish and Italian-American and, in later years, overly black), and, on the whole, a noisy and quarrelsome lot. Weiss could be noisy—or determined, anyhow—on occasion. The vote on a bill that he once opposed on civil-liberties grounds was four hundred to one. And after the Grenada invasion he was alone in calling for the impeachment of Ronald Reagan. But his usual operating style was on the quiet side. He was never treated as a principal player, or even as a well-known figure, in Washington, or spoken of for leadership positions—unlike, for example, his colleague Stephen Solarz, from Brooklyn, one of the stars of the House. After Weiss's death, though, two famous noisemakers among local politicians, Bella Abzug and Edward Koch, who in their days with the Crazies rarely spoke to each other and had hardly spoken since, hit the same note: "He was the conscience of Congress," Abzug said, and Koch said, "Whatever room he entered ... he was the conscience of that room."

Predictably, given Weiss's long political history here, the synagogue was crowded with prominent local politicians, including Governor Cuomo and former Mayor John Lindsay, and even some Republicans. There was also a surprise: at least seventy-four members of the House made arrangements to attend the funeral, flying up from Washington in the middle of a busy week, and filling five buses on the trip in from the airport.

They included House Speaker Thomas Foley, who spoke at the service; Majority Leader Richard Gephardt; and Dan Rostenkowski, Dante Fascell, and Leon Panetta—the chairmen of the Ways and Means, Foreign Affairs, and Budget Committees. A lament constantly heard at City Hall here is that both the White House and Congress are indifferent to cities, and, perhaps, particularly to New York, but a very substantial delegation from the capital had gone to considerable trouble to salute the man whom Speaker Foley hailed at the service as "the perfect representative of this city—a reminder of all its openness and generosity." Foley said also, "I think of Ted as he thought of himself—as a political liberal in the best sense of the word. He actually believed that you could resolve differences by rational discourse." Representative Nancy Pelosi, of California, said that Weiss had been described to her as "an unrepentant liberal," and added, "Sounds O.K. to me," setting off appreciative laughter from the Upper West Side crowd, funeral or no funeral. The use of the word "liberal" as a term of political endearment seems to have faded everywhere else, of course; certainly, it rarely passes the lips of the Democratic Presidential candidate. Nevertheless, one of the first out-of-town calls that Weiss's widow, Sonya, received after his death was from Governor Bill Clinton, who was in Portland, Oregon. Weiss, as only a few New Yorkers realized, had been one of Clinton's earliest supporters in the city.

Other speakers at the synagogue included Weiss's friend Harry Belafonte, who sang snatches of "The Banana Boat Song," because Weiss had said that the sound of it made him so happy he wondered if it could have been taken from "an old Hebrew folk song." Weiss's former law partner Dudley Gaffin recalled the Congressman's struggle in the mid-nineteen-sixties to get through the City Council a bill setting up an independent Civilian Complaint Review Board. (It eventually passed but then was overturned in a 1966 referendum engineered by the P.B.A., which spread the word that to continue with the independent board would mean the end of law and order in the city; P.B.A. leaders have threatened to resort to a similar referendum if the present C.C.R.B. legislation should become law.) The last



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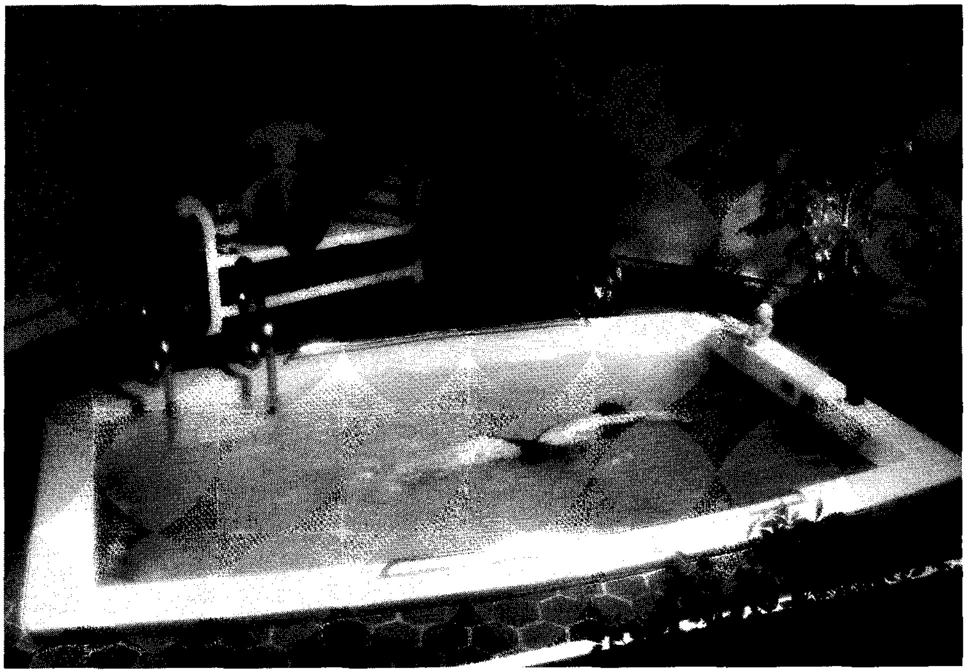
speaker at the synagogue, before some final words from the rabbi and the singing of "Amazing Grace" (which is also not based on an old Hebrew folk song), was Charles Rangel, who in 1970 was elected to the Harlem seat formerly occupied by Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., the first black member of Congress from this city. Rangel will be the only member of the New York City congressional delegation taking office next January who was in the House when Weiss went there, sixteen years ago. The others have died or retired or gone on to become, for example, mayor of New York City (Koch), city comptroller (Holtzman), or convicted felons (Mario Biaggi, Fred Richmond, and John Murphy). This high percentage of proven criminals in the local congressional delegation would probably not surprise all city-watchers in the Great Out There.

One of those criminals, Mario Biaggi, tried to double back and return to Congress, as a candidate in the September 15th primary in the approximation of his old Bronx district which survived redistricting. In 1988, Biaggi was convicted in federal court on fifteen counts, among them trading his political influence for nearly two million dollars' worth of stock in Wedtech, a Bronx machine-tool company. Last year, on the ground of extreme ill health, he was released from prison after serving less than three years of an eight-year sentence. After he announced that he was well enough to run for Congress against Eliot Engel, the incumbent in the district, Engel suggested that Biaggi must have made a visit to Lourdes. In the primary, Biaggi, a onetime policeman, had the strong backing of the P.B.A., which pointed out that he was "one of us" and deserved the votes of all who were concerned with stamping out crime.

Because Biaggi frequently suggests that his conviction was the work of corrupt political enemies, the police union's support for him caused some problems last month at its annual convention, in the Catskills, at which he was a prominent guest. The indictment had been brought by United States Attorney Rudolph Giuliani, who went on, in 1989, to run as the Republican candidate for mayor against Dinkins. There is a strong chance that he will have the P.B.A.'s backing in 1993, when, he has all but announced, he will be a candidate to replace Dinkins. In view of Biaggi's presence, however, it seemed prudent for him to give the convention a pass. Dinkins was not offered an option. Although he addressed the two P.B.A. conventions that had taken place since he became mayor, and mayors are routinely invited to such events, he was told that—obviously because of what P.B.A. leaders see as his anti-cop record—he would not be welcome this time. Ray Kelly, the man serving as his acting police commissioner during the search for a successor to Commissioner Lee Brown, who resigned, on August 3rd, because of his wife's illness, did attend. He could count on receiving a politer welcome than was once accorded one of his predecessors, Benjamin Ward, who in 1984 became the city's first black police commissioner. (Lee Brown was the second.) At the 1987 convention, when-



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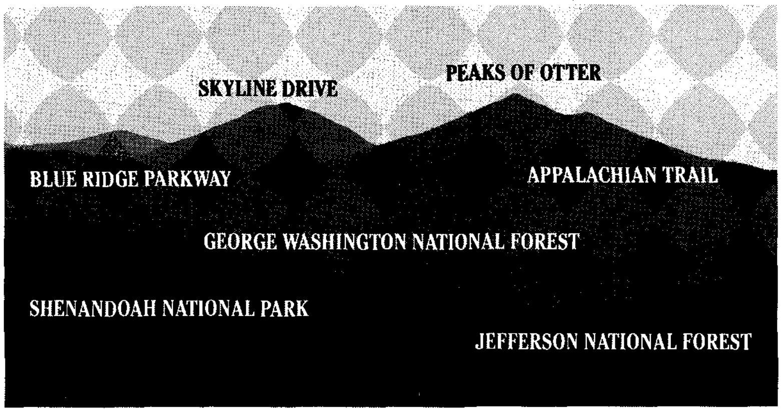
ever Ward's name was mentioned in the banquet hall a chant would go up of "Bubba! Bubba!" In the South, the word "Bubba" may be a somewhat derisive name for a white good ol' boy, but among some residents of this city it is an entirely derisive term for a disrespected black man—which would give a different meaning to any proposed Bubba-Bubba ticket in this town.

One of the honored guests at this year's P.B.A. convention was Andrew Stein, the president of the City Council, a Democrat who is an all-but-announced candidate against Dinkins in next year's mayoral primary. Stein received several standing ovations, including one after he stated, "If we had the same kind of strong leadership in the Mayor's office ... as you have with the P.B.A., we'd have a much better city." Dinkins' press secretary, Lee Jones, told *Newsday's* William Murphy, "Once again, the city is at a critical point, and once again Andrew Stein is out of town"—a reminder that in the summer of 1991, when the Mayor was coping with the riots in Crown Heights, Stein, as the Mayor often mentions, continued with his planned summer vacation in Wyoming. Dinkins' fondness for a recreation nearer to hand—watching the U.S. Open tennis matches, which, as usual, were held here at the beginning of September—is often mentioned by *his* political opponents. At the P.B.A. convention, one of these, Guy Molinari, the Staten Island borough president, who ran Giuliani's mayoral campaign, reported seeing Acting Commissioner Kelly on television, looking worried as he moved through the streets of Washington Heights, which had been the scene of recent racial disturbances. Then, he said, he saw a worried-looking Dinkins. "Then I realized I had turned the channel and I was watching the U.S. Open."

Most P.B.A. members pronounced their convention a big success. The news on Primary Day, however, was less satisfying. Biaggi—"one of us"—took only twenty-seven per cent of the vote in his district, rather spoiling the picture of the P.B.A. as a powerful political influence. The cops' charge on City Hall the next day did not turn out well for another P.B.A.-favored politician. As the television cameras rolled, Giuliani stood among the protesting policemen citing a



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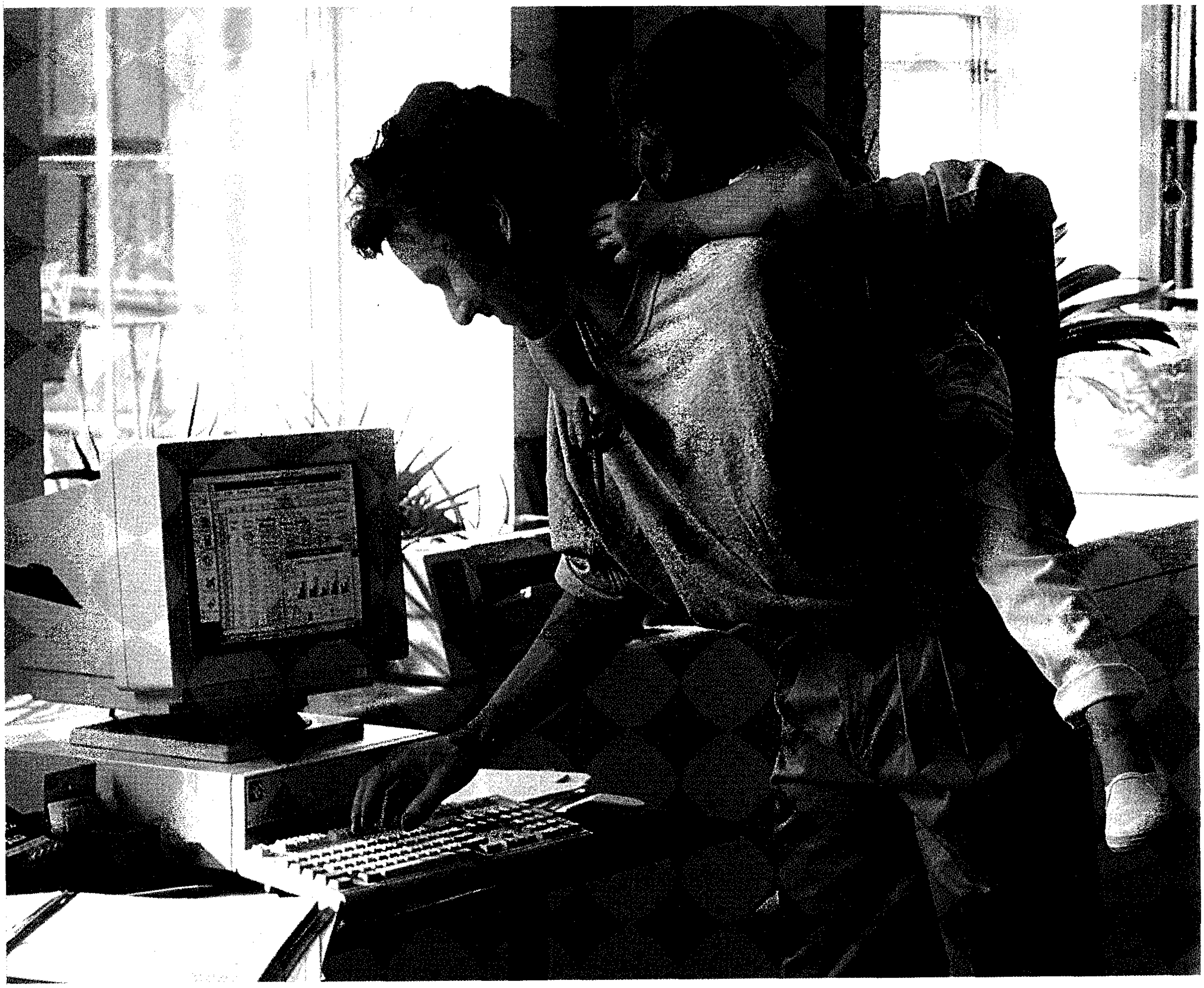

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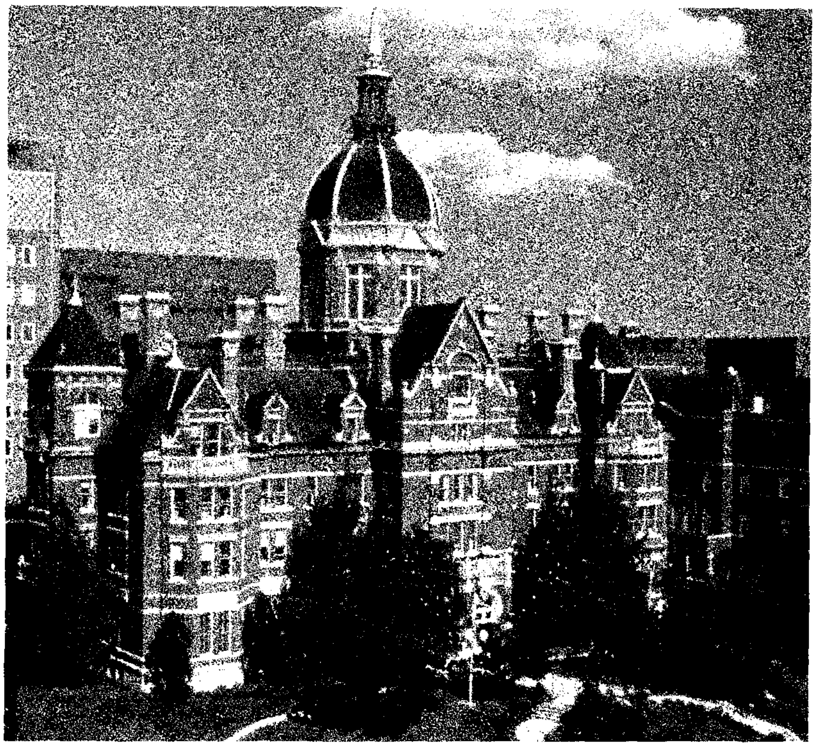

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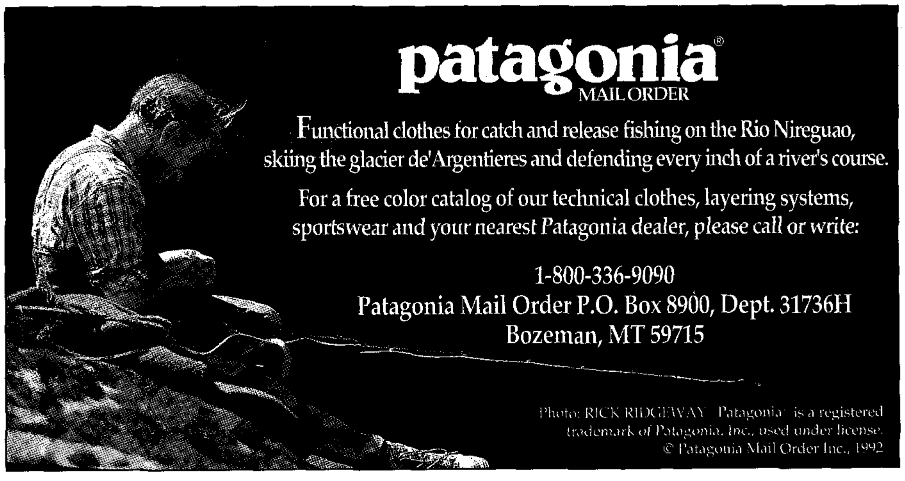

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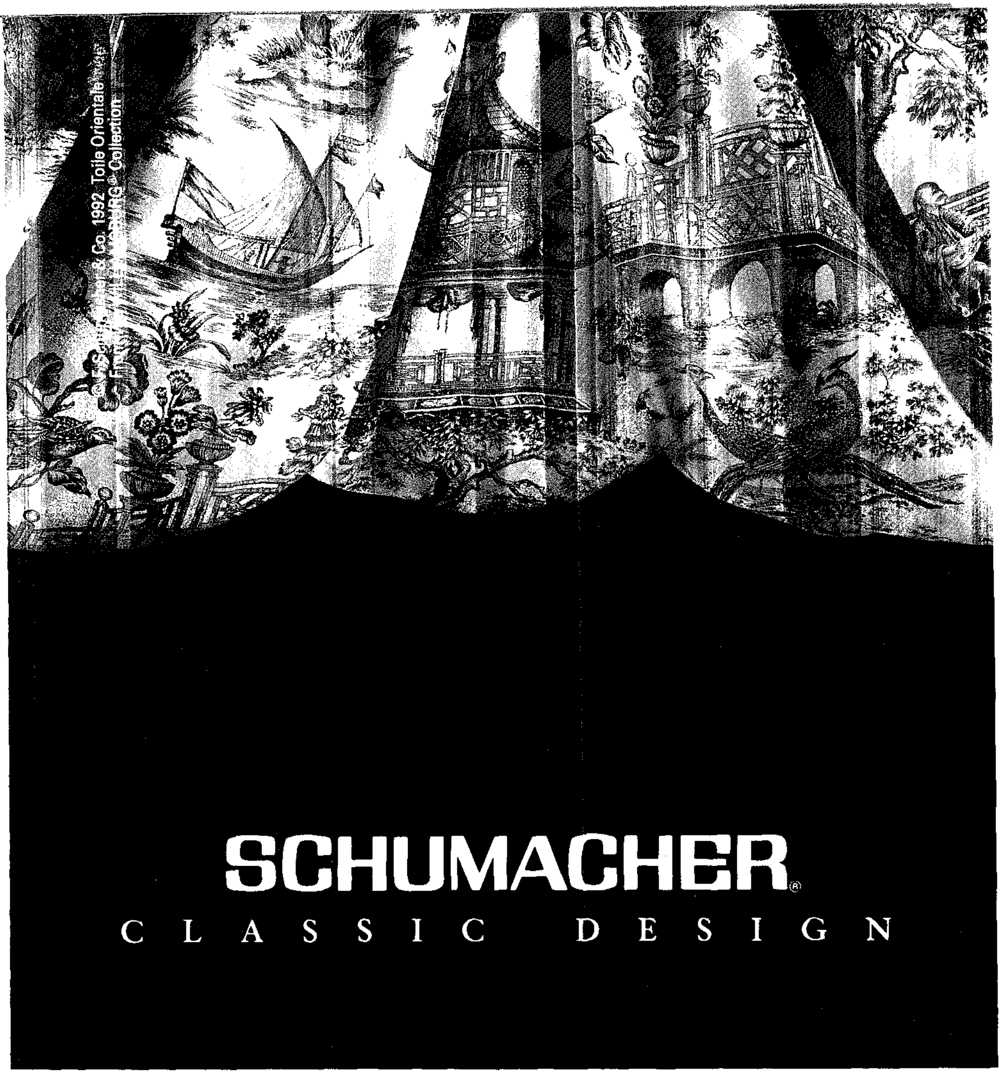
number of Dinkins' actions that the Mayor had said proved him to be a friend to the Police Department. After each instance, Giuliani shouted, "Bullshit!" He explained later that he had been trying to calm things down. By the end of the week, the Guardians' leadership was urging the appointment of a special prosecutor to investigate whether Giuliani should be prosecuted for inciting to riot. "I think Giuliani gave Dinkins the greatest present of his life," Martin McLaughlin, a consultant to Stein, said. "They're breaking the law, and here's a former U.S. Attorney leading the charge."

ALTHOUGH common wisdom this year had it that all political incumbents were in trouble, it didn't work out that way here on September 15th. All the incumbent members of the New York House delegation who ran for reelection easily survived the primaries in their districts, with one exception—Representative Solarz. He went down because he didn't really have a district to run in, the heavily Jewish political enclave that he had represented for eighteen years having been eliminated in the redistricting process. A member of the Foreign Affairs Committee, Solarz, who is fifty-two, had spent much of his time roving from one foreign capital to another, being consulted by international leaders on how to resolve some of the more critical international problems. In Presidential-election years, the rumor would spread that he would surely be the next Secretary of State if the Democratic candidate should win—a rumor not always traceable to the Democratic candidate. Along the way, Solarz apparently lost sight of the maxim about all politics being local, and of the fact that the districts of this state are redrawn by the legislature in Albany. The census numbers required the elimination of one congressional district in the city. After the legislators accommodated the federal mandate to encourage the election of more members of minority groups, and various other mandates, possibly including long-standing political palships, it was Solarz's district that was eliminated. The decision prevailed despite the fact that the powers in Albany had received imploring calls from many foreign leaders explaining how essential it was to the international scene to keep Solarz in office, and even calls from Republicans in the White House pointing out how valuable Solarz had been in lining up votes in favor of taking military action against Saddam Hussein. He decided to run in the newly created Twelfth Congressional District, which had been drawn specifically to encourage the election of a Hispanic. Although blacks and Hispanics account for about a quarter of the city's population each, for some years now blacks have had four congressmen and Hispanics only one (Jose Serrano, who represents the South Bronx). In order to include a sufficient number of Hispanics, the Twelfth consists of barely contiguous clumps of neighborhoods in Brooklyn and Queens and, across the East River, a clump on Manhattan's Lower East Side.

Solarz had two million dollars in hand for the race, in what he himself described as the city's poorest congressional district (after the South Bronx). A rule in which members of the political establishment take comfort is that members of minority groups probably won't be able to get their act together. In last year's City Council election, in a district designed to elect a black, seven black candidates split the vote; the winner was the wife of a rabbi, and lived in an adjacent district. In the new Twelfth C.D., five poorly funded Latinos ran against Solarz, whose two million dollars made it possible for him to dominate Latino radio time and Latino newspaper ad space. On Primary Night, however, it turned out that the Latinos had got it together. Solarz had taken only twenty-seven per cent of the vote, to thirty-three per cent for a Puerto Rican candidate, Nydia Velasquez. Among those who had campaigned for her were Jesse Jackson and David Dinkins. It is generally conceded that the Mayor cannot be re-elected without the support of Latinos, with whom he has been on poor terms for much of the last year. Dinkins, standing beside the winner, said, "I am the second happiest person in this room, after Ms. Velasquez." Over at Solarz headquarters, the Congressman understandably found it hard to grasp that on this single night he had lost eighteen years of congressional seniority and, apparently, come to the end of his political career. His thoughts seemed far from the concerns of his almost constituents, and, out of habit, perhaps,



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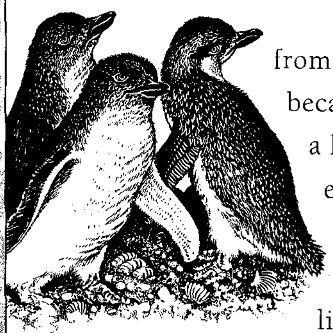

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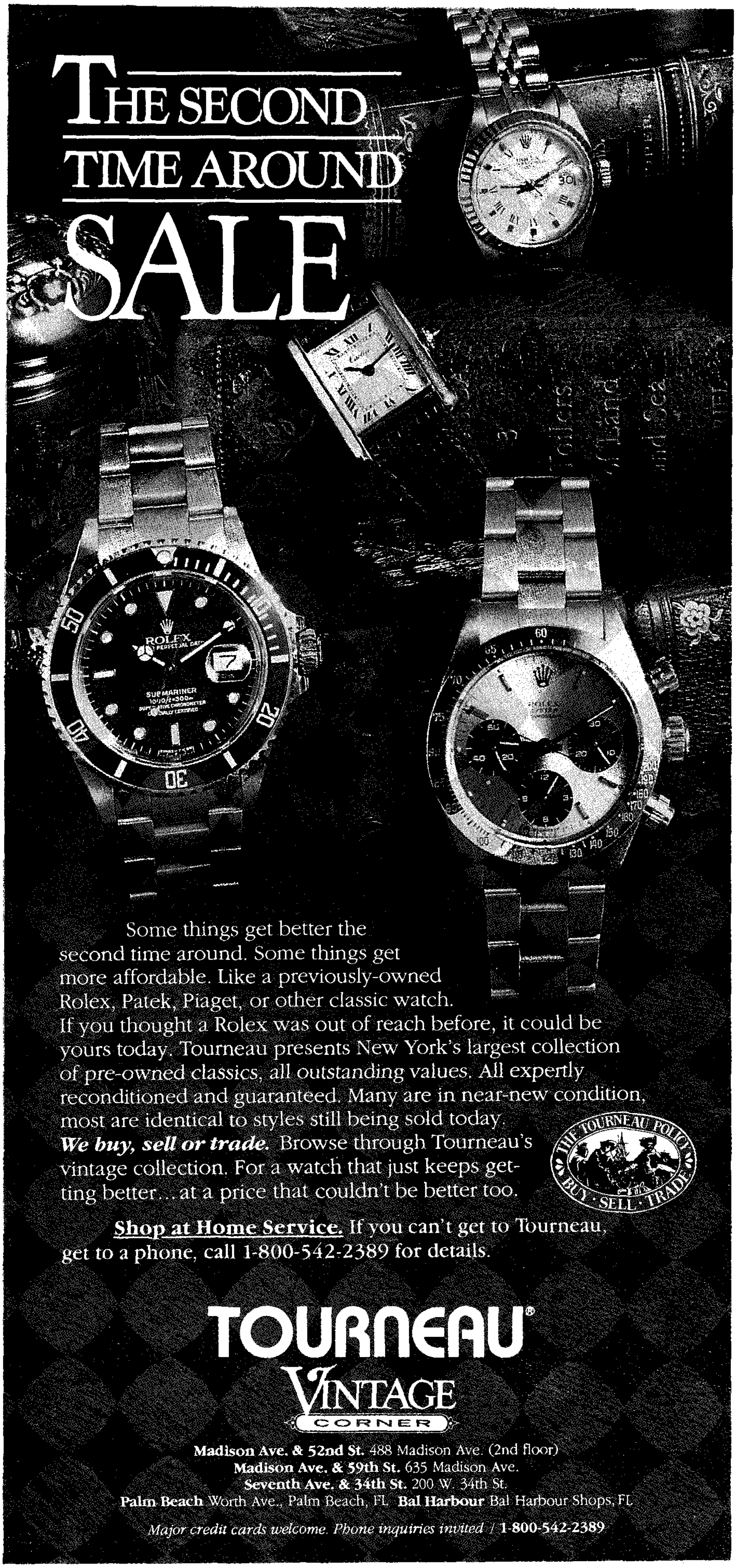
turned overseas. Expressing resentment of the ethnic-empowerment process, he said, "I don't believe the United States Congress should be an American version of the Lebanese parliament, where ethnic groups are assigned a set of seats." Contemplating his loss, he was reminded, he said, of Winston Churchill's learning he had lost the Prime Ministership as he met with world leaders at Potsdam in 1945. "My main regret," Solarz added, "is that at the end of the year I'll be out and Saddam will still be in."

In other political rooms in this city that evening—the headquarters of two of the candidates for the Democratic nomination for the United States Senate, Attorney General Abrams and Ms. Ferraro—it was known at about eleven o'clock that the vote was very close (thirty-seven per cent for Abrams, thirty-six per cent for Ferraro), that the lead had shifted back and forth several times since the polls closed, and that it might be a long night. Ms. Ferraro urged her supporters to go home to bed, and said that that was her own plan. One of those supporters, Sarah Kovner, tried to cheer everyone up by pointing out that on Election Night in 1948 Harry Truman went to bed "and woke up to find he was President." It was natural for the 1948 election to come to mind, since both the Republican and the Democratic Presidential candidates had been offering themselves as Harry Truman redux. Politicians, reaching back through history, like to identify with winners, of course, and particularly with a big-upset winner—the original comeback kid, as George Bush referred to Truman (who won by blaming a *Republican* Congress for America's troubles).

Lessons can also be learned from losers. It was at the Hotel Roosevelt, on East Forty-fifth Street, that Thomas E. Dewey, politics' most celebrated loser, who was then governor of this state, waited out the long night in 1948. Among the lessons learned from the 1948 campaign, and now printed indelibly in the political rule books, is never to take any political outcome for granted—as Elmo Roper did, for example, refusing early in September of 1948 to take any further polls, because everybody knew how the election would turn out. Of course, after George Bush adopted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Harry Truman as his hero he was reminded that in 1948 he and Barbara Bush voted for Dewey, and that Mrs. Bush has observed that the country would have been much better off if Dewey had been elected. No one knows whether, late on the morning following the 1948 election, after Dewey gave his concession statement, Bush said, as Dewey did, "What do you know? The son of a bitch won."

Predictors of elections now hit cautionary notes even when candidates seem to be far ahead. Early in August, Geraldine Ferraro was twenty-five points ahead in the polls, and was playing the game of the aloof front-runner, refusing to debate her opponents except in two meetings just before the election. It was true that, in contrast to what the locals sometimes think of as more backward states, New York had never had a woman senator (or a woman governor, either); still, Ferraro's chances of winning the nomination seemed good until the last weeks of the campaign, when two of her rivals, State Attorney General Abrams and City Comptroller Holtzman, unleashed what Cuomo denounced as "incredibly, totally negative" campaigns against her. The relevant questions of what the candidates hoped to do in the Senate to help improve the lives of New Yorkers were barely mentioned. Most of the Abrams and Holtzman commercials concentrated on financial and real-estate dealings first criticized in Ferraro's 1984 Vice-Presidential race. Holtzman's campaign, which the *News* called "unforgivably nasty," hit day after day like a broken record on one charge in particular: that space in a building Ferraro's husband partly owned had been rented to a porn dealer with organized-crime connections, and that it wasn't until 1988 (there were some intervening court proceedings) that he had been evicted, proving, according to a Holtzman commercial, Ferraro's total lack of integrity and her indifference to the well-being of "our kids." The commercial concluded with the kicker "Come on, Gerry. Come clean. Now. Before it's too late." In one of the debates, Ms. Holtzman said, "We need someone in the U.S. Senate who doesn't need to be told how to get rid of a child pornographer."

Abrams and Holtzman sometimes gave the impression that they were working as a team: "You hit her from your side, then I'll hit her from mine." In his commercials, Abrams mentioned Ferraro's "illegal campaign contributions"—in 1984—"while Bob Abrams was taking on the mob." He was evidently counting on listeners' not knowing that in this state the attorney general's powers of criminal prosecution are limited, and that (as was revealed a few years back, when Cuomo put Abrams in charge of getting at the truth in the Tawana Brawley alleged-gang-rape episode) he had never personally tried a case of any kind. The day after the primary, Holtzman's supporters kept being asked to explain her poor showing. She had spent almost two million dollars and ended up with a hundred and forty thousand votes, or thirteen per cent of the total—two points behind the Reverend Al Sharpton, the fourth candidate in the race. To general astonishment, he had come in third, partly because, again astonishingly, he was the only one of the four candidates who kept raising issues that concerned most voters—homelessness and jobs, for example. At one point in the second debate, when the other three candidates were caterwauling over Ferraro's eight-year-old financial problems, Sharpton, previously dismissed by many New Yorkers as an irresponsible clown, urged them to cut it out: "Children are listening."

Unlike Harry Truman, Ms. Ferraro did not wake up to find that she had won. The margin of loss continued to be about eleven thousand votes; she explained that she would wait for the counting of the absentee ballots, which could take weeks. It was certain that she would concede before too long, however, since she surely would not care to be linked in political history (or, by this time, in any context) with Ms. Holtzman, who, before what Ms. Ferraro called her kamikaze performance in the primary, was most famous in local political annals for the fact that she has never formally conceded that she lost her previous Senate race, to D'Amato in 1980.

On Primary Night, Abrams did not wait for a formal concession from Ferraro. Shortly before 1 A.M. he declared victory. Dinkins, an Abrams backer, stood beside him, wearing an especially big smile: after all, it was the Mayor's second victory celebration of the evening. The victory claim by Abrams was his second of the evening. About nine-forty,

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although the outcome was then still in some doubt, he had been declared the winner by Ms. Holtzman—whose concession of defeat in this election was anything but dilatory. After declaring Abrams the winner, she mentioned that she looked forward to working side by side with him to defeat D'Amato in the general election. The scene was nothing like the downer one might have expected at the headquarters of someone who had spent nearly two million dollars on a campaign in which she had finished dead last. The facial expression of the Comptroller is often rather severe, even when things are going well. That night, however, she was smiling, almost beaming, and some of the supporters standing with her also looked cheerful. It was hard to escape the impression that there was quite a bit of satisfaction among those present that, since Holtzman, who had been far down in the polls all along, had had no chance to be the first woman senator from New York, they had made sure that Geraldine Ferraro would not be, either. (Sisterhood can be deadly.) Ten minutes after the victory announcement by Abrams, Ms. Holtzman and a small entourage appeared at his headquarters. There was a sense, however, that the team that had worked so well together during the primary might not be so close in the future. The nominee kept acknowledging others in the room to whom he owed debts of gratitude. He finally greeted the Comptroller, but he never let her near the microphone.

The Senate general-election campaign got under way almost immediately, with D'Amato commercials that stressed the alleged Abrams sleaze factor his primary rivals hadn't got around to mentioning, and Abrams preparing to counter them with full-blown attacks on the man often referred to as Senator Sleaze. Meanwhile, it was apparent that the cops' storming of City Hall had marked the start of the 1993 mayoral campaign. Nearly every day, the Mayor or his people went after Giuliani for his part in that event. Deputy Mayor Bill Lynch even linked Giuliani's name with that of David Duke, and Giuliani then accused the Mayor of having played "the racial card." None of the contenders in these elections have so far announced the choice of a campaign song, but there seems little chance that it will be "Amazing Grace." ♦

LETTER FROM SOUTH FLORIDA

IN THE STORM

by James LeMoyne

HURRICANE ANDREW came to south Florida on a sweet, cloud-fleeced day. Just beyond the balcony of my family's twentieth-floor apartment, near downtown Miami, Biscayne Bay was blue and quiet. Herons, ibises, and frigate birds floated on the freshening breeze, over canopies of tropical gumbo-limbo, mahogany, casuarina, ficus, poinciana, and palm.

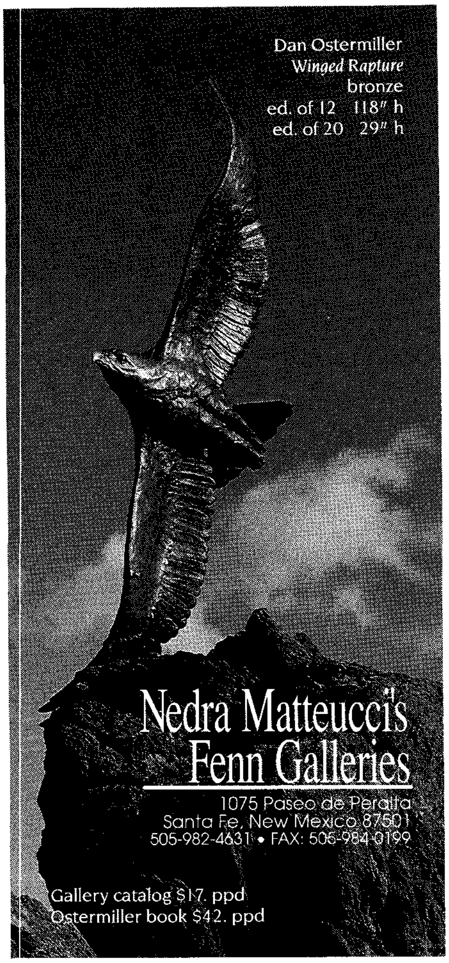
As daylight faded, we were stuffing books and terra-cotta platters into plastic bags and boxes. An announcer on television told us again to evacuate. I shoved the last of our furniture into an interior hall and hammered boards across the doorway, driving three-inch nails into the bedroom wall. My wife packed baby formula and a few essential documents in her shoulder bag. Then we shared a silent moment in the glass-enclosed home we did not expect to see whole again. I lifted our year-old daughter into my arms, and we fled.

We drove to a friend's concrete-block house about five miles inland, on Romano Avenue, in Coral Gables. The four of us—Emily and I, our daughter, Clara, and Emily's sister Alice—huddled under blankets and sleeping bags on the floor of a small corner room. At three-thirty in the morning a metal storm shutter began to clang above my head. Clara woke, whimpering. Gusts now pounded the walls and windows. Feeling the house tremble, I realized I did not know where I had put the flashlight, my shoes, the radio. The wind blew harder. I was afraid a window would shatter. I stood up in the dark and pulled everything off the table so nothing could fly through the air and kill us.

The reassuring hum of the air-conditioner stopped as an electrical transformer exploded somewhere. The room was chokingly close. The shutter banged a steady staccato over sudden booms and cracks of things breaking in the street. The hurricane was pawing at the house, trying to get in. Shaken by a new gibberish of howls and whistles outside, I bent my body over Clara to shelter her. What seemed like the whole weight of the sky was slamming the house. If a window or the roof was going to blow, it would happen now. We lay still, held hands, and prayed.

IN the gray light, uprooted trees, snapped tree trunks, buckled concrete sidewalks, and ripped power lines covered Romano Avenue. A mango tree had blown into a sailboat trailered behind the house. It was seven in the morning, August 24th. The fleeing sky above Miami was pale and emptied.

Early reports on the radio said central Miami and Miami Beach were largely intact. The worst of the storm had struck between ten and twenty-five miles farther south: in the neighboring towns of Homestead and Florida City, the communities of Goulds and Naranja Lakes, and the densely populated tract-housing suburbs of Perrine, Old Cutler Road, Country Walk, Cutler Ridge, and Kendall. Of this natural and man-made world, some three hundred square miles was severely dam-



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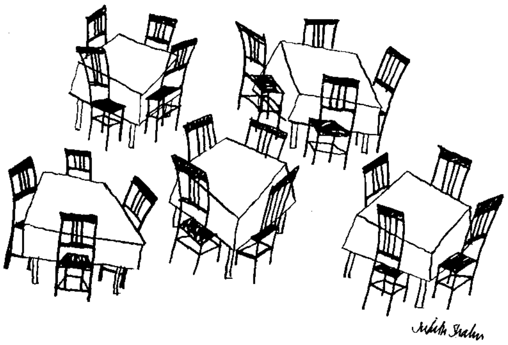
aged. About a hundred square miles was blasted or simply gone.

LIKE more than a million others, we had lost water and power. But the phone worked, and we found another friend, in Sweetwater, fifteen miles northwest, who still had electricity and a trickle of water. I resettled my family there, and then drove home.

The wind had shorn so many street signs, trees, and storefronts that familiar vistas were foreign, almost lunar in their emotional emptiness. There were no working stoplights—at most intersections, no stoplights. Downtown Brickell Avenue, a sparkling, tree-lined boulevard the day before, was an impassable maze of power lines and cleaved trees. Stripped of foliage, Miami was bare and ugly. Beyond the seawall, Biscayne Bay was purple-black with wind-churned mud and torn sea grass.

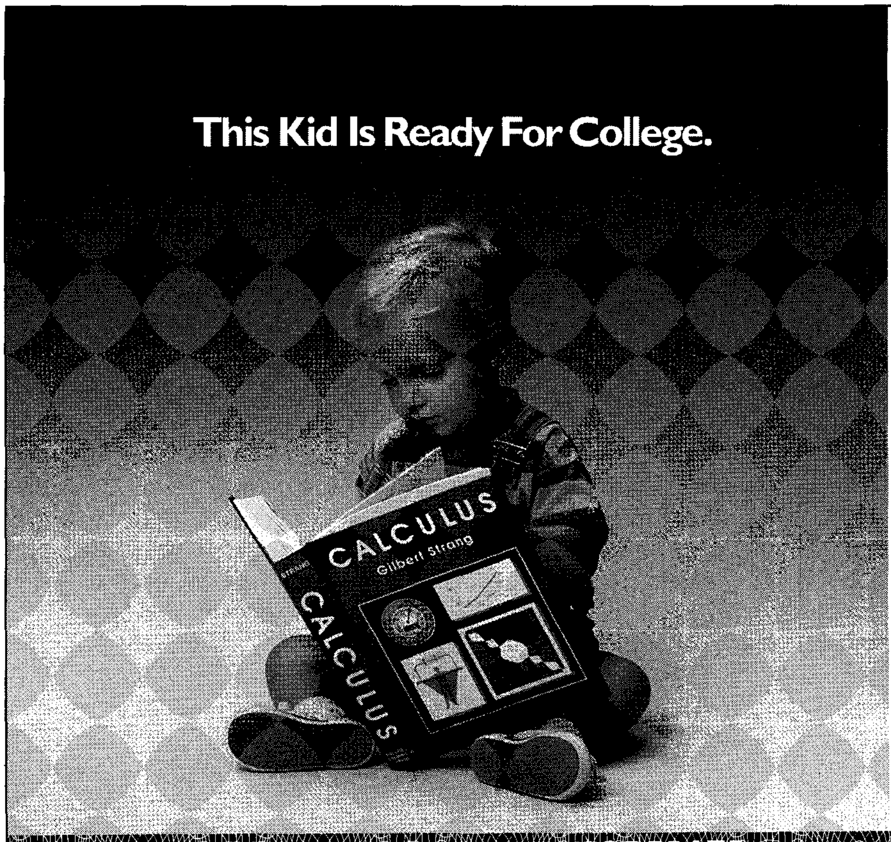
Our apartment was partly flooded, and the parking garage was under four feet of seawater and a foot of mud. The roof had blown off my office, and files and furniture were flooded. At any other time, this would not have seemed like minor damage.



In Coconut Grove, the sea had surged so far across the bayfront that a hundred yards from the ocean a twenty-two-foot sailboat leaned daintily against a light post, a new piece of Miami's zany public art. A big blue sailing yacht was docked on the four-lane Rickenbacker Causeway, to Key Biscayne. Out on the island, ten-foot seas had washed over the Sandbar, my favorite saloon. Boston John, the bartender, waved toward the remains: "We got waxed."

FIFTEEN people were killed by the storm that night, most of them crushed or drowned. The wreckage looked so bad it gave rise to rumors that the number fifteen was a lie. Miles Lawrence, a hurricane specialist at the National Hurricane Center, in Miami, said the sustained winds averaged a hundred and forty-five miles per hour, with individual gusts up to a hundred and seventy-five miles per hour. The most powerful may have hit Naranja Lakes; eighty-foot-long steel-reinforced beams weighing several tons were ripped from a housing complex there and tossed more than a block away. Three of the seven people killed inside standing structures died in Naranja Lakes. Other people survived because the wind blew the roof away instead of dropping it on them.

Wooden trusses, tie beams, steel "hurricane straps," bolts, wood sheeting, nails, tarpaper, glue, and shingles or tiles are needed to build a roof sturdy enough for south Florida. The building code in Dade County, where Andrew hit, mandates that most residential construction be able to survive winds of a hundred and nine to a hundred and twenty miles per hour. But it permitted builders to use water-vulnerable particleboard as covering and to substitute staples for



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nails. Many roofs built that way disintegrated. I had been thinking of buying a house, but now I'm afraid of roofs, unscrupulous builders, and lazy inspectors.

Bob Lamm, who has lived in south Florida for most of his life, spent five years constructing his own house to withstand a major hurricane, with thirty-two-foot-long, seven-and-a-half-inch-wide cedar logs, in the Redland, a farming district near Homestead. Bob says it took Andrew about two hours to tear it apart.

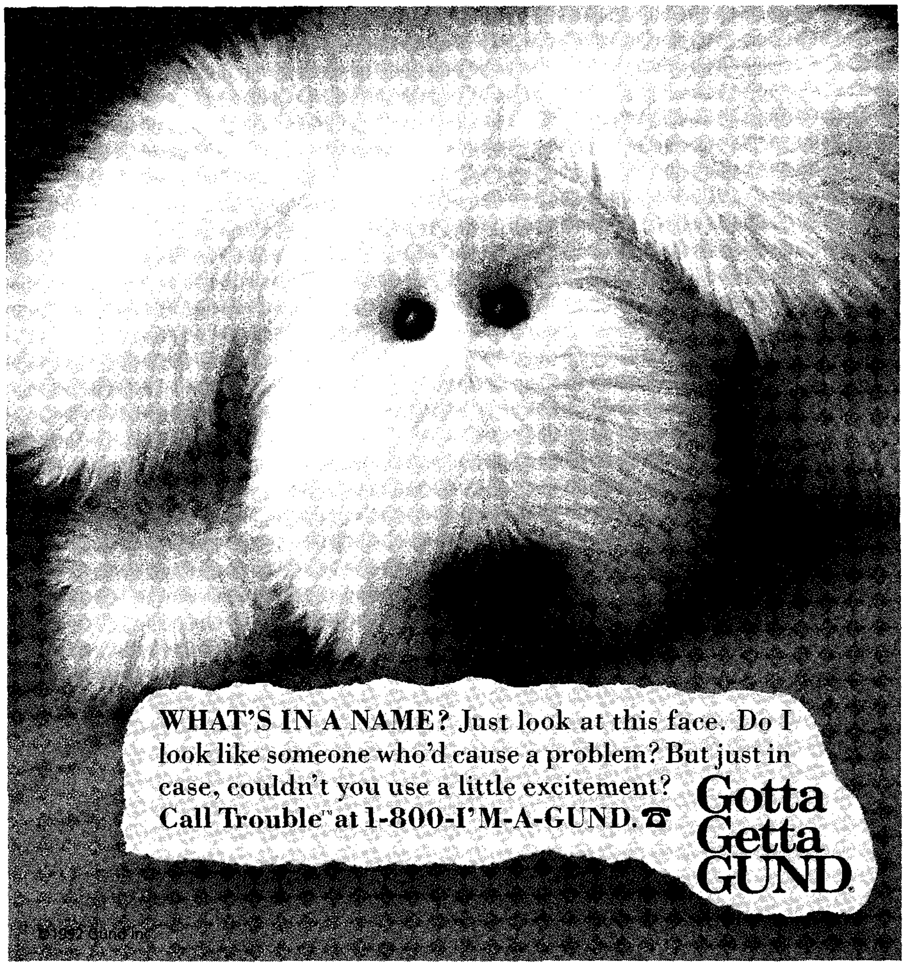
"We lost power at 3 A.M., but I could see with my flashlight that the walls were shaking—I mean solid wood-beam walls were breathing in and out like a lung, moving six and eight inches," Bob told me. "The windows blew, and the whole house began to shake. Oh, Christ! I crawled down into the basement at 4:45 A.M. and didn't come out until five hours later.

"I began to pick up a roof shingle in the living room. Then I looked—there was no reason to be picking up litter." The wind had torn the cedar beams out of the walls and thrown them fifty and eighty feet away. The entire second floor had been lifted and tilted, snapping steel straps. The barn, set in concrete with steel rods, was tossed into an avocado grove. Across the way, a one-by-four-inch wood beam had been driven straight through the concrete-block wall of his next-door neighbor's house.

Bob recalled carefully boarding his windows with three-quarter-inch sheets of plywood. "It didn't do nothing."

My friend Chip Cassidy lived near Country Walk. Chip says he watched in disbelief as the wind lifted a twenty-foot cathedral window from its frame and hurled it across his living room. As his home blew apart around him, Chip pushed his wife and daughter into the Ford Mustang in the garage. Then he stood bracing the garage door while pieces of ceiling fell on him.

"It was like a locomotive roaring right outside the house," he says. "For me, it was the same as Vietnam—absolutely terrifying." Chip won two Silver Stars, a Bronze Star, and a Purple Heart after a battle that nearly wiped out his unit. Bob Lamm, also a Vietnam combat veteran, talked about Hurricane Andrew the same way. Like other survivors of Andrew, they felt the wind as a sentient thing that sought them out. "I could



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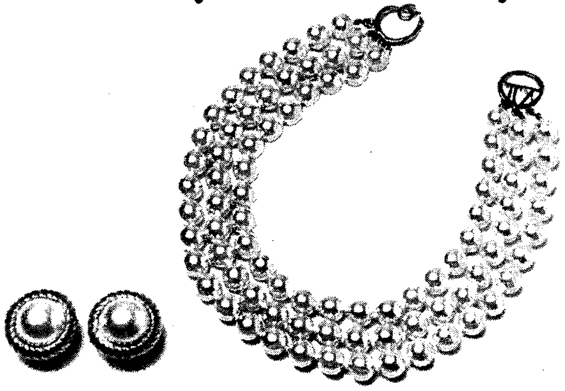

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hear it out there," said Bob. "Then it got in the house."

"HURRICANE" comes from a Taino Indian word for wind. Severe hurricanes like Andrew are giant tornadoes with a cutting blade of thunderstorms spinning around a calm "eye." Some meteorologists theorize that hurricanes are related to moisture levels over North Africa. During the past two decades of intermittent drought in Africa, hurricane activity has declined, lulling American coast-dwellers into a false sense of security. Some of my friends in central Miami still sound cheeky about hurricanes. But we were only cuffed by Andrew. The hurricane specialist Miles Lawrence says a worse catastrophe in a major coastal city is "just a matter of time."

We were supposedly hurricane-ready, but relief efforts were chaotic and took two weeks to shape up. Meanwhile, tens of thousands of homeless people went without running water, electricity, shelter, and food. The weather, at the height of the Florida rainy season, turned especially wet and hot. I could tell who was living in a damaged house: people whose ankles were covered with mosquito bites were camping in ruins. Nearly three weeks after Andrew, over sixty thousand people still did not have electricity.

The Pentagon appears to be the single public institution able to deal with such a disaster. Soldiers are directing traffic, offering food and shelter, guarding abandoned stores, and clearing streets and homes. In the port of Miami, gray Navy ships off-load crates to Chinooks and other supply helicopters, which chop past the mirrored skyscrapers downtown.

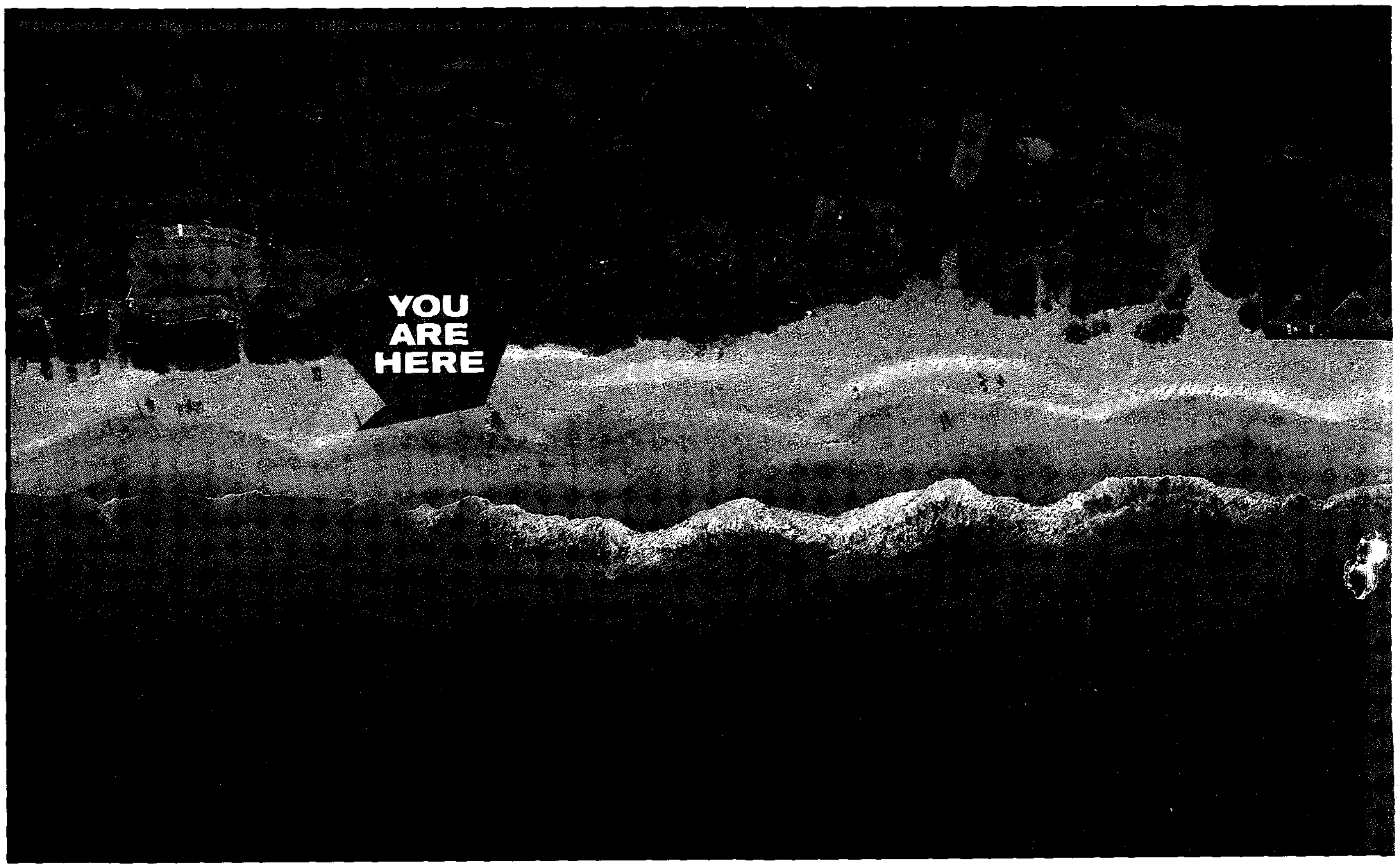
I HAVE made three visits to the most affected neighborhoods, and in the past month the scene has changed little. Burning rubbish and roofing tar sour the air and stain Miami's skyline a grimy yellow. You can trace the force of the hurricane to its center by the number of jutting rafters and gaping roofs.

Since most street signs are gone, thousands of homes are spray-painted with the owner's name and address, and usually the name of an insurance company and the policy number. One wall just outside Homestead says "Help Your Neighbor," with a squiggly heart and peace sign; another says "Please Help Me. No Insurance. Need Roof. Please!"

Below Southwest 160th Street, Dade County is a militarized zone. "Headquarters First COSCOM Logistics, Support You Can Count On," says a sign in front of what used to be a shopping area. For the next ten miles, shops, homes, and warehouses are ripped out of the ground or hammered into heaps of rubbish. Entire blocks are not identifiable. Steel-and-concrete lampposts are doubled like straws. Hundred-yard-long steel warehouses are reduced to a few metal ribs and pieces of vertebrae.

On the corner of 220th Street, in the poor, black area of Goulds, the Believers in Christ Outreach Ministry was distributing food three weeks after Andrew. A block away, hookers and teen-age drug dealers worked the street while families waited out the rain in their broken wooden bungalows roofed with strips of plastic.

In Homestead, people still seem haggard and hurting. The signs are not



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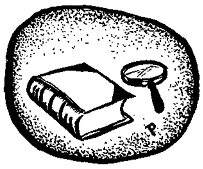
pleading or welcoming: "Enter and Die," "We Have Guns," "Looters Will Be Shot."

Everywhere, the flimsiness and ugliness of modern building materials is inescapable. Plastic, particleboard, plywood, and drywall skid in loose piles or twist from split walls and ceilings.

"It's like a death," says Joan Lamm, who has lived in south Florida all her life. "It's just all gone—baby books, pictures, clothes, our church, the school, our town."

Florida City, two miles south, fared no better. The Goldcoaster Mobile Home Park looks like a scrap-metal yard, though the sign out front says "Models on Display." Along the highway heading west to the Everglades, each telephone pole for seven miles was snapped.

Homestead and Florida City were slightly seedy, ornery places, peopled by fishermen, farmers, migrant workers, some retirees, and a growing number of commuters to Miami. Homestead was named for grub farmers tough enough to clear a tangle of flat scrub, brambles, rattlesnakes, and mosquitoes, and to plant the rich soil below. I used to drive down sometimes to drink a beer, eat a taco at the El Toro, and escape the din of Miami. Now, lined up for food stamps, clothes, and medical attention at the Army's tent cities are men and women who have long considered government handouts a sin and have voted Republican ever since they could legally drink beer.

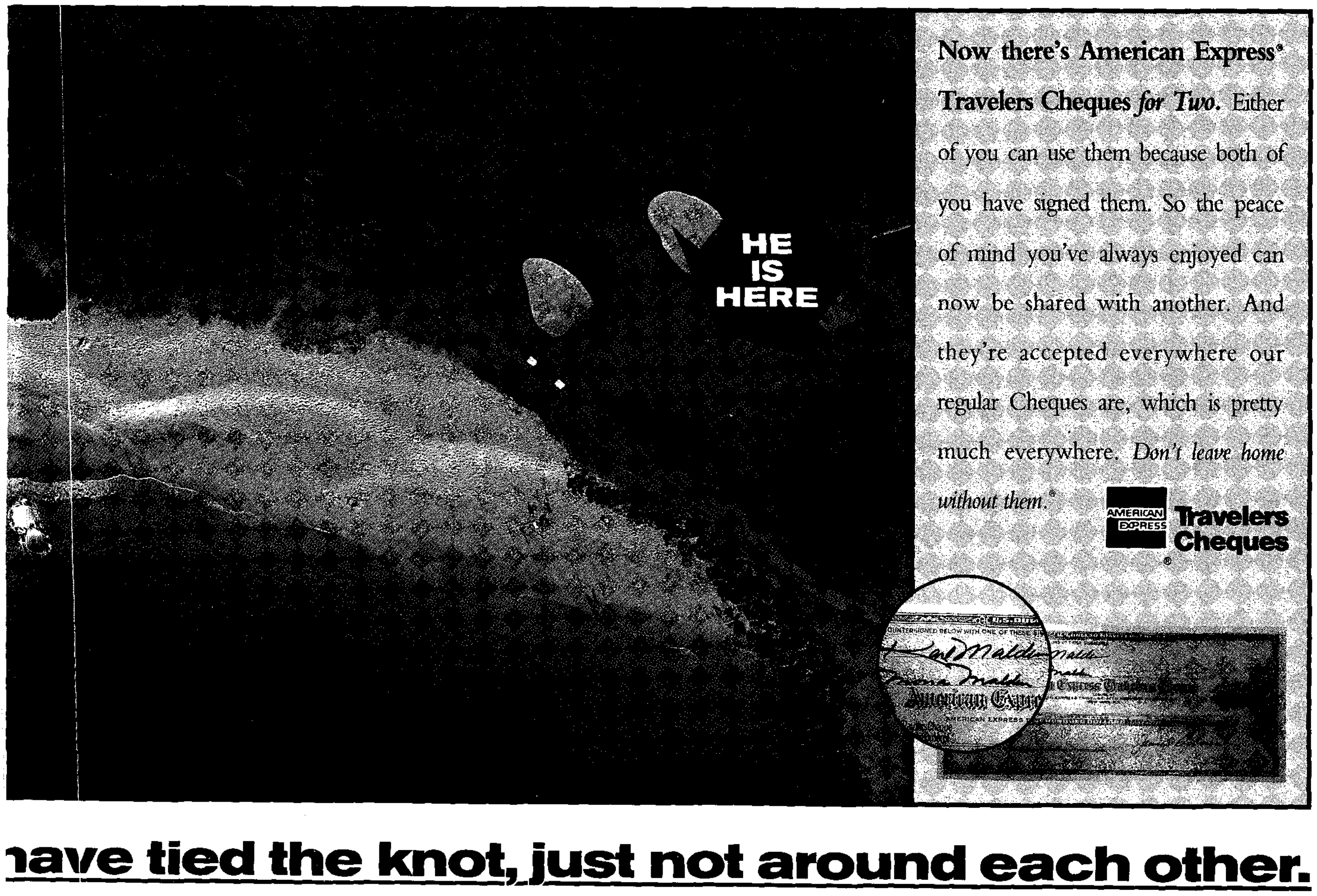


The people I know in the area had just enough money to build or buy their homes; one is underinsured, and others worry about whether to rebuild or to leave.

WITH several volunteers, my wife and I spent the Sunday of Labor Day weekend in Homestead, clearing fallen trees and debris on Mowry Drive. All the houses had significant damage, but their owners said they would stay and rebuild. As we cleared Mr. Goodspeed's yard, I tried to imagine the lush garden it must have been. Shrivelled orchids lay under a crushed greenhouse. A sprinkler system built to spray water at a height of about five feet, to nurture tropical trees, hanging plants, and vines, was chewed up like most of the foliage it had once made moist and cool. We tossed all of it on garbage heaps.

Across the street my wife and another woman helped Lou Campbell sort out her waterlogged home and clear her yard. Mrs. Campbell, eighty-two years old, is the daughter of one of the founding homesteaders of Homestead. Born and raised here, Lou Campbell has seen hurricanes before, including the killer blow of 1926. She says Andrew was worse. She told my wife she is touched that so many people have reached out to help her. She believes that God sent a tempest to "bring us together."

As I cut and dragged trees and brush in Homestead, I saw almost no cover left for wildlife. I plucked two endangered tree snails, with swirling three-inch shells banded in yellow and gold, from a limb about to be tossed on a burn pile. It took me ten minutes to find a single green place to put them. I saw no birds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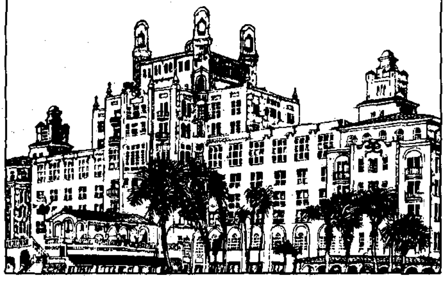

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in a place once filled with birds. Later, Pat Tolle, the information officer at Everglades National Park, told me early surveys show that most birds survived: "They just sort of hunkered down."

The tip of Florida is a brittle strip of limestone and dried seashell between the Atlantic Ocean and the swampland and hardwood hammocks of the Everglades. It is the most fragile and rare subtropical ecosystem in the United States, and for more than a century—since the defeat of the Seminole Indians—man has chopped it into lots and sold it to the highest bidder. In the competition for space and water, the green and moving things that live here and can't live anywhere else have been the losers.

On the one naked remaining trunk of what had been a thicket of trees in Homestead, I saw a twelve-inch iridescent-green Knight anole, a Caribbean lizard that had found a niche in south Florida. In time a predator, the sun, or lack of food would kill it. I shook the three-inch trunk until the anole clambered down. It flashed deep emerald from its flanks and near-blood-red from its distinctive throat sac, pulsing it in fear and anger at my intrusion. Then it bit me hard on my thumb. But I had gloves on, and regretfully let the anole go—on a leafless tree that at least had some protecting branches.

Bill Baggs state park, on Key Biscayne, was my favorite place to take a walk; of its thousands of trees, Andrew left perhaps a dozen. Twenty-five miles of protected mangroves were shredded. The sixty-five-foot-high aviary at Miami Metrozoo collapsed, killing twenty-one rare tropical birds.

MIAMI is now a sombre and edgy place. We survivors feel small, vulnerable, and hurricane-obsessed. I used to love the blackening rush of the thunderstorms and squalls of high summer. Now I cringe when the wind gusts. Casual conversation here isn't casual. Buying fresh pita at Daily Bread, my local Middle Eastern shop, I asked the salesman, Monem Mazzawi, how he'd weathered Andrew. "I did fine," he said, "but my father and my brother lost their homes." His father, Norman, is seventy-four years old. A Palestinian Christian, he left Nazareth in 1968. "Twenty-three years of hard work gone, just like this," he said, throwing up his hands.

One afternoon, sorting wet office files, unpacking boxes, and otherwise undoing the work of Andrew in my life, I picked up my daughter Clara and escaped with her for a ride in the car, along streets whose leafy corridors once calmed me. On Old Cutler Road, I turned in at the entrance of Fairchild Tropical Garden. A group of botanists were cataloguing the sawed-up trunks of broken tropical hardwoods and palms that had been collected over five decades from around the world. The director told me that an estimated seventy per cent of the collection was destroyed or badly damaged—thirteen thousand trees, shrubs, and vines representing five thousand species of rare tropical plants, some from habitats that no longer exist.

The glass-roofed conservatory, which had held orchids and a miniature rain forest, lay in shards. Everywhere, dwarfs and giants of the green world were browning with decay, or held in a traction of wires and wood braces and splints, trying to heal.

Couroupita guianensis, a thick-barrelled, silver-barked tree from South America, stood amputated of its upper trunk. The sign at its base said it is known as the cannonball tree, for cannonball-size fruits that "rarely form." I counted eight hefty cannonballs, dark and smooth, carefully taped to surviving limbs, and I wished *Couroupita guianensis* had fired its full volley into Andrew's eye. ♦

MAILBOX

To the Editor:

I regret to inform you that the cover of the August 31st issue attempts to depict an unlikely event. While I do not suggest that cats no longer get stuck in trees, fire engines no longer rescue them. Furthermore, some years ago a regional committee, composed of seasoned fire officers, was appointed to investigate the problem of cats stuck in trees. It reported that none of the committee members had ever seen a cat skeleton in a tree. And in a study of the sites where cats were reported to be stuck in trees and no fire apparatus had responded, the committee again found no skeletons.

Cyril J. Jones, M.D.
Chief Medical Officer
New York City Fire Department

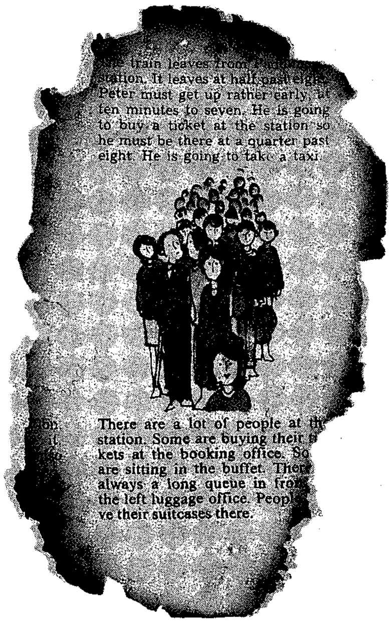
ANNALS OF JOURNALISM

NEWS FROM HELL

by Anna Husarska

SARAJEVO

FIRST, the flak jackets. They come in many sizes, colors, and weights. The ones for ladies are shorter than the gents'. The latter have an additional flap in the front, a "quick-draw groin protector," or "tongue," which can be pulled down or unfolded for extra protection. The really good jackets—the genuinely bulletproof ones—are made of a material called Kevlar and come fitted out with a pair of H.V.P.s, or high-velocity panels. These are concave ceramic plates for the chest and back which weigh a lot but give real protection against sniper bullets. Lying down in any sort of H.V.P.-equipped gear is a bad idea; you may end up like a beetle on its back. Almost all the jackets close with Velcro straps, so at the start of any press conference in some relatively safe building here there is a terrible rasping noise as up to forty journalists tear their straps open. The main trick is to close them around the waist tightly so that the jacket sits on the hips (great for elimination of love handles) instead of hanging heavily on the shoulders (a real back killer). Some models have high-standing collars; others have smaller ones, à la Mao; and still others are cut like old-fashioned men's-underwear vests, and these are particularly appreciated by cameramen, because the Kevlar shoulder pads of the standard ones are too bulky and unstable to provide a good "platform" for a camera. A label on the H.V.P. lists all the different impacts (single and multiple) that the panel will stop.


train leaves from station. It leaves at half past eight. Peter must get up rather early, at ten minutes to seven. He is going to buy a ticket at the station so he must be there at a quarter past eight. He is going to take a taxi.

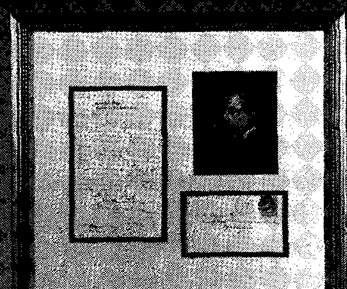
There are a lot of people at th station. Some are buying their ti kets at the booking office. So are sitting in the buffet. Ther always a long queue in fro the left luggage office. Peopl ve their suitcases there.

A page found in the burned-out National Library in Sarajevo.

PAUL KOLNIK

The most popular jackets are the ones produced in Northern Ireland (a sad *spécialité de la maison*), although Anthony, the BBC producer here, pooh-poohs them as "old hat," and asserts that the really stylish ones are vintage August '92, made in Britain. The crews of the three major English-language TV networks that have been broadcasting from Sarajevo—CNN, the BBC, and Sky Television News—favor dark blue, and Sky's jacket has its logo on the chest. Reuters goes for black, with H.V.P. and more pockets. John, Reuters' Sarajevo correspondent, has an evening outfit as well, in a camouflage pattern and without the H.V.P.s. The London *Times* provided its stringer, Robert, with a heavy black thing that resembles a straitjacket. Another John, the *Observer's* foreign correspondent, complained that his jacket made him feel like a penguin, with his hands flapping in the air, away from his trunk. Photographers look like Teddy bears: over their flak jackets they sport khaki kangaroo vests, with plenty of pockets for lenses, film, and filters. Individual reporters from dailies and weeklies bring a variety of protective garments, mostly remnants of previous wars. Leftovers from Desert Storm, in sandlike combat-camouflage colors, are popular, but they have no ceramic panels: snipers were not a problem in the Gulf War.

There is also a white lightweight model, meant to be worn between the underwear and the shirt. (Or blouse: there is a surprisingly large number of women reporters covering this conflict.) Jeremy, a Dutch photographer, joked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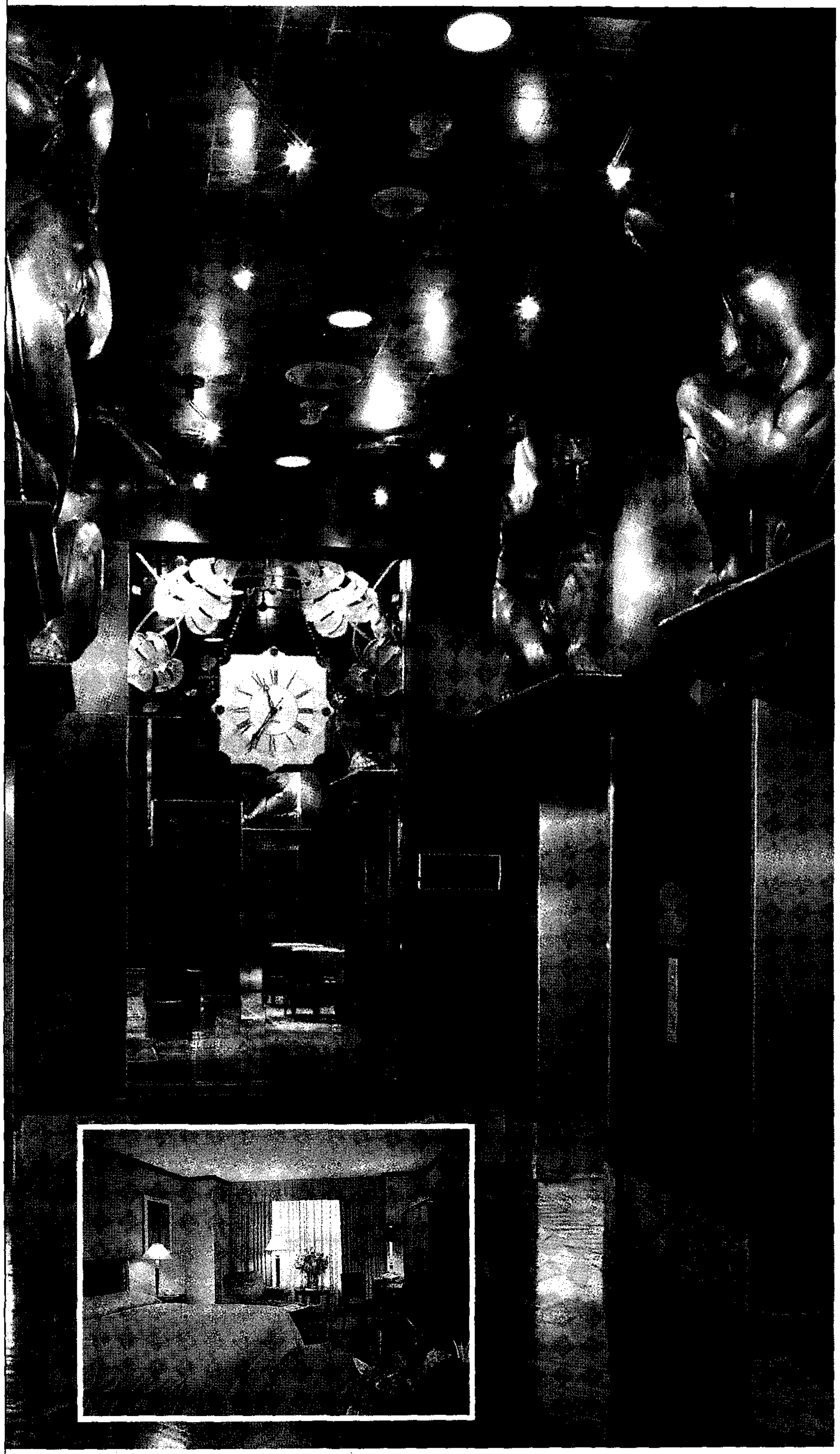

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that if the civil war in Bosnia and Herzegovina drags into deep winter (we had snow on the mountains surrounding Sarajevo on September 6th) the white vests will come in handy as camouflage. However that may be, they offer more in the way of psychological solace than physical protection. When wearing such a thing one can move as swiftly as a leopard, but once the bullets start whizzing, one feels more like a sitting duck.

The H.V.P.-equipped bulletproof jackets cost a fortune—roughly fifteen hundred dollars—so buying one is not a frivolous matter. Because foreign desks do not want to bear the responsibility of losing any of their flock by negligence, most reporters come with the right gear. But there are also free-lancers, many just starting their careers, and they see the conflict in the former Yugoslavia as a chance to make it quickly in their profession. So they come ready to risk their lives, without any such extravagance as a flak jacket. Generally, a free-lancer manages to borrow one, either from somebody who has already "done" Sarajevo or, unofficially, from the United Nations Protection Force (UNPROFOR) based in several parts of Croatia.

Then, the helmets. These are auxiliary items, but they can be useful, as Kate, the chief news correspondent for the BBC, found out when a piece of mortar shrapnel bounced off her protected head two days after she arrived. The photographer from Reuters, Corinne, brought a helmet with her to Sarajevo but has never worn it. "It gets in the way of my flash," she explained. The BBC sound man, Paul, found that he couldn't wear his "bloody helmet" and his earphones at the same time, but he prudently gave up the earphones instead of the helmet and relies on the needles of his sound meter only. Keith, the *Evening Standard's* reporter, gave his helmet to a Sarajevo defense-force fighter in the euphoria of recovering his rental car; the car had been seized from him the previous day (at gunpoint, since he did not understand the gentler, spoken invitation, issued in the local language) to carry to the hospital a victim of a mortar attack that Keith himself had escaped by a hair. The really "in" helmets are the Swedish-designed Svenskas, shaped like the headgear the Germans used in the Second World War.

At night we change our gear for pajamas, and so the CNN correspondent, Christiane, and her driver, Sirden, sleeping in Rooms 214 and 215 of Sarajevo's Holiday Inn, were totally unprotected when a 105-mm. artillery shell crashed through the wall into Room 216 (miraculously vacant). Both of them would have been blown to pieces had it exploded. It didn't, and proved to be a windfall of sorts: from the recycled powder the defenders of the city fabricated fifty hand grenades. For CNN's camerawoman, Margaret Moth, neither helmet nor jacket was sufficient protection. When she was driving on the notoriously dangerous Sniper Alley, between the town and the airport, she was shot through the jaw, losing a third of her tongue and most of her teeth. She has undergone seven operations, and many more await her, but she is said to be in good spirits.

A second Paul, a French radio correspondent now based in Sarajevo, who strings for just about every Francophone radio service in the world, is known for refusing to wear any protection at all, except a tiny straw hat on sunny days. He has written on his car, in broken English, "Don't Shoot, Waste Your Bullets, I'm Immortal." He may be wrong on that point, but he maintains that his attitude helps him cope with this crazy situation. Perhaps he knows what he is talking about; he has been a resident of Beirut since 1985. He is famous for being one of the best-informed people in town and is often seen briefing other journalists. Inevitably, a few non-journalist war junkies hang around the lobby of the Holiday Inn, but most have left, because conditions have become less comfy.

THE Holiday Inn, the hacks' headquarters par excellence, has the air of a ski resort—and, in fact, it used to be one, having been built for the 1984 Winter Olympics. The guests leave every morning for their dangerous escapades and return after sundown to boast about the sniper bullets and mortars they've dodged, as if bragging about moguls they've schussed over. While they're gone, the imperturbable staff pushes the trolleys with little soaps and fresh towels past heaps of rubble from the rooms destroyed by mortars (known here as "air-conditioned rooms") and along the un-

Hop a freighter to South America.

Sorry, this is not the freighter you see in old movies on the Late Show. Instead of the crew's mess, there's a dining salon with vintage wines, salmon en-croute and white glove service. Instead of bunk beds, there are spacious suites and staterooms with private baths and picture windows. Still, M/V Americana is a freighter, carrying cargo between the east coast of the United States and some of the most colorful, seldom-seen ports in South America.

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coiled canvas fire hoses. The laundry service still operates sporadically, because the staff has learned to store water in the hoses; hotel guests have been spotted scavenging water in the toilet tanks of the destroyed rooms. Sometimes everything comes together and it's possible to take a hot shower, which seems blasphemous, considering that the Koševo hospital in town has had no water at all for weeks at a time. A generator provides a bit of electricity, but turning the lights on is not recommended. It creates a silhouette for the snipers. Water *and* electricity are seldom available simultaneously. The hacks generally prefer the former: better to splash in the dark than to stare at a dry, well-lit bathtub. If worst comes to worst, you can take a shower from a bottle of mineral water—magnanimously given by the kitchen staff or else bought in the hard-currency store of UNPROFOR—in the glare of a laptop (a cleared screen gives more light), all against a background of the repetitive *rat-a-tat-tat* of a machine gun, the sporadic *paf-paf* of a sniper, or the *shooo-boh* of a mortar that shakes the toothbrush in the glass and makes windows vibrate and often shatter.

LUCKY STRIKES

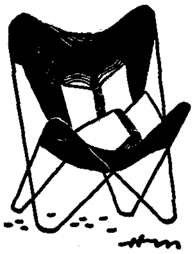
Her father was smoking fortune's cigarettes
in those gondola days. Golden boy. Teacher's pet.
Though he had far too many areas of expertise.
Chances are *he* found the morels, dismissed the lesser trees
she found beautiful, identified the tiny bird on the furthest branch.
Then, there was the oyster ritual—the saltwater brooks
running into the sink, a childish lopsided set of the mouth
as he jimmied a blunt knife into the weakest part of the hinge.

It changes, doesn't it—the Châteauneuf becomes a binge
alone, at night, as he fingers the leaves of someone else's books
after the actress's brushoff, the failed business lunch.
All his minuscule reputations will retire, migrate South,
to homes in Florida, where the girls are less amazing, less amazed,
and his bird counts lengthen into the darkening glade.

—Eva Salzman

Meals (all three are included in the price, which is eighty-two dollars a night, cash only) are served by impeccable waiters wearing tuxedos. And—oh, yes—there is a pianist. During dinner hours, he plays Neapolitan songs and local romantic tunes. On Saturdays, members of the local crème de la crème (policemen, special military troops, some government officials) come to the dining room and sing traditional Bosnian songs and recent compositions on the subject of this war, complete with guitar accompaniment. Their very international public—the press corps—applauds. Some turn on their tape recorders. The dining room of the Holiday Inn is the only intact public gathering place in town, so the swearing-in of new firemen or the inauguration of a Sephardic Cultural Week organized by the local Jewish community also take place there.

All the journalists come down for breakfast from their rooms with their flak jackets and helmets on. Some walk around the lobby in them, like trendy skiers clumping about in their ski boots at some St. Moritz hotel. But nobody uses the main entrance, under the familiar yellow-and-green sign, because it is on the hotel's most dangerous side; most of the glass around the entrance is gone and has been replaced by plastic sheets. There is no way of getting out of and into the Holiday Inn except through the kitchen door or the underground garage, and the last hundred yards or so before the car reaches the garage are within sniper range. A square, ten-floor construction, with a five-story interior atrium, the hotel no longer has a safe side; the mortars and sniper bullets come from all four directions.



Being caught in crossfire does wonders to enhance the spirit of camaraderie among the press people. Social conventions such as introductions are unnecessary, since every hack has stuck on the front H.V.P. of his jacket a strip of white duct tape with his name and blood type scribbled on it—a cross between sporting a nametag at a mixer and wearing one's heart on one's sleeve. Writing "HUSARSKA A+" across your chest may sound pretentious, but out here it is not for effect. Flak jackets, helmets, and blood types are there for a reason; the death toll among journalists is a powerful memento mori.

In May, a twenty-six-year-old Catalan photographer, Jordi Pujol, did not wear a jacket when he went to take some pictures of Sarajevo's often shelled old town. A rocket-propelled grenade landed close to him, and he was killed. With him was David Brauchli, an American A.P. photographer, who was wearing a flak jacket; he was wounded in the lower abdomen but survived. At the end of August, Martin Bell, a BBC correspondent and a veteran of eleven wars, was hit by mortar shrapnel. He was wearing the gear but got deep flesh wounds immediately below it. He was operated on and is well now, but the BBC learned a lesson: a recently arrived technician named Peter has brought groin protectors for all the men of the crew. (He assured them that all the tongues were the same size, anticipating complaints about getting one that was too small.)

In the earlier chapters of the current Yugoslav conflict, the Slovenian and Croatian wars, flak jackets were not used, since mortal danger was not yet routine. Protective gear might have saved two independent Austrian journalists who were killed at the Ljubljana airport in June, 1991—they were the first victims among the press—but it would have been of no use a month later to Egon Scotland, the special correspondent of the *Süddeutsche Zeitung*. He was trapped in a crossfire in the Croatian town of Glina, and his car—marked

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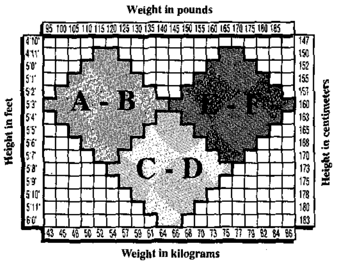

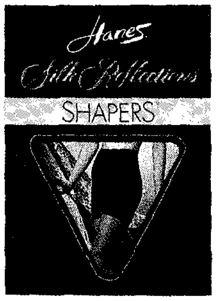

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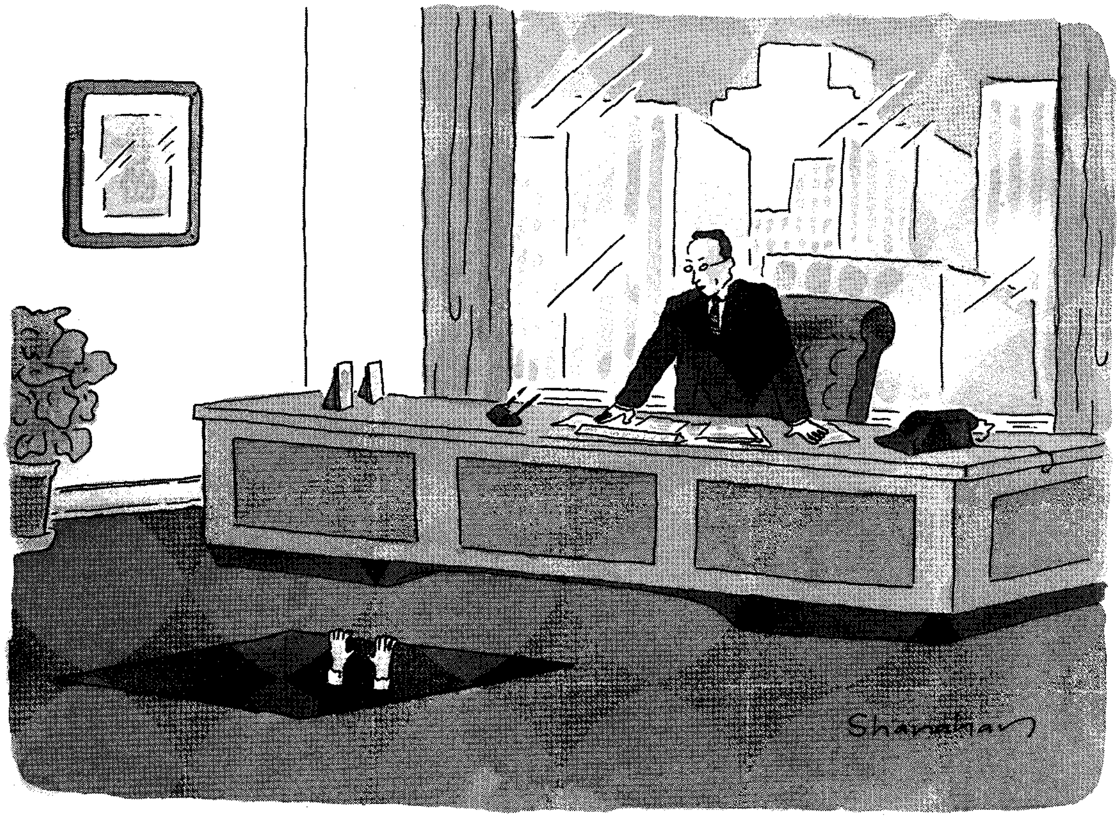


"Don't make me get ugly, Pendleton."

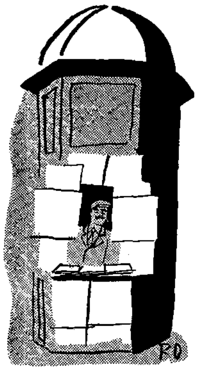
"PRESS" all over—received several rounds. The bullet that killed him passed through the headlight, along the engine, and through the floorboard, and tore into his inner thigh. Nor would a bulletproof jacket have saved either Pierre Blanchet, a correspondent for the *Nouvel Observateur*, or Damien Ruedin, a reporter for Radio Suisse Romande, both of whom were killed by a mine in Petrinja, Croatia, a year ago.

Many of us feel guilty or overcautious, or both, wearing our gear when the civilians we interview or film have no protection. (Alfonso, the correspondent of Madrid's *El País*, went to interview Bosnia's President Alija Izetbegović wearing a white shirt and a tie under his bulletproof jacket and a dark vest over it; Spaniards are inflexible when it comes to etiquette.) But all reporters wear their gear when they are outside the hotel, their motto being "Better sissy than dead." The BBC is known for the way it cares for its staff: its whole crew is dog-tagged; its cameramen have undergone a two-day preparation with the Royal Army for battlefield work; and its local translators get the same protection as its British staff.

The big networks and agencies have their own armored personnel carriers, or A.P.C.s (vans or Opel Senators), in Sarajevo, without which their crews would be at prohibitive risk. Reuters' armored car has an impact mark in the very middle of the windshield: the bullet stopped there. In a "soft-skinned" car it would not have stopped there. The BBC has a little white armored jeep (license plates "BBC TV6," Union Jack on the side), nicknamed Miss Piggy, which saved the life of those of us who were travelling in her and came under fire several times on the way from the airport to the town.

One reason the networks need the A.P.C.s in Sarajevo is that they have to reach one of the city's two satellite dishes to send their pictures out. In April, a number of networks decided to join forces and share their pictures. Sean, a producer from Visnews, is in charge of this operation, called the Sarajevo Agency Pool, or SAP. At first, it brought together the BBC, CNN, Visnews, and several French networks. As of the beginning of September, every network is in the pool. In addition to the television crews and UNPROFOR, a few wire agencies have satellite telephones, and we all must use them to file our stories. Whether to file or simply to report, we all have to move around Sarajevo. After managing to live through a day of shelling, most of us become cocky, and the others find a cocky colleague to hang around with. A few reporters bring, hire, or even buy their own cars, but most rely on local driver-translators, known in the trade as fixers. Fixers cost plenty—a hundred dollars a day—but they are a must in these circumstances. Besides, the hack who has a safe home to go back to once the story dies (or he burns out) can't help feeling compassion for the fixers, who must stay behind while their friends die and their city burns.

Journalists often become a life-sustaining line between Sarajevans and the outside world. On a visit to the Koševo hospital a few hours after it was shelled, we were shown around by Dr. Vesna Hadziomerović, a soft-spoken woman in her sixties. She asked if one of us could call her daughter in Italy once we were out of Sarajevo. "Just tell her, 'Your mother is alive,'" she said. Then, as if she was unsure how long the message would stay true, she added, "When do you think you will be able to call?"



ALTHOUGH practically cut off from the outside world, Sarajevo has learned to live with the situation, and in surprisingly many ways life goes on. The population has adapted to the sniper fire: all Sarajevans know the soft spots ("*Pazi Snajper*," or "Beware

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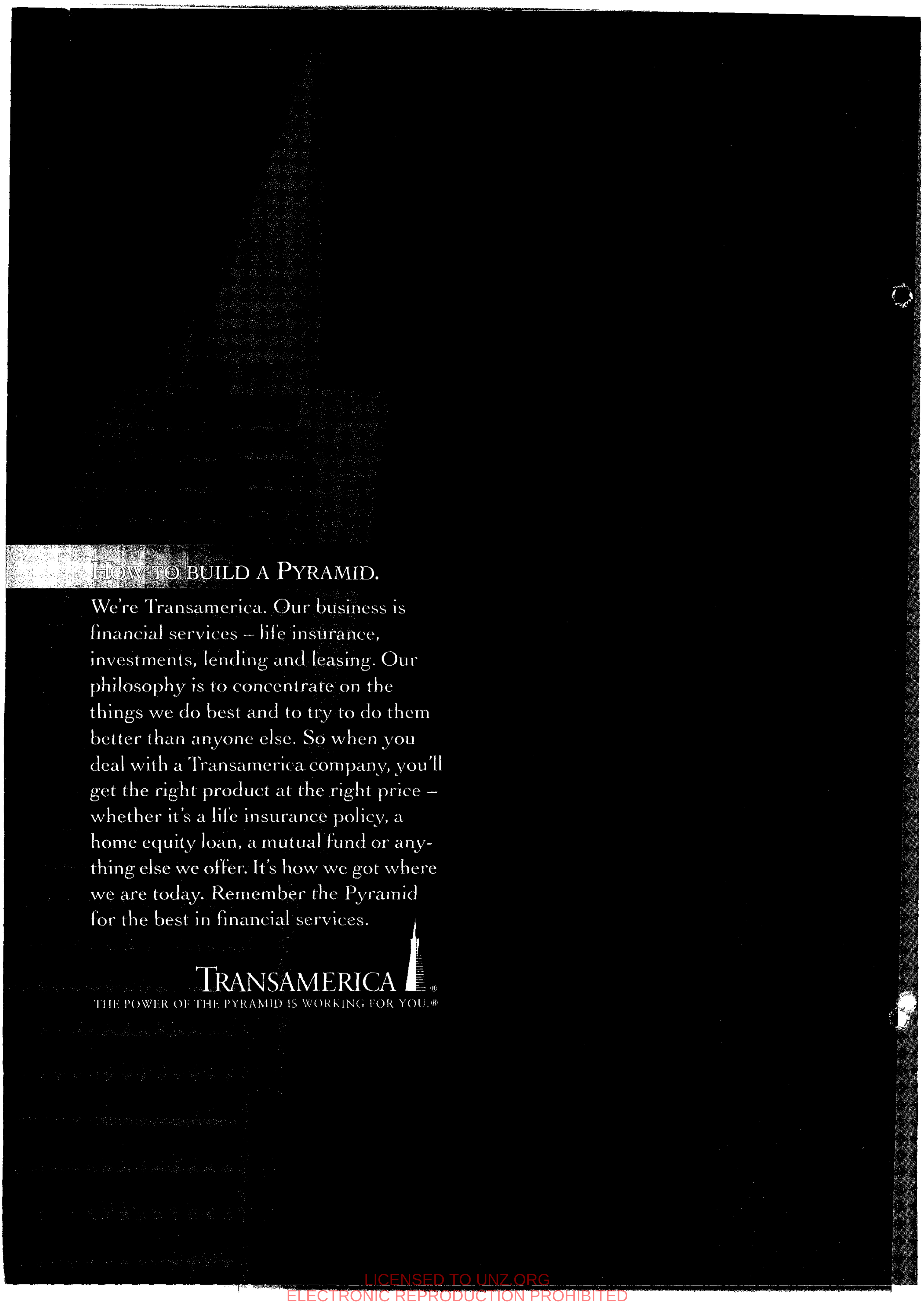

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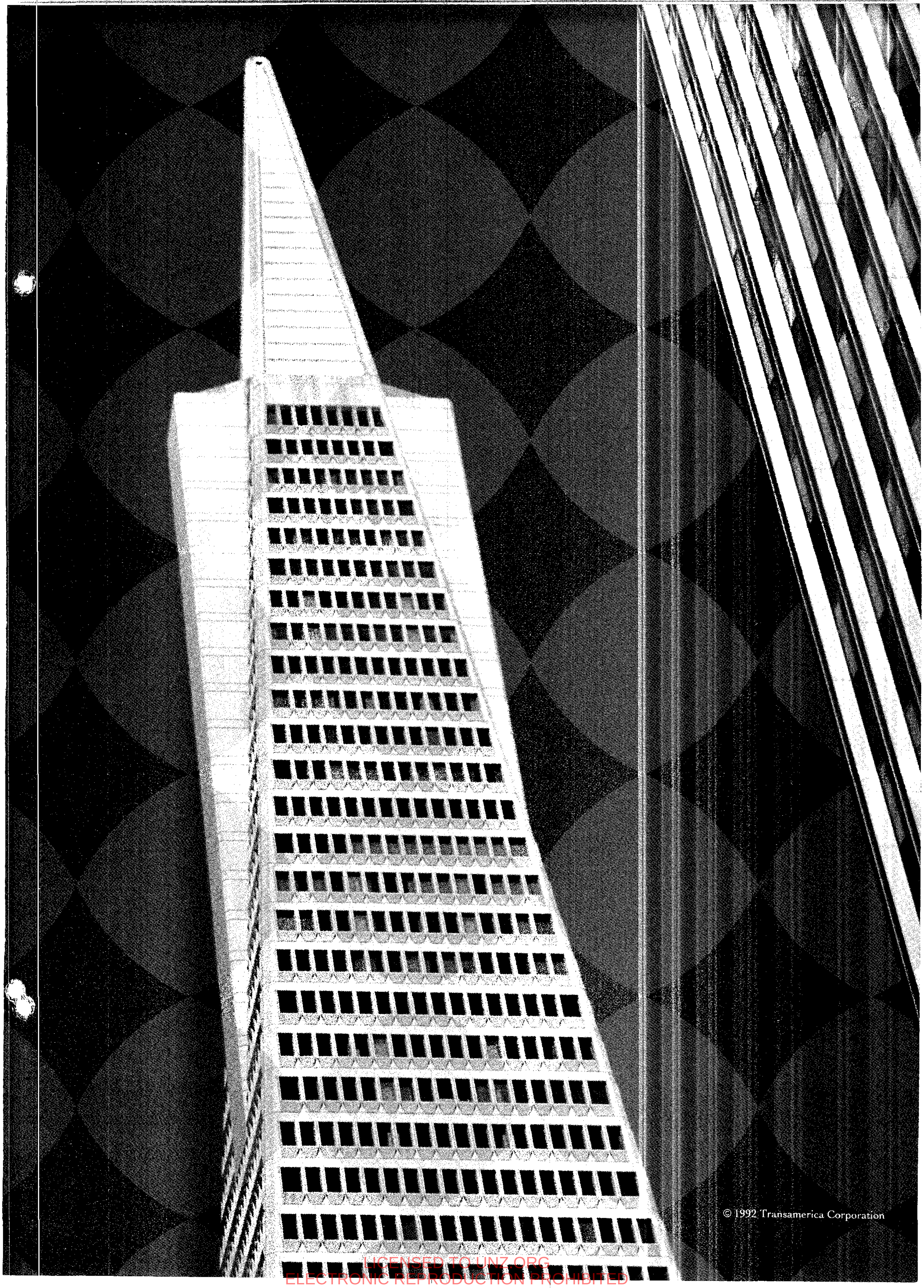

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"And, by the way, there are a hell of a lot fewer levels to you than you give yourself credit for."

• •

Sniper," graffiti are good reminders), and there are often armed guards at both ends of the dodgy stretches, where people are obliged to run for their lives. In some of the most dangerous places, ropes are lying in the street, tethered at one end to a lamppost, so that the wounded can pull themselves out of the fire zone, because nobody will venture to go in and carry them out. The street that leads to the Sarajevo War Theatre—a new work called "The Shelter" was staged on the theatre's opening night—has a huge banner stretching low across the street to obstruct the view of the snipers and provide a relatively safe crossing. In several sections of the city, back streets, parking lots, wide sidewalks, and even paths in the park have become very busy routes as drivers avoid the sniper-infested road that forms the city's east-west axis. On the most exposed corners massive shipping containers have been piled up to shield cars and pedestrians. Some of the containers are strangely deformed—almost like swollen flesh—because of the many bullets they have taken.

The BBC's office here is a typical war-zone setup: it operates from the garage—known as the bunker—under the former post-office building, which is now the headquarters of UNPROFOR. Six enormous, heavy metal shields protect the journalists, who sit outside the garage, in the open air. A satellite-feed dish and two satellite-phone dishes stand in front of the shields. The wires of the sat-phones provide a handy line for the technicians' laundry, which gives the whole place a homey air. When the sniper in the apartment block a few hundred yards away takes his lunch break, the bunker is actually a pleasant spot; then he comes back, the *paf-paf* sounds again, and someone from the crew groans, "Oh, shut up." But most put their gear on anyway. The BBC occasionally lets Sarajevans use its phones in desperate family situations, and accepts faxes for them despite an acute shortage of fax paper. Thanks to the BBC, a taxi-driver who now works as a guard at the Sarajevo newspaper *Oslobodenje* (still coming out) was able to find out that his wife—four months pregnant when she fled to Belgrade, five months before—had given birth.

On the wall of the fax room hangs a map—"Sarajevo, Olimpiski Grad," from the 1984 Winter Games—with the positions of the different armies superimposed on it: the drawings of the Olympic Village and the bobsled course are covered with the words "Chetnik" and "Bosnian" and the troops' front-line markings. After a mortar hit the post-office building, friendly Royal Engineers on duty in town put sandbags around the picture editor's room and the BBC technicians' room.

Two technicians and the picture editor sleep in the bunker; the producer, one or two reporters, and the translators (Vladmir, a Serb, and Dina, a Muslim) are lodged at the Holiday Inn. The cameraman, Jonathan, and the sound man, Paul, stay in a rented apartment in the tallest building between the often targeted old Government building and the hills from which the Serbs pound the city, to film the after-dark battles through their night sights. (Nic, the CNN producer and a Sarajevo veteran, calls them night scopes; technically speaking, they are image intensifiers, the gadgets responsible for those ghostly fuzzy-green pictures on TV.) Night filming is a very risky business, since snipers might be taking night shots through night scopes of their own—whether purposely making the cameramen their target or mistaking the TV night scope mounted on a camera for one on another sniper's gun.

David, the CNN cameraman, takes night shots from the tenth floor of the Holiday Inn which complement those taken by Jonathan and Paul, since the pictures all form part of the agency pool material. Before heading upstairs, he listens to "the soundtrack," to decide which side to set up on. Sniper bullets come from the west side, where the hotel's main entrance is. Heavy artillery comes from the south side, facing the old Government building and the National Museum. The east side gets inaccurate sniper fire and heavy-calibre fire from anti-aircraft guns. The north side is rarely a target, but when it does get hit the shells are usually big ones. It was on this side that the 105-mm. shell landed one night in August, pulverizing Room 216, and covering a cradle there with rubble: the family who was staying there had fortunately decided to spend that one night in a shelter in town.

David was part of the CNN crew in Baghdad during the Gulf War. Very calm and professional, he is good company when, as he puts it, "it gets a little loud out there." On all sides of the building, some rooms destroyed by shelling have been left unlocked by the staff. There is no need to open the windows; the panes are broken anyway. Once David has set up, he covers the body of his camera with a dark cloth, to hide it and to block the glow from the small video image in his viewfinder. Then he shoots, taking care not to be shot. When the battle is over, he creeps down the stairs to his cozy bed on the second floor. Jonathan and Paul also go to sleep when all is quiet, but in the morning they commute to work at the bunker in either Piglet or Winnie-the-Pooh, two other armored vehicles the BBC has here.

Those who ride around Sarajevo in soft-skinned vehicles usually mark them "PRESS" or "TV," but some say that such inscriptions attract the attention of snipers, who are allegedly paid five hundred German marks for each journalist hit. Perhaps this is only a rumor, but the bullet that in August killed the ABC producer David Kaplan as he was riding from the airport to Sarajevo (soft-skinned vehicle; no jacket) entered the back of the van precisely between the letters "T" and "V" taped onto it. It may never be known which side shot him, but there is no question that the bullet was aimed at the press. As of this writing, he is the most recent victim among the media people. In all, twenty-seven journalists and media technicians have been killed in the fifteen months of fighting in the former Yugoslavia, according to the French monitoring organization Reporters Sans Frontières. (Sixty-three were killed or reported missing in fifteen years of the Vietnam War.) In addition, four media people have been missing since last year. Nobody keeps a list of the journalists who have been wounded.

All those who have reported from here, even seasoned war correspondents, agree that Sarajevo is the most dangerous assignment they've ever had. So it is only natural that nearly every journalist who comes to the former Yugoslavia make it a point of honor to "do" Sarajevo. These days, when reporters in the lobby of some Zagreb or Belgrade hotel talk of "going in" or "coming out," they mean in or out of only one place: Sarajevo. The media concentration on Sarajevo has the effect of focussing the world public's attention on it, too, and a vicious circle starts: the readers and viewers know Sarajevo, recognize the name; therefore they will get more Sarajevo, sometimes at the expense of hearing less about atrocities in the rest of Bosnia and Herzegovina, such as the alleged massacre by Serbs of more than two hundred Muslim men and boys outside Travnik—an event that went unreported for an entire month.

For five months now, footage of blood-covered civilian victims of the steady bombardment of Sarajevo has been gradually awakening the conscience of world opinion—even, or perhaps especially, when that footage is sandwiched between commercials for fancy cars and credit cards, as happens on the American networks. There is no need to go to the front line to get on the front page: to stay at the Holiday Inn is to be on the battlefield already.

REPORTING from other regions of Bosnia and Herzegovina or from U.N.-supervised Serb-controlled parts of Croatia may be less dangerous by Sarajevo standards, but it is dangerous all the same. Going to war zones involves plenty of complicated preparations besides assembling the gear. The question of the license plates of the car the journalist drives, for instance, is of vital (from *vita*, Latin for "life") importance. Zagreb plates are never a good idea on a trip to Serb-held Bosnia and Herzegovina or to Serb-controlled Croatia; in the minds of the generally hostile and specifically media-unfriendly, and often drunk, Serb guards at checkpoints, Zagreb plates denote a spy for—or, at best, a collaborator with—the hated Croatians. Ljubljana plates are slightly

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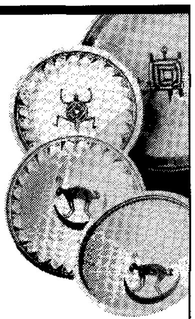

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better, but no guarantee of safe passage, either. One school of thought advocates taking the plates off altogether; another advises covering them with duct tape. Some journalists fly to Vienna and rent a car there, but that is expensive, and the insurance doesn't cover any damage once the vehicle enters any of the warring lands. One wire agency forbids its staff to rent anything but Yugos, because they're cheap to replace if they get mortared or confiscated by a Serb guard.

Transportation and communication lines are iffy all over, not just in Sarajevo. There are no direct phone lines and no direct traffic between Zagreb and Belgrade. The motorway has been closed ever since the war between Serbia and Croatia turned frontiers into front lines. The easiest and safest way to travel between the two cities is via Hungary, whether by car or by train. There is also a more or less regular bus service from Belgrade, in Serbia, to Banja Luka, the main town of Serb-controlled Bosnia; from there, journalists can travel on to Zagreb, in Croatia proper.

The route may sound complicated, but it's a cinch compared with the complications of the trip itself. On the twenty-five-mile road between Bosanska Gradiška and Banja Luka, there are twelve checkpoints, only a few of which—those of UNPROFOR—are not unpleasant. Whether or not one gets past the other checkpoints depends on the political situation and/or the state of alcoholic consumption of the guards.

In order to go from Zagreb to Banja Luka, say, one theoretically needs to go first to Belgrade (for itinerary, see above) to get accreditation from the information office of the self-styled Serbian Republic of Bosnia and Herzegovina; that is, Serb-occupied Bosnia. (This requirement is odd, since the self-styled republic claims to have nothing to do with Belgrade, but never mind.) Those accreditations can also be obtained in Pale, situated in the Jahorina Mountains overlooking Sarajevo, which are under Serb control. Pale can be reached relatively easily from Belgrade, two hundred and fifty miles away, or relatively uneasily from Sarajevo, six miles away, by going through the busy front line. At the Ministry of Information in Pale, reporters are informed that Sarajevo is the capital of this Serbian Republic of Bosnia and Herzegovina. (This explains perhaps

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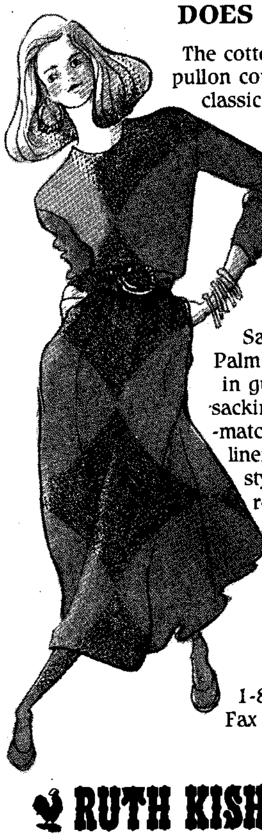

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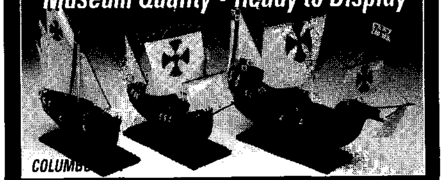

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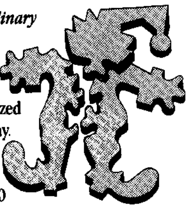

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why journalists writing from Pale put a "Sarajevo" dateline on their copy, which is as correct as "Moscow" would have been as a dateline in Napoleon's diary.) Any questioning of this information is branded as provocative and prompts a response along the lines of "Why doesn't the international press write the truth?"

But all the difficulties of getting to Banja Luka from Zagreb can be bypassed: it is enough to say at the first checkpoint of Serbs in occupied Bosnia, in Bosanska Gradiška, that one is going to Banja Luka in order to get a permit to go to Banja Luka. It works.

Before one reaches Bosanska Gradiška there are some UNPROFOR checkpoints: a roadblock, a few white tanks or armored vehicles, soldiers with blue helmets or berets. This particular zone is staffed with Jordanians: a reporter's "*Salaam aleikum, salaam aleikum*" (many of us learned to say hello in Arabic when we covered the Gulf War) and the UNPROFOR accreditation open the road. If the day is very calm, the bored Jordanians—their shack or sandbagged hut adorned with King Hussein's official photograph—invite the journalists in for the traditional tea and ask for news of their monarch's kidney operation. They do not give the impression of understanding anything about the intricacies of this conflict, but then who does?

Inside the UNPROFOR zone the road passes through many once picturesque villages now turned into ghost towns, with all the houses along the road destroyed by shelling or fire, or both—typical post-ethnic-cleansing vistas. In Bosanska Gradiška the Serbs are really unfriendly, and definitely not impressed with the UNPROFOR accreditations; fortunately, though, Serbs at checkpoints all smoke. And so later, in the bistro of Zagreb's luxurious Esplanade Hotel, journalists brag about who has the lowest ratio of Marlboros per crossing; that is, how many packs of cigarettes they had to give away to get through the dozen checkpoints.

On the road to Bihać—a sister town of Sarajevo, of sorts, since it, too, is under constant shelling by Serbs but holds tight—there are a half-dozen UNPROFOR checkpoints manned by Poles, who kiss female journalists on the hand—especially any who are their compatriots. Here journalists do well to go fast, because it is reputed to be unsafe, and it is wise to have the different zones marked on the map, and to slow down when approaching borders between them. On this particular road, the key is to remember that after the Polish checkpoints comes one Czech checkpoint and that then, seven miles farther on, and without any warning, a line of mines across the road marks the Muslim checkpoint at the entry to Bihać. Going too fast on this last leg can be very costly.

Precious checkpoint lore is exchanged every day in the lobby of the Esplanade (knowing that "today the fat Chetnik who sits at the roadblock with an umbrella is ill tempered" can be cause for changing the day's plans), just as, after a mortar falls on a frequented road in Sarajevo, one hack will inform others at the Holiday Inn of a safer new route. The working conditions of this conflict are so difficult and the places so dangerous that solidarity prevails over the spirit of competition.

THE new borders in what was formerly Yugoslavia are quite confusing: the most generous estimate of these self-proclaimed entities yields a total of ten "countries." The frenzied, almost daily proliferation of new states is dangerous, too. Often we barely finish hiding one accreditation when it is time to fish out a totally different one, and God help those who get them mixed up. Moreover, most of the people of former Yugoslavia speak similar languages, undistinguishable to an outsider. These languages used to go by a generic name: Serbo-Croatian. Now the language is known as Serbian in Serbia and in Serb-occupied parts of Croatia and of Bosnia and Herzegovina; in Croatia and in Croat-occupied Bosnia and Herzegovina (bearing the topsy-turvy name "Herzeg-Bosnia") it is referred to as Croatian; and in the non-occupied Bosnia and Herzegovina it is called Bosnian—a novelty that will puzzle many a linguist.

The type of alphabet that the locals use provides a hint: Serbs write in Cyrillic, whereas Croats and Muslims from Bosnia and Herzegovina use roman letters. Another way of knowing which country one is in is by seeing what currency is used, but this isn't a definitive method, because often several currencies coexist and they are all called dinars. The Sarajevo-issued dinars look like Mo-

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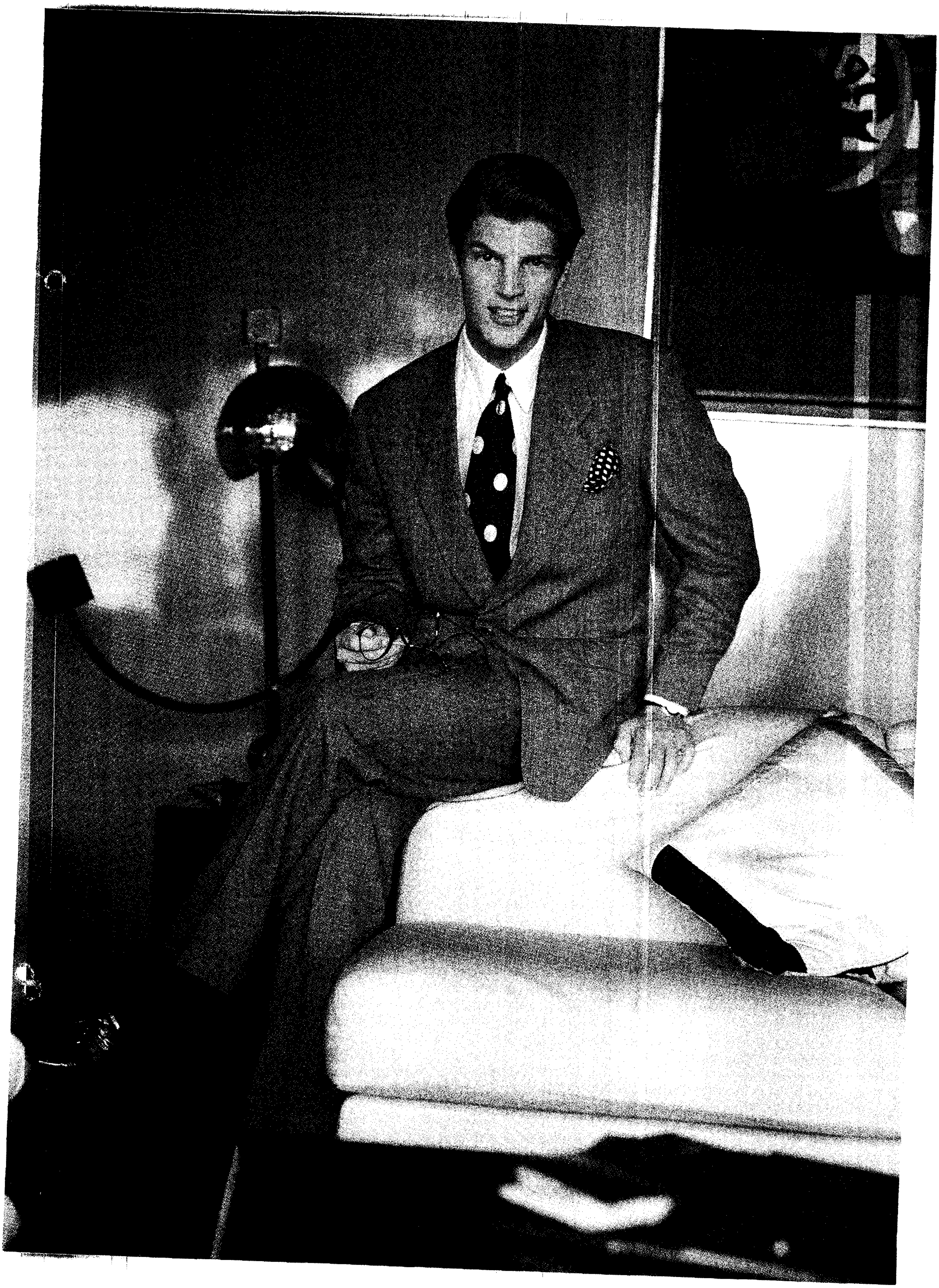
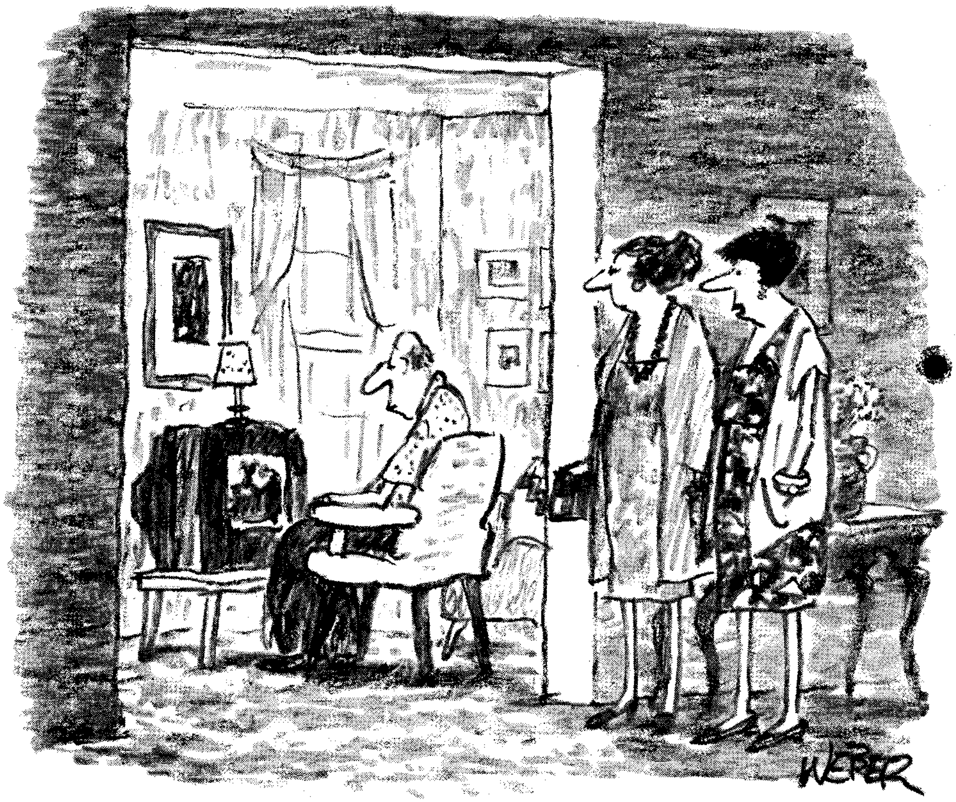




"Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, Cary Grant—they're all gone. But Marcus is still here."

• •

nopoly money: they are valid in the besieged town and its suburbs only. The self-styled Serb Republic of Bosnia and Herzegovina printed its own dinars, which are valid in the mountains surrounding Sarajevo and in other parts occupied by Serbs. Herzeg-Bosnia has its own mint, too, and these dinars are used no more than ten miles outside Sarajevo. Dollars and Deutsche marks are universally accepted. The centrifugal dissolution of the former Yugoslavia makes it difficult for us to find translators who can move around freely, because family names brand them as enemies-by-definition in one territory or another. Hence, more often than in normal circumstances, the translators are shared.

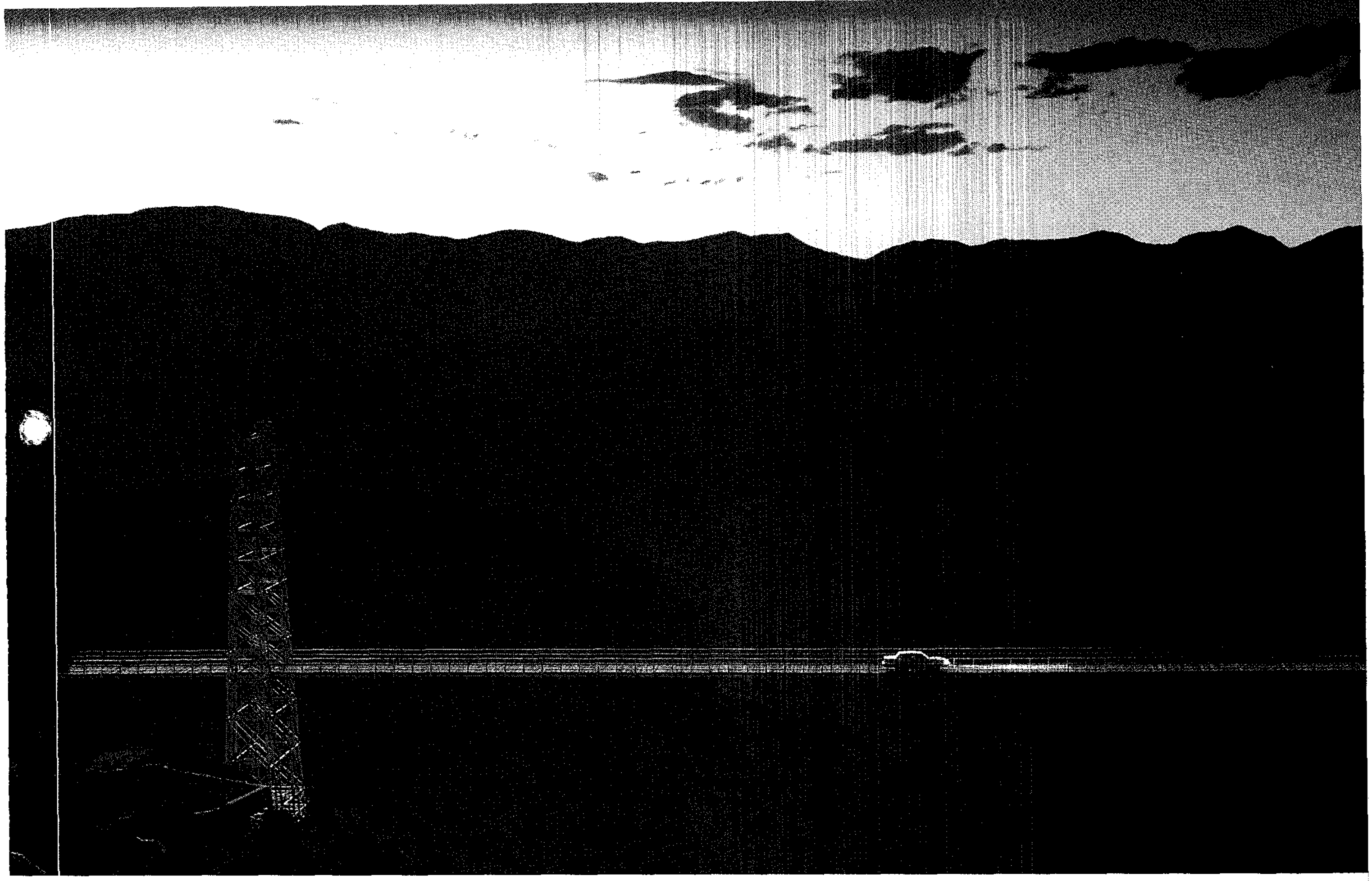
After a field trip—to the cemetery, the hospital, the morgue, or some recently pounded bakery or market when reporting from Sarajevo—or after a visit to some detention camp or freshly ethnically cleansed village when "doing it" from Zagreb or Belgrade, we come back to the hotel and part company. The wire reporters rush to file, and so do the radio correspondents, the TV crews, and those who write for European dailies. American newspaper reporters are more relaxed (they have at least six hours' leeway, and the West Coasters nine); they can be almost as casual as writers for weeklies. Later, at the bar, it's the other way around: the Americans are busy banging on their laptops, and the Europeans are relaxed after wrapping up their day's work. The correspondents for weeklies never really rest, but never become nervous wrecks, either. If somebody has managed to publish a scoop, the pigeonholes behind the Esplanade reception desk fill with faxes from editors back home asking for a story on that subject, whether it's the "death camps" reported by *Newsday* or the "Arab passions fired by Bosnia" on page 1 of the *Independent*. (Nothing like this happens, of course, in Sarajevo's Holiday Inn, since the hotel has no communication with the outside world.)

At the late-dinner sitting, after a whole day of witnessing atrocious scenes, seeing distressed people, and knowing that nothing we report will make anything like the impact it should on public opinion, we usually speak of something other than this war. We speak of other wars. If the subject is most often previous assignments, it is because so many of us met before in other messy spots around the world. Antonio, a Spanish TV producer, laughs about nearly stepping on a mine line in the Iraqi desert. Jorge, the correspondent of the Vatican Radio, sadly recalls the funny faces of his fifteen-year-old fixer in Afghanistan, who died in a bombardment. Everyone mocks the operatic hysteria of some Italian radio journalist reporting on Scuds hitting Tel Aviv. Matt, the BBC radio reporter, remembers how cold it was standing at outdoor demonstrations in January, 1990, when the Romanian revolution was turning sour.

In Sarajevo, there is not much discussion of current events abroad, because the only way of knowing what is happening in the outer zone—that is, the world outside the besieged town—is radio or the Bosnia and Herzegovina television.

In Zagreb, Sky News and CNN can be watched in the hotels, so we are able to follow what is happening back home. We watch not only to get the news but also to know the ranking: Does the war in former Yugoslavia lead the news? And, if not, how much has it fallen in the Top Ten? As the hacks dissect the news over the dinner, each nationality has its own concern. The Brits hate the Royal Family, because they've heard that a photo of Fergie's lover sucking her toes has just stolen the spotlight that would otherwise go to this war. Family values or the absence thereof—royal in Britain, politico-artistic in the States—competes with "bang-bang," as the cameramen call battle scenes. Buckingham Palace or bimbos usually beat Sarajevo or Bihać. After mulling over the royal toe-sucking incident, Steve, the *Daily Mail* photographer, said matter-of-factly to a fellow-Brit, "Just now, old chap, you'll have to get hit yourself to make the front page."

In Sarajevo, every day starts with the "Lillibulero" jingle of the BBC, the hack's anthem that resonates throughout the Holiday Inn. And every day finishes with the "Beeb," too, as if by listening to the World Service we could guess our next assignment. If only there were direct airline flights from Sarajevo to Iraq. Or, for that matter, if only there were any flights at all out of here. ♦



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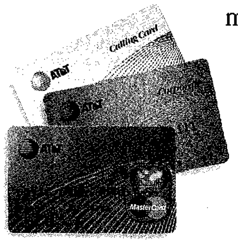

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE PRISONER AND THE POLITICIAN

by Mark Singer

BRETT COLEMAN KIMBERLIN is a small thirty-eight-year-old man who has spent more than a third of his life confined to small spaces. He is five feet five inches tall and weighs a hundred and twenty-five pounds. He is clean-shaven and has short light-brown hair with blondish highlights, blue eyes, a pallid complexion, and a lean, muscled physique. He has been a ward of the federal Bureau of Prisons for the past thirteen and a half years, the last three and a half of them at a medium-security institution in Memphis. Before arriving in Memphis, he did time in, among other places, El Reno, Oklahoma; Chicago; Oxford, Wisconsin; Corpus Christi, Texas; Springfield, Missouri; Terre Haute, Indiana; and Indianapolis, his home town. Though he has generally accommodated himself to the standard routines and protocols of prison life, he has not enjoyed a minute of his life as an incarcerated person. Among his fellow-inmates, he has made a point of establishing few close friendships. He has never been drawn into a prison poker game or a pool game or allowed himself to be tattooed. Television doesn't interest him, but he does tune in at least once a day to news broadcasts on National Public Radio. Ever since he was charged with the crimes for which he is now being held—a series of bombings that occurred in Indianapolis in 1978—he has defiantly maintained his innocence.

Brett Coleman Kimberlin, at left, is serving time for a questionable conviction in Indiana's Speedway bombings. Would he be free today if he had kept quiet about Dan Quayle?

LEFT, ROY CAJERO; RIGHT, BLACK STAR

The cell that Kimberlin occupies at present is shared with another inmate. It is six feet wide and nine feet long and has a sink, a toilet, a medicine cabinet, a mirror, a pair of three-and-a-half-foot-wide and seven-foot-tall storage lockers, a desk and chair, an overhead light fixture, and a floor-to-ceiling window six inches wide. The ceiling is nine feet high, tall enough for a bunk bed. Kimberlin sleeps on top. To reach his bed, he steps first on the chair and then on the desk. He is fastidious about his health and his appearance. Most days, he dresses in sweatpants, a T-shirt, and tennis shoes, unless he is going to spend time in the visitors' area. On those occasions, regulations require him to wear a khaki uniform.

When certain visitors—attorneys, say, or journalists—make arrangements to see Kimberlin, he arrives at these appointments toting bulky stacks of legal papers and other evidence pertaining to the circumstances that landed him behind bars. He carries the voluminous documents without strain, because he is in extraordinary physical condition. Daily, he follows a rigorous exercise regimen. For twenty years, he has been a vegetarian and a practitioner of transcendental meditation. He says he has never drunk alcohol in his life. Though he is a convicted marijuana smuggler, he says he has not partaken of illegal drugs in more than twenty years. For his work detail, he has taught classes in nutrition, yoga, aerobics, weight maintenance, smoking cessation, sensitivity and assertiveness training, and rational-behavior therapy—all part of a "wellness" curriculum that he helped develop and that has been adopted by other penal institutions within the federal system. His prison job pays sixteen dollars a month. He is matter-of-fact, neither modest nor immodest, about what he has achieved in prison: completion of a college degree (with a 3.9 grade average), a national ranking as a weight lifter, certification as a paralegal, and a reputation, buttressed by testimonials from distinguished attorneys throughout the country, as an exceptionally adroit jailhouse lawyer. He has a romantic relationship with a young Russian émigrée who now lives in Philadelphia. A few years ago, they began to exchange letters and phone calls. This was at a time when she was still living in the former Soviet Union, and shortly after she read an article about him written by an American correspondent for TASS. Kimberlin speaks more than passable Russian, which he studied while earning his college degree. Often, late at night, working at his desk, if he is not engaged in legal research or writing in his own behalf or for other inmates, he refines his Russian skills translating stories by Pushkin, Tolstoy, and Chekhov.

Kimberlin himself tells compelling stories—stories about his life, riveting yarns that are part Dostoyevski, part Erle Stanley Gardner, part Elmore Leonard. He tells them in a sober, uninflected, seemingly unembroidered manner that has the effect of impressing skeptical listeners—people with plenty of experience having their ear bent by convicts reciting dubious tales of persecution—with his intelligence, articulateness, personableness, and credibility. Kimberlin's voice seems to float within an eerie magnetic nimbus, and, whether he is seated across a table in a prison visitors' room or is disembodied at the end of a wiretapped telephone, he radiates the unmistakable aura of a haunted survivor—a man who is both protagonist and victim.

I once asked a newspaper reporter who has known Kimberlin for more than a decade, "Do you believe Brett's story?"

"Do I believe Brett's story? Which one?" the reporter replied. "Brett's an interesting character."

Some of Kimberlin's stories are about indiscretions and unlawful deeds he committed in his youth. Others recount the indiscretions and unlawful deeds of powerful men and women—among them government officials, including the Vice-President of the United States. His longest and most detailed story is an explanation of how he was denied a fair trial and was wrongfully convicted of the Indianapolis bombings. Unlike a lot of felons who claim to have been railroaded, however, Kimberlin does not portray himself as lily-white. Not long ago, I remarked to David Hennessy, an Indianapolis trial lawyer who once briefly worked on Kimberlin's case, that I was eager to try to understand his former client's complicated saga.

Hennessy chuckled, and said, "You realize you're getting into the murkiest, most amorphous mass of story in the world. You're entering a black hole."

Part of that story remains tangled in contradiction. Another part—the record of Kimberlin's treatment at the hands of the Bureau of Prisons—is far less ambiguous and can be cumulatively told.

Journalists who have probed this amorphous mass have developed various opinions of where, precisely, the core resides. There was a time, just before the 1988 Presidential election, when some reporters felt that "the story" was the one Kimberlin had to tell about selling small quantities of marijuana to "Danny Quayle" in the early seventies, back when Kimberlin was a neophyte pot dealer and J. Danforth Quayle was a law student, and before each of them graduated to larger, more high-stakes enterprises. Other reporters who picked up the thread of that story felt that a more provocative question concerned a file that the Drug Enforcement Administration developed on Quayle in the early eighties, during his first term in the United States Senate, because when Kimberlin tried to hold a press conference in the last days of the 1988 Presidential race the director of the Bureau of Prisons—whose staff, along with other people in the Department of Justice, had conferred with anxious officials of the Bush-Quayle campaign—ordered Kimberlin placed in "administrative detention" (a euphemism for punitive confinement). As a result of that episode, a number of journalists decided that the story was about the implications of that temporarily successful effort to silence Kimberlin.

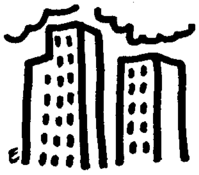
Then, for a couple of years, the story seemed to disappear, and in time its disappearance spawned another, self-critical story: how the media had failed to pursue both the story about Quayle and the reason for the deprivation of Kimberlin's constitutionally guaranteed freedom of expression. Some journalists and prosecutors in Indianapolis—journalists who happen to be employed by the newspapers controlled by the Vice-President's family, and prosecutors who have known the Vice-President for years and have zealously pursued Kimberlin in court—insist, in blunt, profane terms, that the only story that matters is that he is a convicted felon, a sociopath, and a liar. Erwin Griswold, a former dean of the Harvard Law School and the Solicitor General of the United States under both Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon, says of Kimberlin, "I can only tell you that in my relations with him, which were intense five years ago and have continued in minor ways ever since, I have always found him to be reliable, and he has never made a statement to me which turned out to be untrue or misleading."

WHEN Kimberlin's mother, Carolyn, whose professional background is primarily in educational psychology, talks about her son Brett, the second of four children, she describes a loving, gentle-spirited pacifist who, before and during his imprisonment, has never flagged in his devotion to his family. As a boy, he was especially close to his maternal grandfather, who spent most of his career working for the Federal Aviation Administration and taught Brett to fly single-engine airplanes. At sixteen, Brett earned his pilot's license. His father, Greg, is a lawyer who for thirty-five years has been employed by the largest electrical utility in Indiana. Like most people in the comfortable suburban Indianapolis community where the Kimberlins raised their children, Carolyn and Greg mostly voted Republican. In 1973, they divorced. Brett had graduated from high school a year and a half earlier—a semester ahead of his classmates—and instead of going on to college he began to assume the task of supporting his mother, his sister, and his two brothers. Over the next several years, he helped pay for the other children's education.

A daunting capacity for hard work and a talent for making money in imaginative ways ran in the family. Brett's older brother is today a successful venture capitalist, with a degree from the Harvard Business School. Carolyn enjoys discussing Brett's successful legitimate business ventures—his partnership in a health-food store, in a vegetarian restaurant, and in an Earth-shoes franchise on the north side of Indianapolis, back when health food and Earth shoes were badges of the counterculture. For a while, he operated a contracting company that specialized in solar and other energy-efficient construction projects. A matter that Carolyn prefers not to mention is that Brett was even more successful as an importer of vast quantities of marijuana from the Caribbean, Mexico, and South America. She would rather dwell on her memories of a sweet-voiced boy who sang in the Episcopal-church choir, studied the French horn, joined the Cub Scouts, played on the Little League baseball teams that his father coached, ran track, took in stray pets, loved horses, and threw a paper route and mowed lawns because his parents had impressed upon him the value of entrepreneurship and the work ethic. With maternal pride, Carolyn recalls the time Brett won a businessman-of-the-year award from a merchants' association in the Broad Ripple section of Indianapolis, where he had his health-food store. What Brett recalls most vividly about that occasion is that his electronic pager went off during the proceedings and he had to excuse himself abruptly to go unload a shipment of thousands of pounds of marijuana—contraband that was bound for Michigan, Ohio, and the Bloomington, Indiana, area. "As I was leaving the award banquet," he says, "I thought to myself, Boy, if these people only knew what a wonderful businessman I *really* am."

Kimberlin says his dealings with Dan Quayle lasted only a short time—a period of about a year and a half, from 1971 to 1973, when he was eighteen and Quayle was twenty-six. In 1969, Quayle had graduated from DePauw University. The necessary strings were pulled to enable him to avoid the military draft, and that May he enlisted in the Indiana National Guard. He spent six months in basic training, and made plans to attend law school. Because he had compiled only a C average at DePauw, he ended up at the Indiana University Law School branch in Indianapolis, where, according to *Current Biography*, he "enrolled in an evening program designed for students whose academic records were poor enough to preclude admission otherwise." Not long after he matriculated, his grandfather Eugene C. Pulliam, the publisher of the Indianapolis *Star* and *News*, made a generous donation to the law school. For recreation, Quayle would visit friends at the Indiana University main campus, in Bloomington, less than an hour's drive from Indianapolis. That, Kimberlin says, is where his and Quayle's paths first crossed.

Kimberlin had a friend—now dead—who was the older brother of a girlfriend and occasionally supplied him with marijuana, a kilogram at a time. One fall day, Kimberlin went to Bloomington to visit his friend and found him hanging out at a fraternity house.



"I had some joints with me, and I was just passing them around," Kimberlin says. "We were bullshitting and listening to music. And within an hour this guy who looked really square—my friend was a hippie, and my hair was down to my shoulders—this blond frat-boy guy says, 'Hey, do you have any of this for sale?' I looked at him. I was stoned and he was stoned. I said, 'Yeah, but I live in Indianapolis.' And he says, 'That's no problem.' I get the feeling that this guy's a narc. He looks real square compared to everybody else there, and then he tells me he's gonna drive sixty miles to Indianapolis to buy a fucking ounce of dope. I mean, something's wrong. So I said, 'I'll talk to you later.' I asked my friend, and he said he didn't know the guy, he'll check him out. A while later, my friend tells me he's O.K. So I went back and gave him my phone number, and he told me his name was Danny. I had no idea he was living in Indianapolis at the time. A week or two later, I get a phone call, and this guy says, 'This is D.Q.' I said, 'Who?' He says, 'Remember the guy at the frat house? Why don't we get together?' So we met at a Burger Chef at Kessler Boulevard and Michigan Road, near my parents' house, and I sold him an ounce of pot."

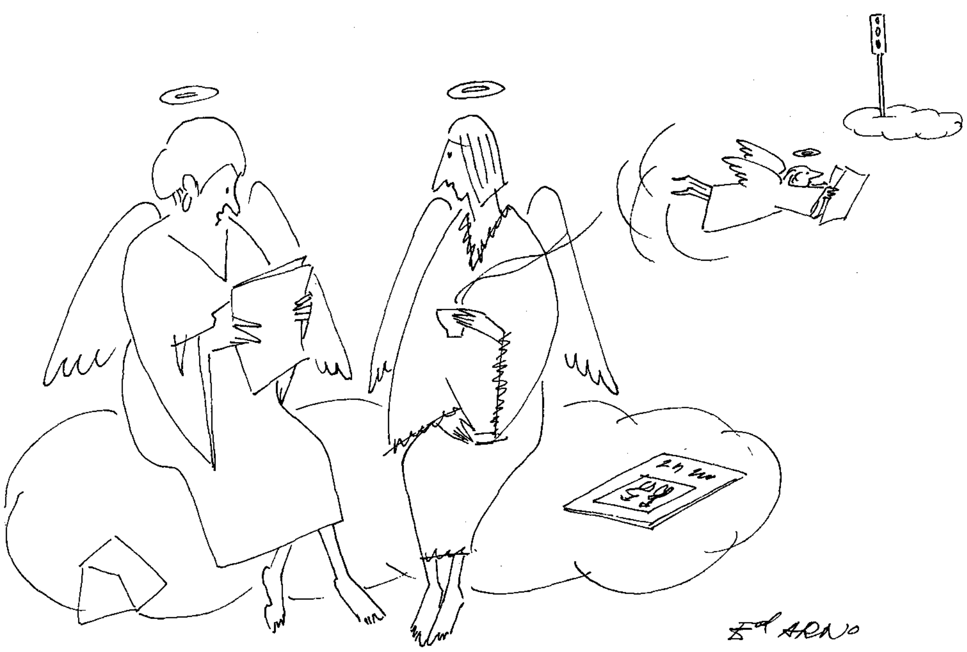
Kimberlin says that from that point on "Danny was good for about a lid a month"—an ounce or so. Sometimes they met at the Burger Chef and sometimes in the parking lots of two motels near an interstate highway. On one occasion, Danny brought along a girlfriend. That unnerved Kimberlin slightly, because when he sold marijuana he didn't like having people around whom he didn't know. "At the time, I didn't have that many customers, maybe a dozen. I wasn't selling big-time. This is before I went into smuggling. He was just another upper-middle-class kid, I was an upper-middle-class kid. He used to talk about how boring the National Guard was, how he used to get high while he was on duty. I didn't know anything about him being a Pulliam. He was just another guy I sold pot to."

In the fall of 1972, Quayle married Marilyn Tucker, a fellow law student. The news that Quayle was getting married surprised Kimberlin. "I got the impression he was a real playboy," he says. "Then, out of the blue, he tells me he's engaged, he's getting married. It happened very quickly. One day, he pulls out a picture, a little photograph. I said something like 'Oh, she looks nice.' And he got married to her a couple of months later. So I gave him a wedding present of some hashish—the only time I ever gave him hash—and a little bag of Acapulco gold. I never met her. I saw him several times after he got married"—to sell him marijuana—"but it kind of dissipated, because after that I moved out of my family's house. I never laid eyes on him again."

During the next few years, Kimberlin had no cause to be curious about what had become of Danny Quayle. Then, one day in 1976, he saw a photograph and a newspaper article about Quayle's first campaign for Congress. Kimberlin's sister, who now lives in Utah, where she supports herself making jewelry and running an art gallery, has written imploringly to George Bush seeking freedom for her brother. She told me, "Brett showed me the newspaper and said, 'Look at that guy. He's running for Congress. I used to sell pot to him. Can you *believe* it?' I just made a joke, and we laughed. I didn't really think about it again until Quayle was running for Vice-President, and then it was like 'Hmm.' "

Coincidentally, 1976 was the year that Kimberlin, who had been out of the drug trade for more than three years, got back in, on a larger scale than he had ever previously attempted. For several years, he had abstained from drugs, but he had no qualms about catering to other people's appetites. What attracted him at least as much as the money, it seems, was the intrigue. Pragmatism, rather than a lack of nerve, had dictated the three-year hiatus. Kimberlin says that the only illegal substances he ever transported for profit were marijuana and a little hashish. Nevertheless, in the fall of 1971, when an acquaintance in Indianapolis repeatedly pestered him for cocaine, and another acquaintance mentioned that he had some for sale, Kimberlin acted as a go-between. Kimberlin delivered 2.3 grams of cocaine. For months afterward, Kimberlin says, the first acquaintance continued to badger him for more cocaine. Because he had no desire to deal in cocaine, Kimberlin refused each of these entreaties. The first acquaintance turned out to be a federal informer. In May of 1972, as a result of his transaction with the informer—which he says was his only transaction—Kimberlin was arrested.

Since he was still a few weeks shy of his eighteenth birthday, the court treated him as a juvenile, and he was given three years' probation. He was subpoenaed by a grand jury. The grand-jury inquisitor asked Kimberlin whether he had ever had transactions with a certain pair of drug dealers. He said he knew both of them but had had dealings with only one. He talked about marijuana and hashish. When he was asked whether he had bought or sold LSD or methamphetamines, he said no. Not long thereafter, the drug dealers in question were arrested for manufacturing various hallucinogens, including LSD. It is Kimberlin's assumption that the law-enforcement agents who made the arrests said that Kimberlin had uttered damning testimony about them. He also assumes that when the drug dealers stated that Kimberlin had sold them hefty quantities of LSD they were simply returning the favor. Another grand jury was convened, and this one indicted Kimberlin for perjury. Though Kimberlin was never charged with selling LSD, he did go to trial on the perjury count. In that court proceeding, Kimberlin's lawyer argued that it made no sense for his client to be selling LSD to people whose occupation was manufacturing LSD. To no avail: Kimberlin was found guilty of perjury and was given a thirty-day sentence, in the Wayne County jail, near Indianapolis, with the understanding that if he stayed clean during his probation on the cocaine conviction this blot would be expunged from his record. It was during Kimberlin's probation that he got involved in the health-food and ancillary businesses. He was making "thirty to fifty thousand dollars a year, legit," he told me. And then, diversifying in a manner that he would later deeply regret, he got very busy smuggling pot.



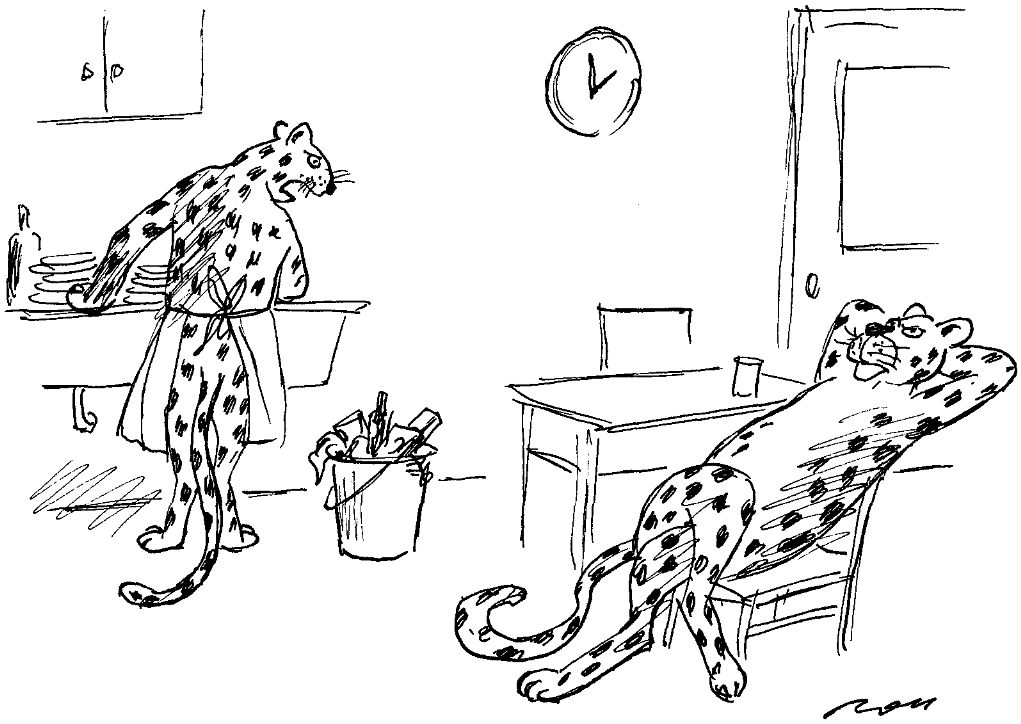
"It's from my husband, in Hell, and it took only four days to get here."

A flow chart of the drug ring in which Kimberlin was involved would show that he was usually several degrees removed from the primary source. His partners would pay forty dollars a kilogram for Colombian marijuana, ten dollars a kilo for Mexican, twenty dollars for Jamaican, and then fly tons of this merchandise to Texas or Florida or Georgia. There other partners would unload the cargo and load it on trucks, and Kimberlin would receive it, most often in Indianapolis, and arrange for its distribution in the Midwest. His customers paid around three hundred dollars a pound (about half a kilo) for Colombian, and from a hundred and twenty-five to three hundred a pound for Mexican or Jamaican, depending on the quality. The profit margins were high enough and the logistics were elaborate enough for him to limit his activities to three or four shipments a year.

With drug money, Kimberlin bought expensive vehicles, trading up from a Pontiac Grand Prix to a Jaguar and then to a Mercedes. He also owned a four-wheel-drive truck. He bought a small Piper single-engine airplane, and he leased a Piper Navajo twin-engine. Neither of the planes was large enough to accommodate the volumes of marijuana he was trafficking in. On occasion, he chartered Learjets to fly money. In the spring of 1975, he bought a beautiful two-hundred-and-fifty-acre property in Jackson County, Indiana, ninety miles south of Indianapolis, hired an architect, and built a four-bedroom house with solar-energy fixtures. Because he wanted this retreat to be not only energy-efficient but also self-sufficient, he bought a diesel generator and installed underground fuel tanks. Nearby was a large underground storage area where, on occasion, he stashed marijuana. Explosives were required for some of the excavation work. As a convicted felon, Kimberlin was prohibited from possessing explosives, so his architect bought them and arranged for their detonation.

To avoid the scrutiny of the tax authorities, Kimberlin figured out how much he had spent in a given year, extrapolated the income that would be required to support such a life, added ten per cent, and filed a short-form tax return, taking the standard deduction. The tax code did not specifically require him to list his occupation, so he left that space blank. The only money he ever put in the bank was the money he used to pay taxes. He wrote only two checks a year—one to the Internal Revenue Service and the other to the Indiana Department of Revenue.

DURING the summer of 1978, crimes occurred in Speedway, Indiana, a blue-collar suburb of Indianapolis, that extended the local law-enforcement authorities well beyond their capacities. An Indianapolis newspaperman has described the Speedway Police Department of that era as "Barney Fife and company." On July 29th, an elderly housewife named Julia Scyphers was shot to death by a man who had ostensibly come to look at dishes, crystal, and silver she was offering at a tag sale. Mrs. Scyphers' husband told the police that a man had rung the front doorbell, that he had directed him to the garage, and that a few minutes later his wife lay dead and the killer had fled. The Scyphers' daughter, Sandra, was a friend of Kimberlin's and a former employee of his health-food store. He was also friendly with Sandra's teen-age daughter, Debbie. The girl's father had disappeared shortly



"I'm not asking you to change your spots. I'm just asking you to take out the garbage."

• •

after her birth, Kimberlin says, and he had sympathetic, paternal feelings toward her.

The Indianapolis Police Department and the Indiana State Police entered the investigation, and they developed a more sinister view of Kimberlin's involvement with the Scyphers family. The theory that emerged went like this: Mrs. Scyphers suspected Kimberlin of being a drug dealer, as did the police themselves; her antagonism toward him was compounded by what she felt was an unhealthy interest in her granddaughter; he arranged her murder. However, Mrs. Scyphers' husband, who knew Kimberlin, never suggested that he had committed the crime.

When the police questioned Kimberlin and asked him to take a polygraph test, his lawyer proposed that he not do so. Kimberlin had a sound reason for accepting the advice. The day of the killing, Sandra was driving to Texas to visit her sister, towing a trailer that Kimberlin had asked her to deliver to an associate. Kimberlin told Sandra that the trailer contained furniture, though in fact the contents were drug-related. Whether Sandra actually knew what was in the trailer is immaterial. What Kimberlin knew was that if he took a polygraph test and was asked what Sandra was doing ferrying a trailer to Texas he would have to lie and would flunk the test. Though there was no evidence to indicate that Kimberlin was involved in the murder, his refusal to submit to a polygraph kept him under suspicion.

About a month after Julia Scyphers' murder, a series of even more terrifying crimes occurred—what became known as the Speedway bombings. Within a period of six days, eight homemade bombs equipped with one-hour timers exploded in various Speedway neighborhoods. The Indianapolis media reported these incidents with a mixture of understandable alarm and unabashed fervor. Headlines in the Indianapolis *Star* and *News* read "FEAR SPREADS IN SPEEDWAY," "CURFEW ORDERED IN SPEEDWAY," "DANGER STALKS STREETS, FEAR SPREADS THROUGHOUT TOWN." The seventh bomb destroyed a police car that an off-duty officer had parked in a lot of an apartment complex. A subheadline in the next morning's *Star*, quoting the Speedway police chief, said "Now We Know We've Got a Real Nut." A woman who was living in Speedway at the time told me, "The whole place was paranoid. If you saw a paper bag in the road, you'd veer into oncoming traffic to avoid running over the bag." Though seven bombs caused some property damage, no one was injured by any of them. The eighth bomb, however, which had been placed in a gym bag in a high-school parking lot, slightly injured two people and critically injured a thirty-nine-year-old Vietnam veteran named Carl DeLong: one of his eardrums burst, several fingers had to be surgically reattached, and his right leg had to be amputated above the knee.

While the Speedway bombs were going off, Kimberlin was preoccupied with a different illicit activity—arranging to have several tons of marijuana imported from Colombia to Beeville, in South Texas. His drug-smuggling skills were ingenious—cunning enough to keep him several steps ahead of the authorities. In a scenario that he employed more than once, his accomplices would disguise themselves as military officers and fly a Second World War cargo plane into a naval auxiliary airstrip near Corpus Christi. They would land late at night, just as a ground crew arrived in a couple of trucks. The ground-crew members would flash phony identification at the sleepy pair of genuine military sentries on duty and announce that they were there on top-secret Department of Defense business. Then the convoy would meet the plane and unload the pot. The plane would refuel and head back to South America, and the trucks would head north to Indiana.

At one point, it was necessary to come up with a fresh batch of counterfeit military I.D.s, and one of Kimberlin's partners in Texas asked him to have the job done out of state. A law-abiding printshop owner in Indianapolis, to whom some of the work was subcontracted, became suspicious when he saw that a customer was ordering documents bearing the seal of the President of the United States. The printer tipped off the Federal Bureau of Investigation. On

September 20, 1978, Kimberlin, wearing a military uniform with insignia on it, which he had bought at an Army-surplus store, arrived to pick up the order. The F.B.I. was waiting for him. Though he managed to destroy part of the evidence—he hurriedly swallowed some papers—he was caught. The charge was illegal possession of Defense Department insignia.

When F.B.I. agents asked Kimberlin his name, he gave them an alias. They asked him other questions, and he was equally evasive. After three hours of interrogation, his true identity was discovered, but not before he had tried to extricate himself from this jam. An F.B.I. report that was later obtained under the Freedom of Information Act describes how Kimberlin tried to "talk the agents out of formally charging him with any violations in exchange for information which he had concerning … drugs [and] an Ohio millionaire businessman, and a Congressman of the United States." Kimberlin says that those were two distinct potential bargaining chips. The millionaire businessman, in other words, had nothing to do with the congressman. Dan Quayle was then running for his second term in the House of Representatives. (Years later, the businessman was arrested on state drug charges, convicted, and sent to prison.) Because Kimberlin wasn't sure whether the F.B.I. would be willing to cut a deal, he did not mention either Quayle or the Ohio businessman by name. And, in fact, the agents were not buying what Kimberlin said he had to offer. Instead, he was charged with a misdemeanor and released on bond.

It had been, on balance, a bad day for Kimberlin, but his troubles were only beginning. That evening, the Indianapolis *News*, which was receiving its information from the loose-tongued Speedway police chief, published a story under the headline "BOMBING SUSPECT LINKED TO MURDER." The next day brought more undesirable press coverage: "DRUGS LINKED TO BOMBINGS," "Proof Insufficient for Arrest—Leak of Suspect Connecting Murder, Bombings Irks Probers." The leaks more than irked the staff of the local United States Attorney, Virginia Dill McCarty; they were enraged. She pressured the state prosecutors to let her office control the case. The military-insignia violation was a peccadillo compared to the tidy package in which McCarty's office hoped to wrap up Kimberlin: high-dollar drug smuggling, the Scyphers murder, and the Speedway bombings. The conjecture was that the bombings had been orchestrated to distract the Speedway police from their investigation of the murder.

Kimberlin got what seemed like a break a week later when McCarty, without explanation, dropped the insignia charge. That same week, the *Star* reported that half a ton of marijuana had been discovered on Kimberlin's property in Jackson County. One detail not included in the *Star's* story was that the Drug Enforcement Administration officers and Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms agents and sheriff's deputies who conducted the search had acted without a warrant. Presumably, the newspaper was also unaware that the search-party members had attached a marijuana joint to the door of Kimberlin's home, along with a note. According to court documents, the note, which contained no apologies for lapses of punctuation or gentility, said, "Smoke this, however, please leave a little paper to wipe your fucking ass, Brett you prick!"

Considering all the heat that Kimberlin should have been feeling at that point, his willingness to persevere with a drug deal in South Texas that he hoped to consummate a few months down the road seemed to indicate, at best, an entrepreneurial avidity that superseded good judgment. One could also say that it indicated self-destructive hubris. In hindsight, Kimberlin willingly concedes either interpretation. He adds, however, that he felt no real apprehensiveness about being regarded as a suspect in either the bombings or the Scyphers murder, because he had had nothing to do with them. Nor did he then have a clue as to who was actually responsible.

DESPITE Kimberlin's resourcefulness and his meticulous planning for the Texas drug deal, the adventure went almost farcically awry. Because the military-airstrip ploy was no longer feasible, a different landing site had been chosen. Then, because the weather was poor—a cold front moved in, and mist began to fall—the pilots could not find the airstrip. They circled and circled, attracting the interest of air-traffic controllers and customs agents and deputy sheriffs in several South Texas counties. With fuel running low, the pilots decided to heave the marijuana and put down, minus any incriminating cargo, at a small-town municipal airport. Fifty-pound bales of marijuana rained from the sky. One landed at the main intersection in the town of Alice. Another crashed through a barn roof and killed a goat. "POT BOMBS FALL ON AREA FARMS" was the headline in the Corpus Christi *Caller-Times*. Normally, Kimberlin would not have been on the ground waiting for the plane, but the partner who usually handled that aspect had been indicted for tax evasion and was therefore unavailable. When the plane was several hours overdue, the ground crew scattered, but by then there were police all over the place. A couple of the conspirators managed to elude the authorities. Kimberlin did not.

The United States Attorney's office in Indianapolis was, of course, delighted to learn of Kimberlin's arrest, which took place on February 16, 1979. Twelve days later, a federal grand jury indicted him on thirty-four counts: six of the eight bombings; unlawful possession of explosives, military insignia, and the Presidential seal; impersonating a federal officer; and the injury to DeLong. After six months, Kimberlin made bond in Texas, and was then taken to Indianapolis for arraignment. Meanwhile, William Bowman, a confederate in the Texas drug deal, was charged with the Scyphers murder. "Huh? I've never heard of these people before," Bowman said as the judge read the charge. Bowman had a credible alibi, but he never got to test it in court, because Julia Scyphers' husband, who would have

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FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW YORKER

Lines to be hummed from a supine position to the hummer's osteopathic physician

For him who botches
That delicate neck trick,
There waits, my friend,
The *fauteuil* electric.
—OGDEN NASH

been the chief prosecution witness, died of cancer. Bowman reverted to being a mere alleged drug runner. The Scyphers murder has never been solved.

After holding Kimberlin for two months, the prosecutors in Indianapolis astutely decided not to put him on trial until he had been convicted in Texas. They sent him back to Corpus Christi. There Kimberlin was confined in what he describes as a "dungeon." The jail cell was bitterly cold, the toilet was broken, he had no hot water and no soap. The food that was shoved under his door three times a day he regarded as inedible. Though he was deprived of human contact, he did have the company of "water bugs the size of mice" and rats that seemed to have crawled out of a nightmare. A previous occupant had hanged himself, and the electrical cord he had used as a noose was still attached to a vent high on the wall. The ambience, Kimberlin says, "was straight out of the Third World." Profoundly dispirited, he copped what he later realized was a dumb plea. According to Kimberlin, no one else who had been apprehended in the drug bust drew a sentence longer than six months. Kimberlin, who had the bombing and related indictments hanging over his head, got four years. In September of 1980, more than two years and hundreds of headlines after the bombings, Kimberlin went on trial in Indianapolis.

In November of 1980, the same week that Kimberlin was sentenced to twelve years for impersonating a federal officer, illegally using Defense Department insignia, and improperly using the seal of the President of the United States, Dan Quayle was elected to the United States Senate.

The United States government went to a lot of trouble and spent hundreds of thousands of dollars before it ultimately got what it wanted—Kimberlin's conviction as the Speedway bomber. The story of the Speedway-bombings case could make a thick book, and just as soon as Kimberlin clears a few other items from his agenda he intends to write it, as part of a much broader chronicle. Kimberlin went through three trials, the first of which ended with the jury hung nine to three in favor of acquittal on the most serious counts. He feels that the government built a circumstantial case against him—a case that without its accretion of confected evidence could never have held together. He continues to rail against the newspaper reporters who he says libelled him, generating publicity that he is convinced made it impossible for him to receive a fair trial in Indianapolis, no matter what the evidence.

One woman later told of finding in the apartment of Kimberlin's younger brother, Scott, explosives of the same brand that was used in the bombings. The government itself had proved that the explosives were left over from the time tree stumps and bedrock had been blown up on Kimberlin's property in Jackson County. Kimberlin's supposition is that Scott was, most likely, a member of a trio of Speedway *bombers*. Years after the bombings, a law clerk elicited a statement from a friend of Scott's—a man who is imprisoned in Indiana, a man who is fearful of being denied parole, a man who offhandedly asked the law clerk about the statute of limitations on the injuries incurred by DeLong, the Speedway-bomber victim. In a sworn and signed affidavit, an attorney attested to the imprisoned man's statement and affirmed that man's firsthand familiarity with "everything" about the bombings and his "personal knowledge that Brett was not the bomber." Scott suffered from what seemed to be psychosis—paranoid fits, perhaps induced by drug abuse, in which voices inside his head sent him harrowing messages. Brett's brother was never able to exculpate him, because, between the first trial and the second, Scott Kimberlin was robbed and murdered by hitchhikers.

After the verdict, Brett Kimberlin was sued by DeLong and his wife, an action in which they sought millions in damages for their joint pain and suffering. Four and a half years after the bombings, DeLong committed suicide, by inhaling carbon monoxide. DeLong's widow has kept the lawsuit alive, blaming Kimberlin for her husband's death, even though two days before he died she had filed for divorce. Nile Stanton, the lead defense attorney in the third trial, has signed an affidavit recounting how Michael T. Dugan, the judge in the DeLong suit, a non-jury proceeding, solicited a bribe to settle the case in Kimberlin's favor. (In an unrelated proceeding, Dugan was later convicted of twenty-five counts of extortion, mail

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YO! NICE BUTT!
I THINK I'M IN LOVE!
LOOKING FOR ME, SWEETIE?
CHENEY

HAPPY BIRTHDAY
KOREN

"Food as metaphor for love? Again?"

fraud, tax fraud, and racketeering, and now resides in a minimum-security federal prison camp in California.)

In a statement made to Federal District Judge William Steckler at his sentencing hearing on December 30, 1981, Kimberlin said, "I am innocent, and if I am sentenced to one day or one hundred years to me it's a travesty and a tragedy and an injustice, and for that reason I would ask that I don't have an executed sentence. And furthermore, I have decided and am prepared to take this on appellant levels and do everything possible to vindicate myself, whether through the district court, appellate court, Supreme Court. If I have to go to the United Nations, I plan on doing that, and I plan on going to the World Court. I plan on filing lawsuits against every person that I know that lied against me and any agencies that were involved with corruption and use of perjured testimony, and I plan to ask the United States' Attorney for the Southern District of Indiana and the Justice Department in Washington to conduct a full grand-jury investigation of any use of perjured testimony and government misconduct in this case. . . . I am innocent, and today, if I am sentenced, or when I am sentenced, it's a very sad day for America."

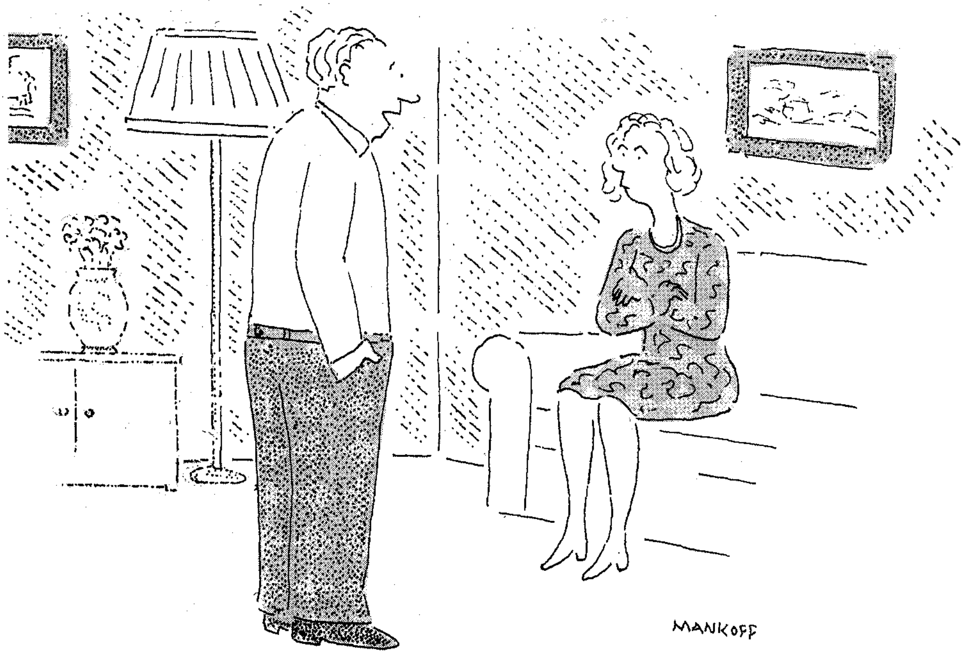
In what the judge might have regarded as an act of mercy, he threw together all of Kimberlin's convictions and handed him a fifty-year prison term. The prosecutors had, as Kimberlin noted, hoped for a hundred.

A RESPECTED Indianapolis trial lawyer named Kevin McShane, who is an admirer of many of Kimberlin's personal qualities, and especially his intellect, recently explained to me how Kimberlin has retained his sanity while in prison. "Brett's always managed to keep his head on the outside," he said. Kimberlin's relentless endeavors as a jailhouse lawyer, McShane feels certain, have been the key to his self-therapy.

In a letter about Kimberlin, an experienced Chicago member of the bar wrote, "I think one would be hard put to find any but a handful of attorneys who have as good a grasp of federal criminal law and constitutional law as it applies to the criminal process."

Except for the part about the United Nations and the World Court, Kimberlin was not bluffing when he told Judge Steckler his plans. During the past eleven years, he has filed more than a hundred lawsuits and motions in the federal courts in his own behalf, and nearly as many for other inmates—all part of the on-the-job training that has turned him into such a splendid advocate. Responding to one of Kimberlin's federal petitions, the Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals, in Chicago, wrote in 1990 that "Mr. Kimberlin is no stranger to appellate proceedings." He has been, all would agree, a persistent and prodigious litigant. The most comprehensive appeal that Kimberlin filed after his conviction was at first rejected by the Seventh Circuit on the ground of excessive length. The original brief had been delivered to the court in early February of 1984. For the next four months, Kimberlin and the lawyer who was representing him in the appeal, a solo practitioner named Donald Morano, worked collaboratively to winnow it to acceptable dimensions. They cut it from two hundred and seventy-three pages to a hundred and forty-seven—a feat that they succeeded in pulling off with some deletions but mainly by using a smaller typeface and narrower typewriter margins. They had a lot of issues they wanted the court to consider.

They wrote of a dissenting alternate juror who, after the verdict, complained that another juror had "repeatedly slept" during the trial. They brought up the matter of an incident worthy of "12 Angry Men," in which a certain juror declared, in the presence of all the others, "They ought to hang him now, so that we can go home." They recounted extensive alibi testimony that had been put forth in Kimberlin's behalf. They explicated two crucial instances in which they felt that the government had manufactured and planted highly incriminating evidence. They argued vigorously that an eleventh-hour government witness named Lynn Coleman—a man with psychological troubles and no steady employment—had committed perjury. Coleman testified that he had seen Kimberlin plant one of the bombs in a shopping-center parking lot moments before the bomb went off, and that the parking lot was otherwise unoccupied. In rebuttal, the defense produced its



"Believe me, Janet, I consider you an important part of our marriage."

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own surprise witness, the proprietor of a store in the shopping center, who testified that Coleman was lying, because *he* was in the shopping center at the time and so were many other people.

Not long ago, I asked the store owner why he thought the jury had ignored his sworn statement. "I never understood the jury," he said. "I knew Coleman was lying. My personal observation is this testimony was fabricated to accommodate the prosecutor's need to rid the street of Brett Kimberlin. I think they"—the government—"forced this guy off the street. They had some other things on him that they couldn't nail him on, so they did this."

Lynn Coleman eventually collected reward money. This blandishment, however, proved insufficient to prevent him from subsequently filing for bankruptcy.

In preparation for the trial, the prosecution had taken a controversial step: it had arranged for six key witnesses to be hypnotized.

In 1985, the Council on Scientific Affairs of the American Medical Association, responding to a mandate to "study the subject of refreshing recollection by the use of hypnosis of witnesses and victims of crime, and prepare a report on the present scientific status of this matter," published its findings. The panel stated its opinion that "it is essential that hypnosis be conducted by a psychiatrist or a psychologist who is competent to help the witness or victim deal with overwhelming affect." It echoed the guidelines from a 1981 New Jersey case called State v. Hurd, in which the court additionally stipulated that for posthypnotic testimony to be taken seriously the hypnotist must work independently of either side in a case; information given to a hypnotist before the hypnosis must be recorded; the witness must present the hypnotist with the facts as he remembers them before hypnosis; contact between the hypnotist and the witness must be videotaped; and only the hypnotist and the witness can be present when there is contact between the two. In Kimberlin's case, however, the hypnotists were not independent qualified psychiatrists or psychologists; they were state and local police officers who were involved in the bombings investigation and had received their training at weekend seminars. They were not alone in the room with the witnesses; agents of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms were also present. In five of the six instances of hypnosis, none of the information given to the hypnotists before the sessions was recorded, nor were any of the sessions recorded on videotape.

Noting the suggestibility of hypnosis subjects, the A.M.A. report said that an individual placed under hypnosis "is invited to suspend critical judgment and to accept rather than to question the suggestions given." In another noteworthy passage, the panel concluded, "Not only is there a question about the accuracy of a subject's recollection during hypnosis, but there is also the problem that hypnosis leads to an increased vulnerability to subtle cues and implicit suggestions that may distort recollections in specific ways, depending upon what is communicated to the subject. Both the expectations of the hypnotist and the prior beliefs of the subject may determine the content of confabulations or pseudomemories during hypnosis. The manner in which a question is framed can influence the response and even produce a response when there is actually no memory. To the extent that a suspicion may be transformed into a vivid pseudomemory in hypnosis, there may be serious consequences to the legal process when testimony is based on material that is elicited from a witness who has been hypnotized for the purposes of refreshing recollection about the incident in question."

There are many courts, federal and state—including the Indiana state court—that prohibit nearly all use of posthypnotic testimony in criminal trials.

Perhaps because the three Seventh Circuit judges who ruled on Kimberlin's appeal took the issues that it had raised so seriously, or perhaps because they were extremely busy with other cases or were simply dilatory, Kimberlin had to wait twenty-three months for the court's reply. It turned out to be a reply not worth waiting for. In October of 1986, Kimberlin's appeal for a new trial was denied.

IN January of 1987, Kimberlin got in touch with Erwin Griswold and asked him to carry his appeal pro bono to the Supreme Court. Griswold, whom Nixon removed as Solicitor General in 1973 because of continuing conflicts of opinion with the Administration, was then, as he is now, in private practice in Washington.

"Brett just picked up the phone and called me," Griswold said recently. "I get a good many calls from prisoners, and usually I say, 'No, I can't do anything to help you,' and then I try to suggest other sources of help, such as law-school-clinic people. When he called, I hemmed and hawed. I hate like the devil to tell these poor fellows, 'No, I can't do it.' In this particular case, he was persistent, and he mentioned hypnosis of witnesses, and that struck me as a very dubious practice. Federal regulations prohibit doing it unless it has been authorized in advance by Washington. In this instance, the U.S. Attorney turned the hypnosis over to the state police, and then the state police gave the testimony to the U.S. Attorney's office. And I thought that was an outrage."

Griswold agreed to file a petition for a writ of certiorari—that is, a request to the Supreme Court to review the Seventh Circuit opinion. Each year, the brilliant, freshly minted law-school graduates who clerk for the justices of the Supreme Court review approximately seven thousand valid certiorari petitions, and the most salient of them—perhaps a hundred—are granted. During the Court term in which Griswold filed Kimberlin's petition, the justices had already agreed to hear a hypnosis-related appeal, a case called Rock v. Arkansas. The fundamental issue in the Rock appeal, however, was diametrically opposed to Kimberlin's. Vicki Lorene Rock was a woman who had been convicted of manslaughter in the shooting death of her husband, and her own attorney had had her hypnotized to prove her innocence. Also, Rock's original trial had taken place in a state court, and Kimberlin, of course, had been convicted in federal court. Nevertheless, Kimberlin's petition was denied.

UNTIL the 1988 Presidential-election campaign got under way, it had been several years since Kimberlin uttered Dan Quayle's name to anyone but prison inmates. One other person with whom he had discussed Quayle was Nile Stanton, his defense attorney. Stanton, at the apex of his career, in the late seventies, was widely celebrated as the most effective and colorful trial lawyer in Indiana—before, that is, he was disbarred by the Indiana Supreme Court after several clients complained that he had accepted retainers and then failed to perform. At Kimberlin's request, he wrote and signed an affidavit in which he recounted a casual conversation with Kimberlin in 1980, when Quayle was campaigning for the Senate.

The affidavit that Stanton gave, "under penalty of perjury," states, in part, "Brett Kimberlin personally told me that he used to supply Quayle with small amounts of hashish and marihuana while Quayle was in law school. . . . When Brett Kimberlin told me this, I did not doubt for a moment that it was true. I had not known Brett to 'puff' or exaggerate to me and know of no way which his telling me this at the time could benefit him. . . . I have smoked marihuana with several judges, defense lawyers, prosecutors, accountants, doctors, businessmen, and even policemen ... many times. I do not feel that this made any of them less able to perform their proper duties. If it is true that Dan Quayle smoked marihuana while in law school, I do not feel that this makes him any less able or trustworthy in any way."

One other person with whom Kimberlin had discussed selling drugs to Quayle was his sister. After Quayle was nominated for the Vice-Presidency, his sister began reflecting on their conversation twelve years earlier. With Brett languishing in prison, she felt compelled to confide to a friend what she knew. The friend spent a few days wondering what to do, and finally decided to call Nina Totenberg, the reporter for National Public Radio, who in 1987 had broken the marijuana-related story that undid the nomination of Douglas Ginsburg to the Supreme Court.

It did not take much arm-twisting to interest Totenberg in the Quayle story. Kimberlin himself, however, had serious misgivings about talking with her. It was now mid-October of 1988, three weeks before the Presidential election. In July of that year, for the first time since entering prison, Kimberlin had become eligible for parole consideration under the guidelines set by the United States Parole Commission, whose members are Presidentially appointed. The decision on his application was pending. "I was in prison, I was up for parole, you never know what can happen to you," he has said. His sister's friend persisted, assuring him that Totenberg had vowed to protect him, and finally Kimberlin agreed to call Totenberg. With his consent, Totenberg taped her interview with him.

This is Kimberlin's condensed recollection of his earliest conversations with Totenberg: "I said, 'I'll talk, and if you can corroborate this, then go with the story.' She asked me, 'Whom would I talk to to corroborate?' I said, 'Talk to people who were in the National Guard with him, because I was selling to him when he was in the Guard. Talk to other people who were in law school with him, and people right after he got out of law school, as well as old girlfriends of his. Stay away from DePauw, because that was before my time—you'd be wasting your time.' She asked whether I would sign an affidavit, and said she would send a lawyer to see me. And I said, 'As long as you can keep this to yourself and

"Raising free-range chickens is the easy part. The hard part is the drive to Abilene."

confront Danny with it, I'll coöperate.' So a lawyer sent by Totenberg came to see me. I gave the lawyer two affidavits. One I wrote by hand and the other was a typed copy. I never thought smoking pot should disqualify someone from holding office, but I realized that it was something the American people should know, given the Reagan-Bush rhetoric about how drug dealers should be skinned alive, shot, and hanged from the nearest tree. I just felt that it was something people should factor in when they were deciding how to vote. So after Nina had these affidavits she sent a copy to the Bush-Quayle campaign."

Mark Goodin, the deputy press secretary of the Bush-Quayle campaign, has testified in a sworn deposition that he immediately alerted James Baker, who was then the chairman of the campaign and is now, as White House chief of staff, running its successor: "I went to Baker's office and I said, 'There's an issue that has come up that I think requires your attention.' He said, 'I'm in a big hurry. Is it something important?' And I said, 'It's something you need to take at least five minutes to take a look at. I have a sworn affidavit from a gentleman who claims he sold drugs to Dan Quayle.' He said, 'When was this?' I said, 'Apparently in law school or undergraduate school. I can't remember which.' He said, 'What does the affidavit say?' I gave him a capsulized version of it. I think I may have placed it on the desk and he may have looked at it spuriously and shoved it back and said, 'What do we know about this guy?' I said, 'Nothing.' He said, 'Let's find out.' "

Goodin also discussed the affidavits with Stuart Spencer, Quayle's campaign manager, and with Lee Atwater, the Bush-Quayle campaign manager.

If reporters asked, Quayle's office denied that he had ever met Brett Kimberlin.

GRACKLE

It's hard not to like the wise-
guy grin, the almost sarcastic chatter
of the boat-tailed grackle by the Everglades
Café. He has an acrid cackle,
a cacophony of slick and Klaxon cries,
with tinsel whispers like a breathy flute.
His repertoire seems meant to flatter
us by mimicry and so exonerate
our grosser faults, our greeds,
our clumsy cunnings, our minute
duplicities.
Watch how he hops elastically
from roof beam down to a potato chip
and shrills and wheedles while his hard claws grip
whittled bench rims and the slats of rails.
He strides like a chimney sweep,
char-colored, and yet, see:
his cinder eyes are absolute;
cunning of hunger makes his feathers bright
in smoky lapis, iris-indigo.

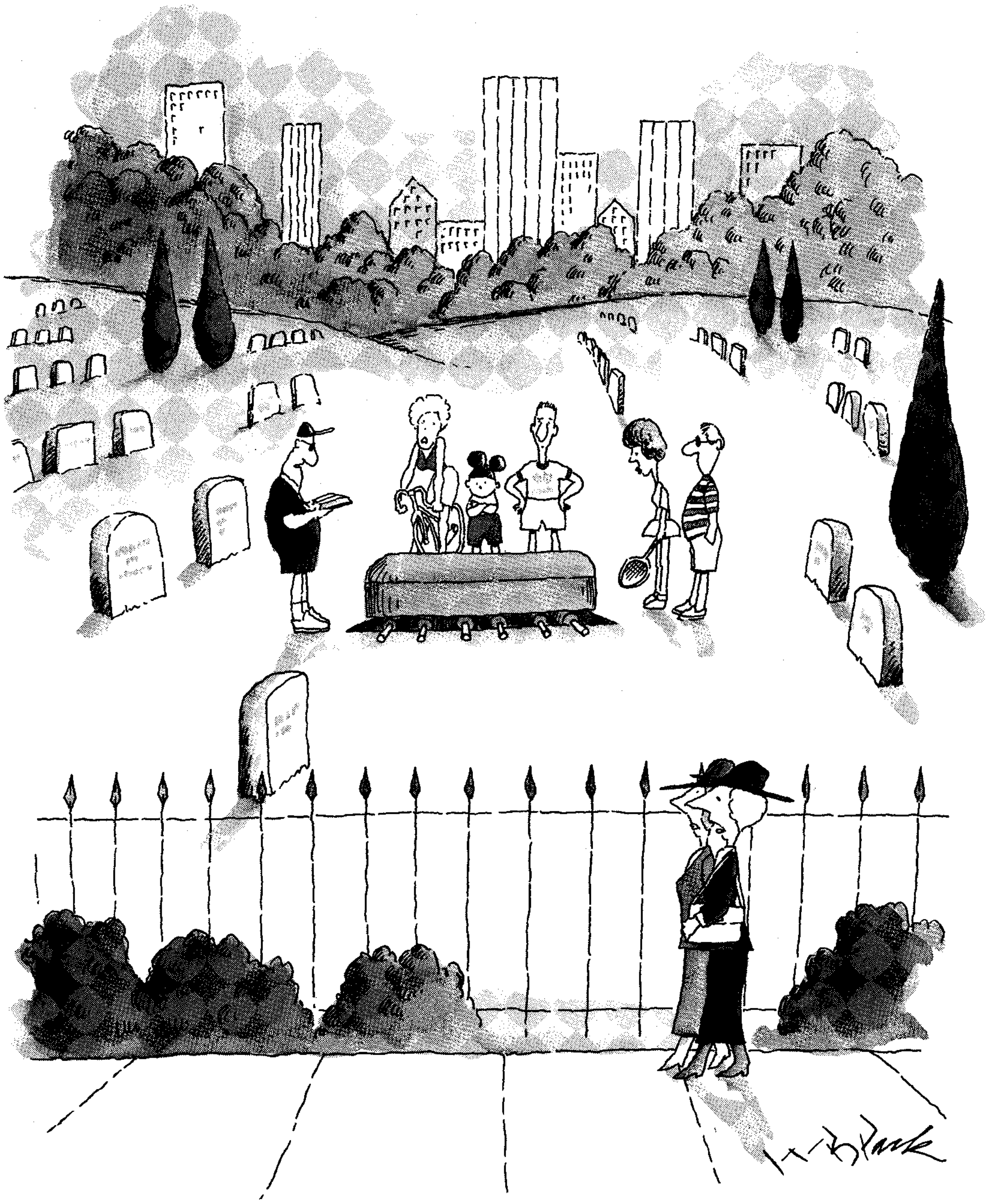
—Eric Ormsby

THE March 16, 1977, edition of the Fort Wayne, Indiana, *Sentinel* published a story with the headline "QUAYLE IN SUPPORT OF TAKING A LOOK AT LEGALIZED POT." Quayle was then a first-term representative. He suggested in an interview that the resources devoted to prosecuting marijuana-users could be more fruitfully employed "prosecuting the rapists and burglars who are a menace to society," the story said. The reporter who wrote the story, Mark Helmke, went on to become press secretary to Senator Richard Lugar, a Republican from Indiana.

As Totenberg set about seeking corroboration, the fact that she was pursuing a story on a convict who claimed to have sold drugs to Quayle leaked out.

Kimberlin: "After Nina called the Quayle campaign, some staffer from N.P.R. called the Washington *Post* and leaked that I had given this affidavit. The next thing I know, this guy from the *Post* is calling my mother at home and he's screaming at her, 'Goddammit, I want to talk to Brett!' He was very aggressive, hollering about Pulitzers. My mom had no idea what was going on, and all of a sudden this guy is screaming about the Pulitzer Prize. So I blew up, I got so pissed off at Nina. The story travels from the Washington *Post* to the National Press Building. Now I realize everybody is going to find out about this thing. So I called Nina at home and screamed at her. She was floored. I said, 'Nina, I have not told a *single soul* about this.' The next morning, the N.P.R. staff got read the riot act."

At least one other journalist in Washington, a peripatetic and highly enterprising syndicated columnist named Cody Shearer, had already become curious about the subject of Quayle and drugs. (Shearer's brother, Derek, is on the faculty of Occidental College and is on leave as an adviser to the Clinton-Gore campaign. His sister, Brooke Shearer Talbott, is married to Strobe Talbott, of *Time*, and is a friend of Hillary Clinton.) Several weeks earlier, Shearer had received a call from someone in Vermont who identified himself as "the Owl" and said he had been a member of a cocaine ring in Indiana in the early eighties. It was the Owl's



"I hate how informal everything has become."

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understanding that one of the ring's customers was Quayle. Not long after that, Shearer learned from an unimpeachable source within the Drug Enforcement Administration that at least as far back as 1982 it had begun compiling a file on Quayle. Then he called Tom Brokaw, the anchor of "NBC Nightly News," who was a friend of his, and Brokaw responded by introducing him to a producer named Ira Silverman and to the on-camera reporter with whom Silverman worked, Brian Ross.

When Kimberlin's name surfaced, Shearer also got in touch with Totenberg and suggested that they might be able to help each other. Totenberg, no doubt eager to protect her franchise, denied that she was working on any such story. So Shearer, now in collaboration with NBC, began having regular conversations directly with Kimberlin.

On Thursday, November 3, 1988, NBC requested permission from the Federal Correctional Institution at El Reno, Oklahoma, where Kimberlin was then incarcerated, to interview Kimberlin. Prison officials responded that such an interview could not be accommodated until after Election Day, which was November 8th. This was not NBC's first attempt to interview Kimberlin, and an NBC staff member offered a straightforward rejoinder: If the network was deprived of an interview, it would broadcast Kimberlin's allegations.

The Bureau of Prisons falls within the purview of the Justice Department. The bureau's current director, J. Michael Quinlan, who was appointed to his job by Attorney General Edwin Meese in April of 1987, is a career corrections official. Quinlan wrote to an Associate Attorney General that "Kimberlin's fundamental lack of credibility" was a major factor in the decision to allow the NBC interview to proceed. In other words, Quinlan calculated that no news organization would publish Kimberlin's statements. This decision was conveyed to the office of Loye W. Miller, Jr., the Justice Department's director of public affairs.

On the morning of November 4th, an NBC camera crew arrived at the El Reno prison. The crew taped a forty-five-minute interview, in which Kimberlin described his relationship with Quayle. Of the interview Tom Brokaw has said, "Ira Silverman and Brian Ross are very aggressive investigative reporters, and normally what we have to do is lower their temperature on a story. But in this case they didn't feel they had enough to go with it. We had a general discussion within 'Nightly News,' and elected to go with their judgment." That evening's edition of the El Reno *Daily Tribune* reported that NBC had visited with Kimberlin. The newspaper also reported, "A Quayle campaign worker in Washington D.C. this morning called Kimberlin 'a little Charlie Manson,' and said he did not want his name used in any story about Kimberlin because he is afraid for his family."

Before and after the NBC interview,

Kimberlin spent the day on the telephone, exercising his habit of keeping his head on the outside. One of the calls he made was to Susan Estrich, the manager of the Michael Dukakis campaign. Estrich wasn't in, however, so he left a message with her secretary. He had a conversation with Cody Shearer.

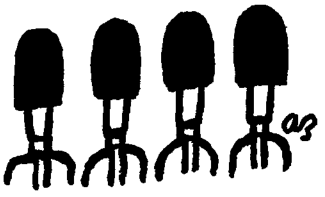
Meanwhile, the office of the prison's acting warden had begun receiving dozens of calls from reporters eager to interview Kimberlin. After deciding that, for efficiency's sake, the most sensible approach would be to hold a press conference, the acting warden instructed his assistant to ask Kimberlin if he felt comfortable with the idea. Kimberlin said that that sounded fine. The press conference was scheduled for seven o'clock that evening.

In his conversation with Shearer, Kimberlin discussed four basic issues that he would raise at the press conference. These were:

(1) Kimberlin's dealings with Quayle.

(2) The existence of the D.E.A. file on Quayle.

(3) Details of an extensive D.E.A. investigation of drug use on Capitol Hill in the early eighties—an investigation that seemed to implicate dozens of Democratic and Republican congressmen and senators, including Quayle. (According to Shearer, this investigation had been abruptly halted after Dean Burch—a lawyer and a former chairman of the Federal Communications Commission and the Republican National Committee—paid a visit to William French Smith, the Attorney General. Burch had arranged this meeting at the request of Senator Barry Goldwater, whose congressman son was under investigation by a grand jury connected with the D.E.A. probe.)



(4) Details of correspondence that Quayle's office sent to the Bureau of Prisons on behalf of an Indianapolis man convicted on cocaine charges, a fellow DePauw alumnus who had written to Quayle in 1983 requesting transfer from a medium-security federal prison in Minnesota (an institution that Kimberlin has referred to as "the asshole of the system, terrible conditions") to a minimum-security prison (which then was "a nice coed camp") in Kentucky. From a friendly employee of the Bureau of Prisons, Kimberlin had received a purloined document showing that the convicted man, after being transferred to Kentucky, had been granted a series of furloughs and was soon thereafter sent to a halfway house in Indianapolis and then released altogether.

Totenberg was not the only party taping Kimberlin's monologues. In fact, at this point, all his calls were being wiretapped by the Bureau of Prisons. Court documents containing transcripts of Kimberlin's wiretapped conversations show that at a little before four o'clock Shearer asked Kimberlin what he would say at the press conference. Kimberlin mentioned the Capitol Hill D.E.A. investigation and the man convicted on cocaine charges.

Shearer: "You can probably say the D.E.A. investigation as well, right?"

Kimberlin: "Huh?"

Shearer: "You can talk about the D.E.A. investigation."

Kimberlin: "On Capitol Hill?"

Shearer: "Yeah."…

Shearer: "[You can also talk about] the '82 coke scandal and the Capitol Hill coke scandal and the D.E.A. file in Washington on Quayle."

Kimberlin: "All right."

Shearer: "I mean, everybody's trying to find out all these answers."

Kimberlin: "I'll put it all out tonight."

BEFORE George Bush selected a running mate, Robert Kimmett, who is now the Ambassador to Germany, was assigned to do background checks on various prospective Vice-Presidential nominees. According to Shearer, though Kimmett consulted with the F.B.I., he failed to do an agency-by-agency check. He did not consult with the D.E.A. The D.E.A. does not routinely share information with the F.B.I.—only when asked.

Throughout the 1988 campaign, Bush and Quayle stated that as Vice-President Quayle would be placed in charge of the government's "war on drugs." This notion was later abandoned.

Today, journalists who call the Vice-President's press office and ask whether he has ever indulged in illicit drugs are given this information: The Vice-President has himself never used drugs. He has never been at a party where drugs were being used. Nor does he have friends who have ever used drugs.

UPON learning of the press conference, Mark Goodin, the Bush-Quayle deputy press secretary, got in touch with Loye Miller, at the Justice Department, to complain.

Goodin has testified that he told Miller, "This Kimberlin fellow apparently is going to have a press conference. I'm amazed."

"Well, amazed or not, he's going to have one. It's within his rights to have one, according to the rules and regulations," Miller said.

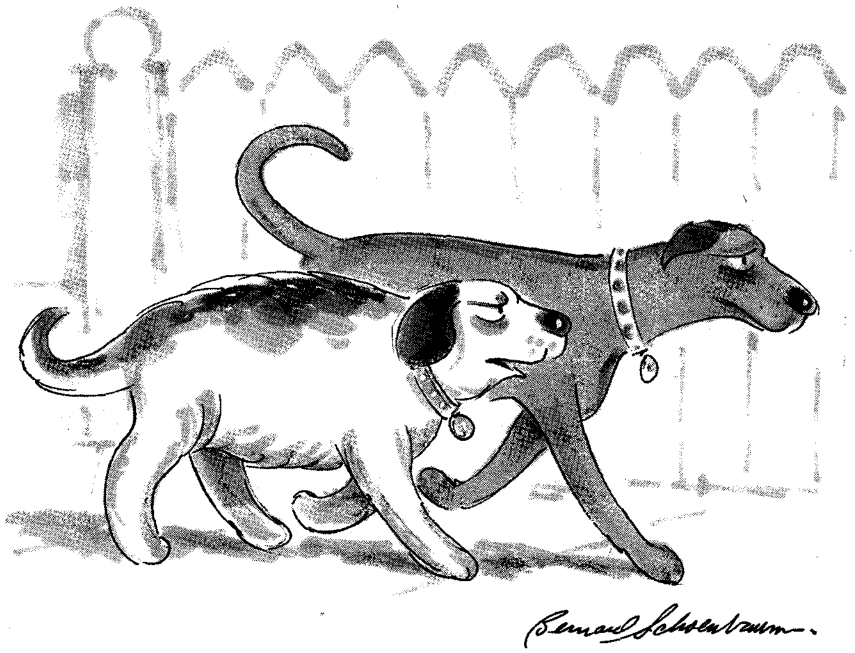
"I am bowled over," Goodin replied.

Miller called the Bureau of Prisons headquarters, in Washington, and alerted its staff of the press conference. The bureau also received a call directly from the Bush-Quayle campaign.

Someone else who evidently felt alarmed by the turn of events was Totenberg. Miller has stated that the first he heard of a press conference was in a call from her. Because she had not yet been able to develop solid and credible corroborating evidence of Kimberlin's allegations, she had refrained from reporting them. And now, it seemed, the government had set in motion a process that would deprive her of an exclusive story.

Reporters who arrived at the prison that evening hoping to meet Kimberlin were disappointed. Instead of receiving answers to whatever questions they may have had, they received copies of a press release from the office of the acting warden. It said, "Unforseen [sic] developments have come up since arrangements for the inteview [sic] were set up this afternoon. There will be no interview tonight. We will take any requests for a personal interview tonight and arrange the interview at a later time."

Kimberlin called Totenberg to notify her of the cancellation of the press conference—information that she had already received from Miller and to which, one can assume, she did not react with unalloyed dismay. The decision to cancel the press conference had been made by J. Michael Quinlan, who also issued an edict to place Kimberlin in "administrative detention"—that is, to have him locked away in a four-by-six cell commonly known as "the hole." There are now seventy-one thousand inmates in the federal prison system. This was the first time in history that the director of the Bureau of Prisons had personally ordered that an inmate be put in the hole.



"Let's face it—man's best friend is money."

KIMBERLIN'S travelogue of his journey to the hole:

"It was around eleven o'clock that night. I was in my cell, on the second floor. I heard this loud noise, then all of a sudden my door swings open and there were half a dozen prison guards screaming at me. They grabbed me and pulled me out the door, threw me against the wall. They said, 'Put your hands against the wall.' They had me spread-eagled. I'm saying, 'What's going on here?' They say, 'It's none of your business.' They searched me. At one point, I turned around, and they screamed at me to look at the wall. They said, 'Put your hands behind your back.' They handcuffed me behind my back, and I said, 'Where am I going?' They said the hole. I asked what for. They said, 'You *know* what for!' The next thing I know, they're hauling me down the stairs without a coat. It was cold out that night. The hole is way across the compound, a quarter mile. Instead of just letting me walk, they wheelbarrowed me—lifted the handcuffs up in the back so it pulled on my shoulder sockets, so I had to walk bent over. I had to walk like that the whole way. They were telling me to shut up. When I got to the hole, they strip-searched me. I was shaking like a leaf. Both in fear and cold."

Kimberlin's detention did not amount to solitary confinement. Another inmate shared the hole with him—a man in his seventies with a serious coronary complaint. The hole was large enough for a bunk bed and a toilet-sink unit—"but not large enough to practice my golf swing."

IN the event that anything untoward might happen to him, Kimberlin had taken the precaution of giving other inmates the phone numbers of Shearer, Totenberg, and his mother, and all three received calls within the next several hours relaying the news of his detention.

From a letter by Quinlan explaining the official reason for Kimberlin's detention: "During the evening hours of November 4, based upon a report from the media that Mr. Kimberlin had expressed concerns for his personal safety, he was placed in administrative detention pending an investigation relative to his possible need for protection."

From a sworn declaration by Kimberlin: "While in the detention unit I was informed that I was in detention because I had purportedly expressed fears that other inmates would harm me. I explained that I neither perceived, nor had I expressed, such fears."

From a court document: "Despite ... claims that Kimberlin was segregated for his protection, a written order governing the terms of his detention provided that he was not allowed to make telephone calls. This order was in violation of regulations promulgated by the Bureau of Prisons."

From a sworn declaration by Totenberg: "I had a series of conversations with the Justice Department, particularly Loye Miller and the Bureau of Prisons spokesman, James Jones. In one conversation with Miller, it became clear to me that the Department was using me as the excuse for isolation—that I was supposed to be the person who quoted Kimberlin as saying his life was in danger. I immediately told Loye Miller that was untrue and that I had never said any such thing. This conversation was on November 5. It was a fairly acrimonious conversation and I demanded that Kimberlin be permitted to call me so that I could make sure he was alright. He was taken to a phone and did call me and he was alright. I don't know how many conversations I had that day with Loye Miller and with the Bureau of Prisons spokesman, but they both seemed quite hysterical."

Totenberg's recent recollection of one of her November 5th conversations with Miller: "What I said was 'You're making this very difficult. You're acting guilty. If you put him in solitary, you increase the pressure on me to do something. You're putting a source incommunicado because he talked to me.' "

From a memorandum by Miller: "Also Saturday, Goodin called from the Quayle campaign to ask what was happening with Kimberlin. He said that Totenberg had told them that the Justice Department's alleged persecution of Kimberlin was likely to cause National Public Radio to air a story, which would of course highlight Kimberlin's claim that Quayle had purchased drugs. He said they were poised to have Quayle vigorously deny the allegations if they did become public. He said that for the entire previous weekend, Nina had kept the Quayle camp on tenterhooks while she debated whether to air the story following her telephone interviews with Kimberlin."

Late Saturday afternoon, no doubt as a result of Totenberg's threats, Kimberlin was released from the hole. Once again free to use the telephone, he agreed to participate in a telephone press conference with a group of reporters who would gather Monday morning at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington. Meanwhile, reporters who got in touch with the Quayle campaign were usually referred to Jeff Nesbit, Quayle's Senate press secretary. Typically, Nesbit would ask a reporter, "What's your fax number?" Then he would arrange to transmit Indianapolis *Star* and *News* articles about Kimberlin. The articles described Kimberlin's drug conviction, the bombings trial and verdict, the Scyphers murder, and the DeLong suicide. Nesbit also gave reporters the phone number of Bernard (Buddy) Pylitt, a former Assistant United States Attorney, who had been a key prosecutor in Kimberlin's case.

Mark Goodin, who would otherwise have spent Monday in his office, made plans to travel that day with Quayle, in case the candidate needed a handler to help him deny Kimberlin's charges. As things turned out, Quayle didn't need a handler. Monday morning, after a taped interview with Kimberlin was broadcast over WBAI, a noncommercial radio station in New York City, but before the telephone press conference could take place, Kimberlin was sent back to the hole. Miller has told the New York *Times* that, as in the first instance, the decision to put him there had been made by Quinlan.

From the Miller memorandum: "It was certainly my understanding at the time that it was this attempt to hold an unauthorized press conference which directly caused him to be segregated once again."

Later, seeking to justify the second detention, Quinlan explained that Kimberlin had violated a prison regulation prohibiting third-party phone calls—that is, a call that one party forwards to another. The phone call in question was the one that Kimberlin had made the previous Friday, when he tried to reach Susan Estrich, of the Dukakis campaign. Until Monday morning, it had not been necessary to punish Kimberlin for this offense; he had previously been placed in the hole "for his personal safety." Now the pretext changed. Even if the pretext had a legitimate basis, the Bureau of Prisons' regulations required that Kimberlin be allowed to have a hearing before punishment could be imposed. Nor did the regulations permit detention as punishment for such an infraction. Because it was a busy week in El Reno and Washington, however, these niceties of due process got overlooked. This time, Kimberlin stayed in the hole for a week. Again, another inmate had been placed in the hole with him, and this one repeatedly manifested obvious suicidal tendencies.

On Election Night, Kimberlin says, a prison guard came to the hole and said, "Kimberlin, you're in big trouble now."

Kimberlin said, "Why?"

The guard said, "Bush won the election."

WHILE Kimberlin was in the hole, he had plenty of time to reflect on the outcome of the election and on the remarkable fact that a friendly acquaintance from his youth would soon be inaugurated Vice-President. He also had time to reflect on the possible outcome of his application for parole. Anyone who receives a federal prison sentence of thirty years or more must wait at least nine and a half years before having a parole hearing. Kimberlin had entered federal custody in Texas in February of 1979. When he attended his first parole hearing, before a two-member parole panel in El Reno, in the summer of 1988, his most optimistic assumption was that he would be granted an immediate parole. He knew that the hearing examiners would take into account several factors in his favor: his impressive accomplishments during his incarceration, the many commendations he had received from government bureaucrats and from reputable citizens outside the government, his over-all record as a model prisoner. More important, he knew that the crimes he had been convicted of placed him in what the United States Parole Commission designates as Category 7, on a scale in which Category 8 is reserved for felons convicted of the most serious crimes. The Parole Commission's guidelines mandate that a Category 7 offender must serve from sixty-four to ninety-two months. Kimberlin had already done a hundred and fourteen months. "If they'd given me Category 7 at the time, I would have been on the street," Kimberlin has said. Instead, the hearing examiners in El

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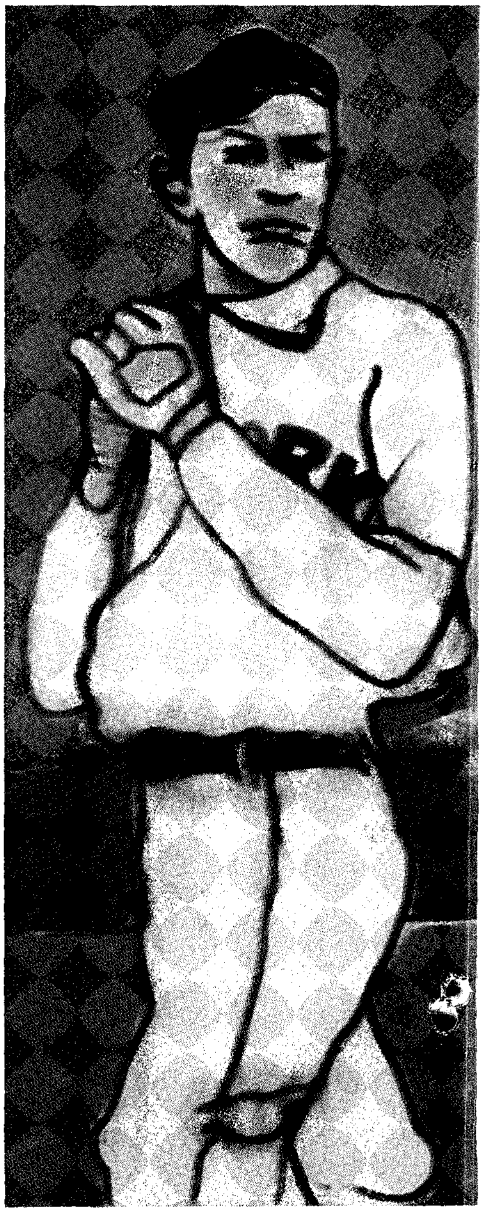
ARTIST AT LARGE

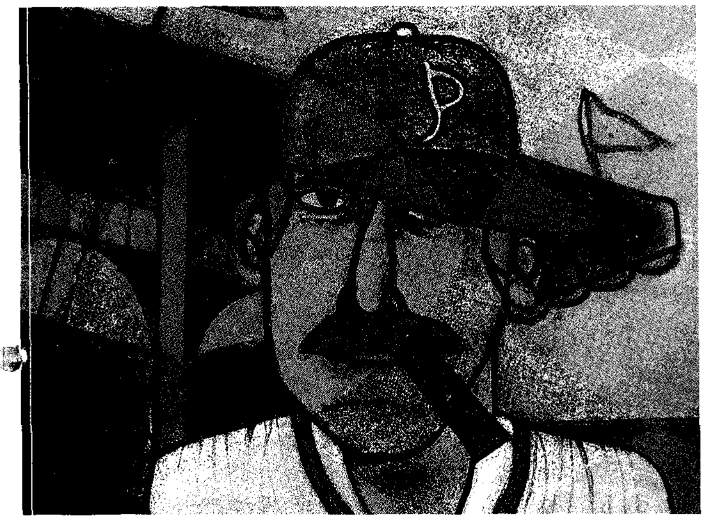
BEISBOL, ETC.

Idiosyncratic reflections upon the artist's own Reverie Stadium, forever green and with nary a Steinbrenner or a Canseco in sight, where the home team of What Was plays the visiting club of What Might Have Been, summer after spring, October after October, innings ad infinitum.

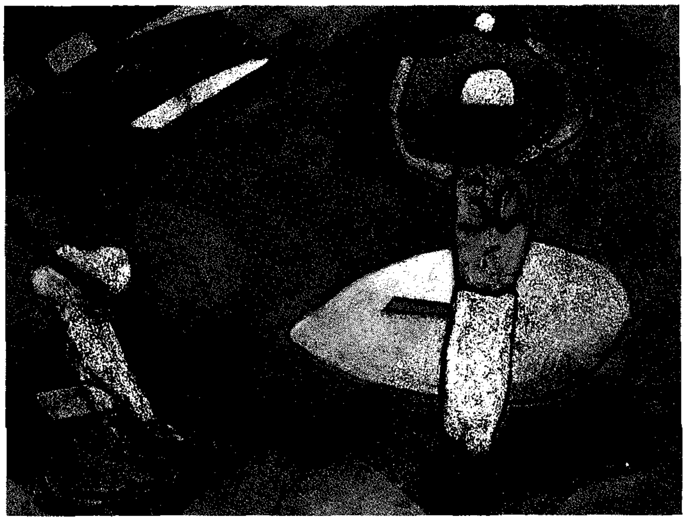
by Richard Merkin



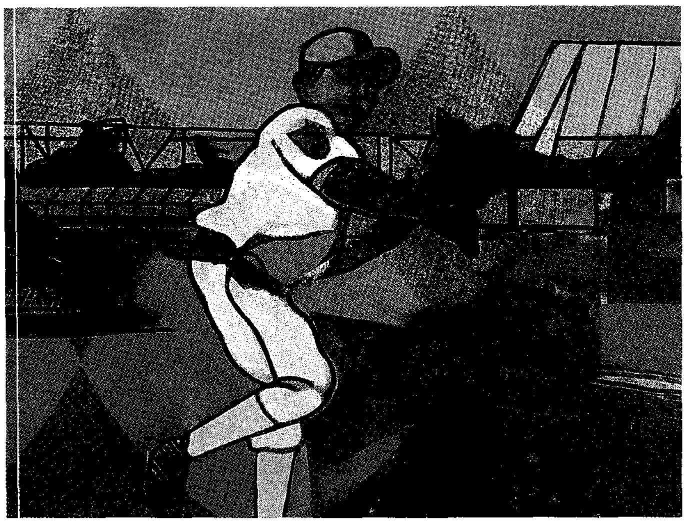
BIG SIX (CHRISTY MATHEWSON): *The Tom Seaver of his day and, history suggests, the strong-jawed inspiration for the Arrow Collar Man.*



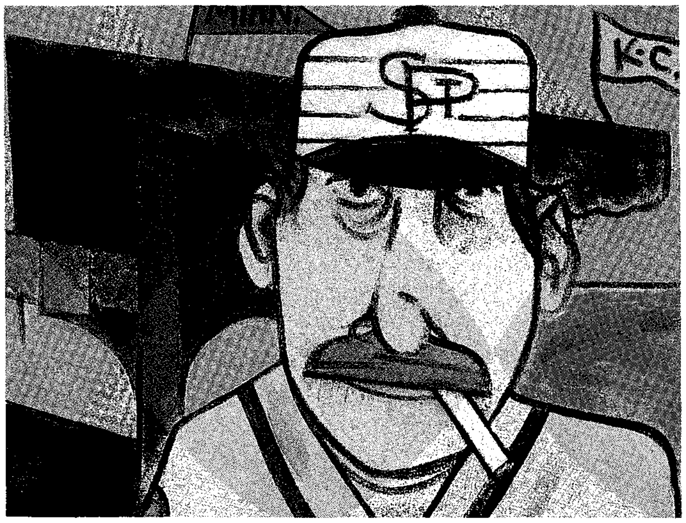
THE WHIZ KID: *Self-portrait as a veteran Phillie in Philadelphia's glorious championship summer of 1950.*



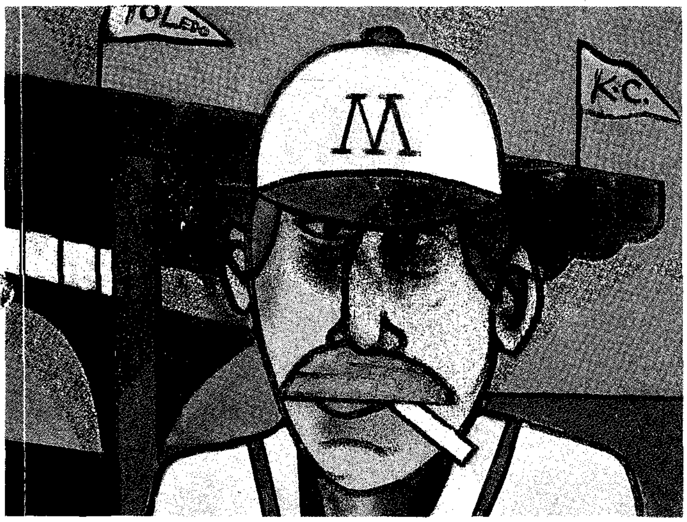
CONNIE JOHNSON IN KANSAS CITY: *Ace pitcher for the Monarchs in the heady days of the early nineteen-forties.*



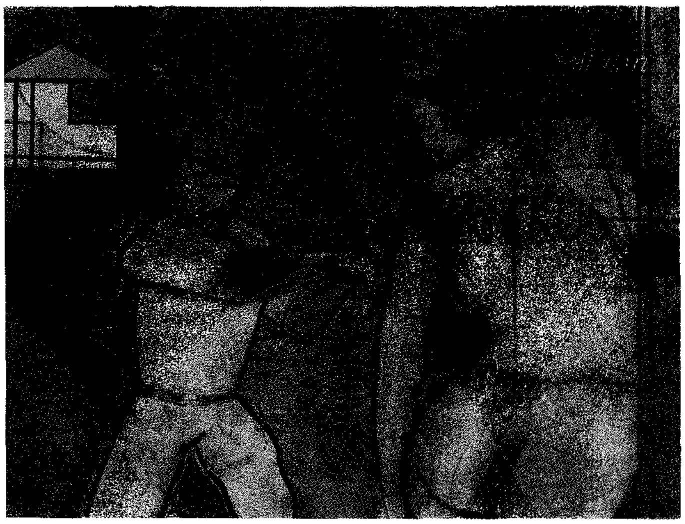
THE MAN WHO BEAT BULLET ROGAN: *Negro Leagues records and heroes have scattered, but few rivals of the legendary righty earned this sobriquet.*



A MIDDLE-AGED SAINT AT NICOLLET PARK: *Self-portrait as a member of that stalwart Midwestern team banished by the coming of the Twins.*

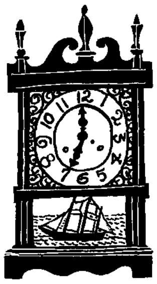


A MIDDLE-AGED MILLER AT NICOLLET PARK *(subtle variant of prior dream): The artist framed by the imposing and selfsame stadium, also home to the Class AAA Minneapolis Millers.*



HOW TO GET TO FIRST BASE: *Heavily symbolic depiction of the Eddie Waitkus scandal, which first combined the great American pastimes of sex, violence, and baseball.*

Reno told him that he was a Category 8 offender. The justification for this designation was the death of Carl DeLong—a suicide. Then the hearing examiners informed Kimberlin of their recommendation: a hundred and sixty-eight months total, which meant a release date of February, 1993. Before the local hearing examiners' recommendation could be effected, it would have to be ratified by Victor Reyes, the regional commissioner, in Dallas. Though Kimberlin was displeased by the recommendation, he had reason to remain marginally optimistic. "I figured I might have to do another six months fighting them in court, but I knew I didn't have to stay in until 1993," he told me recently. His parole attorney prepared an appeal.



Early in September, Kimberlin received more discouraging news. Reyes had decided to defer to the nine-member federal Parole Commission, under a provision that allows for "original jurisdiction." Kimberlin recognized this as an ominous development—"a red flag"—because original jurisdiction is reserved for cases deemed to require special handling. It was the cloud of the parole deliberations in general and, more specifically, the original-jurisdiction referral that had made Kimberlin reluctant to talk to Nina Totenberg.

On November 14th, the day Kimberlin was released from the hole for the second time, the Parole Commission issued its decision: nineteen years. The government intended to keep him in prison until February of 1998.

WHEN Kimberlin returned to his cell after the second detention, he discovered that the document detailing the favorable treatment accorded the Indiana man convicted on cocaine charges was missing. Today, the primary corroborating evidence of the document's existence can be found in a tape recording of Kimberlin's phone conversation with Shearer.

UNABLE to come up with compelling corroborative evidence, Totenberg didn't broadcast a story about Kimberlin and Quayle after all. "I had conflicting feelings about that," Totenberg has said. "I drafted a memo that was a model of what the story would be. The news director and I discussed it and he decided no, we're not going to go with it. And I agreed."

NBC begged off as well. Then, the week after the election, Shearer obtained a copy of the F.B.I. report that described Kimberlin's attempt in 1978, when he was arrested on the military-insignia charge, to trade his freedom for information about selling drugs to a congressman. Shearer says he was told by Ira Silverman, the NBC producer, "I'd like to think that if we'd had a copy of that before the election it would have made the difference."

And so, in the days before the election, the story had been confined to the El Reno *Daily Tribune*, WBAI Radio, and a local television-news broadcast in Los Angeles, which had reported on Kimberlin's detention. The Associated Press bureau chief in Oklahoma City had read the El Reno *Daily Tribune* story. The A.P.'s national office, in New York, had decided to keep the story off the wire.

At that moment, the involved officials within the Bureau of Prisons and the Bush-Quayle campaign presumably felt a combination of vindication and relief. In the short run, they had gambled and won. In making their calculations, however, they had neglected to reckon with who Brett Kimberlin really was. They had underestimated the likelihood that Kimberlin would continue to exercise his constitutional rights.

IN direct and indirect ways, Cody Shearer continued to follow the story of Kimberlin, Quayle, and drugs. The December 19, 1988, issue of *Legal Times*, an affiliate of *The American Lawyer*, published a lead story headlined "ISOLATION FOR INMATE WITH QUAYLE CLAIMS; WITH ELECTION NEARING, OFFICIALS PLACED PRISONER IN SOLITARY, BARRED PRESS." The story carried the byline of Aaron Freiwald, an investigative journalist and a friend of Shearer's, who had briefly worked with him. Freiwald laid out the facts in detail, reporting that Mark Goodin said he had "briefed Campaign Chairman James Baker III on Kimberlin's status five times during the final days of the campaign." Freiwald went on, "Goodin says he kept in close touch with Loye Miller, director of public affairs at the Justice Department." He quoted Quinlan, who said, "We have nothing to hide. Inmates just don't have press conferences." Freiwald reported Totenberg's denial that she had said Kimberlin expressed to her a fear of other inmates. He quoted Kimberlin as saying, "I told them I'm the one who has to worry about my protection. I told them to leave me out, that I'd sign a waiver." He spoke with David Dorworth, the Parole Commission analyst who had reviewed Kimberlin's case. Freiwald wrote, "As far as the timing of the Parole Commission's decision, issued the day Kimberlin was released from solitary confinement, Dorworth says: 'On the surface that looks bad. But the fact that the hammer came down on him after this [Bureau of Prisons] stuff came up is just coincidence.' "

Totenberg, of course, saw Freiwald's story. Recently, I asked her whether reading it at the time had given her second thoughts—whether it had persuaded her to pursue the facts once again.

"Since I was involved, I thought it was inappropriate," she said.

Then, perhaps, should someone else at N.P.R. have explored the matter?

Totenberg said, "We didn't think it was enough of a story—it was in a legal publication—to merit a follow-up."

On page B9 of the December 20, 1988, New York *Times*, a five-and-a-half-column-inch response to the *Legal Times* story appeared.

Norman Solomon and Martin A. Lee, in their 1990 book "Unreliable Sources," described the *Times* article as "a masterpiece of omissions and distortions." They wrote:

> According to the New York *Times*, Kimberlin claimed "he once sold marijuana to Dan Quayle." The actual claim was "15 to 20 times." The *Times* featured Bureau of Prisons chief Quinlan's assertion that inmate news conferences were not permitted; *Legal Times* had documented that press conferences *were* permitted. The New York *Times* omitted the story's key points: the unprecedented nature of Quinlan's personal intervention resulting in the solitary confinement of a prisoner; the flurry of contacts between Bush-Quayle campaign leaders and Justice Department officials. The only individual quoted in the *Times* story was Loye Miller, the Justice Department official whose veracity about the incident had already been strongly questioned by the *Legal Times* exposé.

Solomon and Lee spoke with Michael Wines, the *Times* reporter who had written the article. Wines told them, "I did manage to confirm the fact that they"—Bush-Quayle campaign officials—"were kept abreast of what this guy was doing. At which point I asked myself—'Okay, what's wrong with that?'... After making telephone calls I wound up concluding that this was basically a case of one prison inmate who was a publicity hound."

Only within the past year has the *Times* addressed the Kimberlin case—in an editorial, in a story by Stephen Labaton, and in a column by Anthony Lewis.

UH, I'M NOT READY TO HAVE A FAMILY.
BEK

ON December 22, 1988, three days after the publication of the *Legal Times* article, Kimberlin was returned to the hole. Again, the alleged violation was that he had made a third-party call. Again, no hearing and finding of guilt preceded the detention. Ultimately, Kimberlin was found not guilty of misusing the telephone.

From a court document: "During his third detention, Kimberlin was placed with an inmate who continually uttered bizarre and aggressive statements and who exhibited sexually deviant behavior. [During each of Kimberlin's detentions,] there were empty cells in the detention section in which Kimberlin could have been placed."

The hole at El Reno had another nickname among inmates: El Roacho. The night of his first detention, he was given a cup of Kool-Aid. He didn't feel like drinking it, so he wedged it between his bed and the wall. In the morning, he says, he discovered dozens of cockroaches floating in the cup. He says he soon learned that when meals were delivered to him the wisest strategy was to hold the tray in his lap and eat the food within two or three minutes.

From a sworn declaration by Kimberlin: "From November 4, 1988 until my transfer from the El Reno FCI in February 1989, I was subjected to harassment by prison officials. These officials also subjected me to increased surveillance, intimidation and threats.... On December 21, 1988, I spoke with a reporter from a New York radio news show regarding my claims about then Vice-President-elect Dan Quayle. On this day I also spoke by telephone with a reporter from the *USA Today* television show.... The next day, I was again seized from my work detail and forcibly marched to the detention unit. I was strip searched at the unit, then locked into a cell, without being afforded a pre-detention hearing.... I was released on December 23, 1988, by an official from the El Reno FCI who implied that while he might catch some flak for releasing me, he would do so anyway since there was no justification for my detention and he didn't want to see me in the hole over Christmas."

IN February of 1989, staff members of the Public Citizen Litigation Group, which was founded by Ralph Nader, filed a Freedom of Information Act request for tapes of all Kimberlin's phone calls during the week preceding the election. That summer, they received cassette copies of some of the calls. Because its own resources were limited, the Nader organization approached the three-hundred-and-seventy-member law firm of Arnold & Porter and asked it to represent Kimberlin on a pro-bono basis. Arnold & Porter agreed to do so, and assigned the case to Howard Rosenblatt, then a fourth-year associate, and Robert Threlkeld, a second-year associate.

In December, Rosenblatt and Threlkeld, under the Federal Tort Claims Act, filed an administrative claim with the Bureau of Prisons on Kimberlin's behalf. The claim alleged unlawful imprisonment of Kimberlin, assault and battery, and property loss, and sought the maximum allowable damages—twenty-five thousand dollars. By statute, the bureau had six months to respond. Six months later, almost to the day, the claim was denied. A letter from the Dallas regional counsel of the bureau informed Kimberlin's attorneys that they had six months "in which to bring suit against the United States in the appropriate United States District Court, should you wish to do so." Two weeks later, on July 2, 1990, Kimberlin filed a suit in the United States District Court for the District of Columbia. Named as defendants were Quinlan, Miller, and the United States of America.

Invoking the First Amendment, Kimberlin's suit alleged that Quinlan and Miller, "while acting under color of federal law, intentionally and wantonly violated plaintiff's right of freedom of speech."

Invoking the Fifth Amendment, the suit alleged that Quinlan and Miller "intentionally and wantonly violated plaintiff's right to due process."

Appealing the denial of Kimberlin's administrative claim against the Bureau of Prisons, the suit sought damages "for tortious false imprisonment, assault and battery."

Invoking the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968, the suit alleged that the wiretapping of Kimberlin's phone calls was done for the purpose of "facilitating and furthering defendants' scheme to silence, isolate and retaliate against Kimberlin as a result of his statements concerning the vice-presidential candidate." In addition, the suit alleged that the wiretapping was done "for the improper purpose of supplying information to Bush-Quayle campaign officials regarding Kimberlin's statements and the level of media interest in such statements."

Before the Supreme Court decided a 1971 case known as Bivens v. Six Unknown Named Agents of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, individual citizens had no standing in court to sue federal officials for violating their constitutional rights. In the Bivens case, the Court ruled that citizens could indeed sue federal officials for compensatory and punitive damages when their rights were breached. However, the Court decision did not revoke the protection federal officials have under a concept known as "qualified immunity," the roots of which are centuries old. The right to sue does not in itself cancel immunity. The attempt to reconcile two competing interests—the right to sue federal officials and the desire to protect these same officials so that they can go about their business of running the country—is a matter that the courts are continuing to wrestle with. Between 1971 and 1986, more than twelve thousand Bivens claims were filed. Of those, only thirty were decided for the plaintiff at the district-court level, and twenty-six of the thirty were later reversed on appeal. Only four Bivens claims resulted in paid judgments.

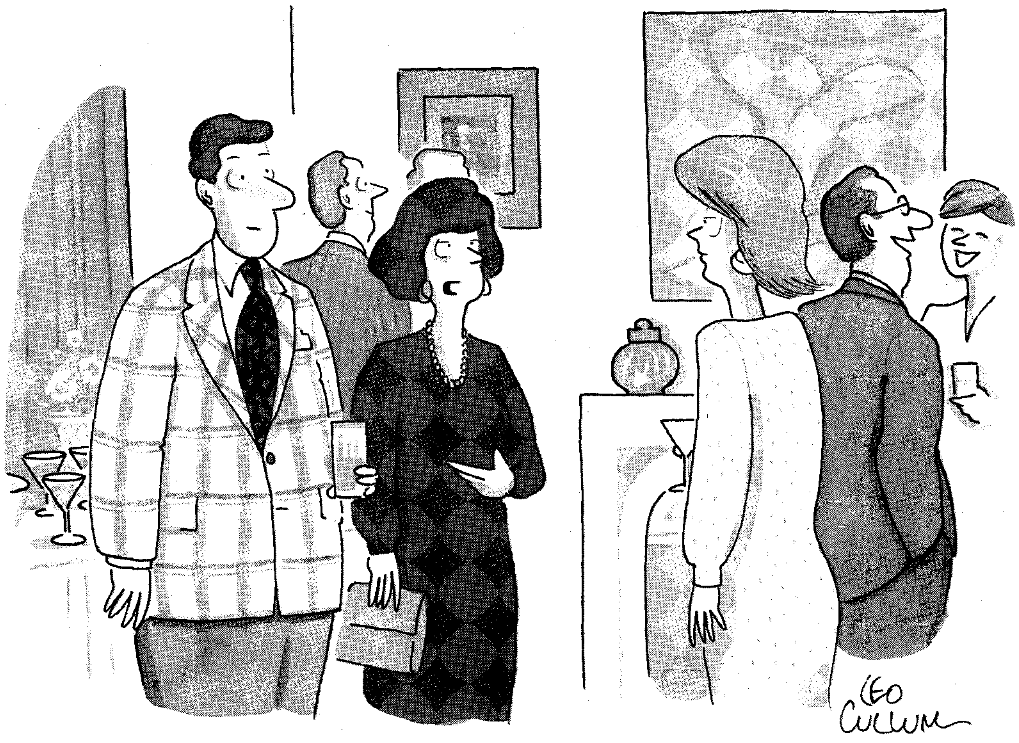
In July of 1990, the Kimberlin suit was assigned to Judge Harold H. Greene, a senior and much respected jurist. It was Judge Greene who delivered the famous ruling that led to the breakup of A.T. & T. He also presided over the trial of John Poindexter in the Iran-Contra affair. To strip Quinlan and Miller of their qualified immunity—the fundamental prerequisite for a lawsuit for damages to proceed to trial—Rosenblatt and Threlkeld had to persuade Judge Greene, first, that Kimberlin's constitutional rights were "clearly established" at the time of his detention. Second, they had to demonstrate that Kimberlin's allegations of wrongdoing were supported by concrete facts and evidence. On October 10th, the government filed a motion to dismiss the suit. Meanwhile, defeating persistent government opposition to discovery, Rosenblatt and Threlkeld had begun the process of obtaining government documents and taking depositions. Among the motions that they filed was a request to depose Quinlan and Miller. The government opposed this motion, and in July of 1991 Greene ruled for the government.

In early August of 1991, Greene delivered his opinion. He dismissed Kimberlin's Fifth Amendment claim and decided he had no jurisdiction over the assault-and-battery claim. However, he ruled in Kimberlin's favor on the false-imprisonment tort claim, the illegal-wiretapping claim, and the First Amendment claim. He used the terms "concrete," "tangible," and "facts and evidence corroborative" in reference to the plaintiff's claims. Over all, the judge's decision constituted a huge victory for Kimberlin. It stripped Quinlan and Miller of their immunity and opened the door for their depositions to be taken. It meant that the case could now proceed to trial. Within a month, the government filed notice that it would appeal Greene's decision to the United States Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit.

IN the late spring of 1989, Norman Goren, a producer for the CBS television show "60 Minutes," received a letter from Kimberlin.

Goren: "Years before, while he was first in prison, I'd come across Brett while working on a story about the uses of hypnotism in criminal trials. Someone suggested that the Kimberlin case on the bombings might be a way. So I got in touch with him. We started a communication. I wrote to him and talked with him. Then I decided not to use his case, because it wasn't clean. I was looking for someone who was put away who was a model citizen but was convicted with posthypnotic testimony. This was in the early eighties. I could never find the perfect case, so I gave up.

"Then, in 1989, I got a note from him that said, 'You may remember me, et cetera.' He began to talk to me about Quayle, outlining what he said had happened, though at first he didn't mention Quayle specifically. I remembered from our phone conversations in the early eighties that he was articulate, so I decided to go and talk with him in Memphis. I spent the better part of an afternoon with



"Melanie, this is my husband, Greg, and Greg's jacket from a previous marriage."

him, four or five hours. He seemed to be a straightforward guy. He talked to me about the substance of the 1988 incident, and then told me about being a young kid selling pot to Dan Quayle. My reaction was that this was all very interesting but not very sexy as far as ‘60 Minutes’ was concerned. He said very flatly, ‘My story does not go beyond that last meeting with him at the Burger Chef.’ He showed me an arrest report from 1978 that showed he had made these allegations about selling drugs to a congressman back then. He said there was a guy named Cody Shearer who was nosing around the story, too. So I called Cody, and we had a long talk. We got together for a day. I asked if he wanted to do a joint story. I put him on the payroll as a researcher. I went to New York and talked to Hewitt”—Don Hewitt, the executive producer of “60 Minutes”—“and showed him what I’d found from Cody. We’d given up the Kimberlin aspect because it wasn’t sexy, even though Ginsburg had lost his [bid for a] Supreme Court seat. So we decided that all three of us—Hewitt, Cody, and myself—would get together. This was in May or early June of 1989. A couple of things that Cody had said made sense. Don was willing to roll the dice for a while, spend some time and money.”

That summer and fall, Goren and Shearer began to work on the story full-time. Shearer had his sources; Goren had sources of his own.

Goren: “We were able to find out that indeed there was a D.E.A. record of Quayle. And, indeed, we got parts of the record. The material in the D.E.A. file that we saw had to do with Indianapolis people but never mentioned Kimberlin, and it had to do with allegations of cocaine. But these proved unverifiable. The guy we finally interviewed, Charles Parker, was mentioned in the D.E.A. file. There may be some other material in the D.E.A. file, but we never saw it.”

As far as is known, Parker, who was a convicted cocaine dealer then out on parole, had no connection to Brett Kimberlin.

Goren: “We did an interview with Parker in April of 1991, and he was wonderful. To film him, we rented a suite at the Parker Meridien Hotel, in New York, and did an interview on a Friday.”

The next day, Parker was given a polygraph test.

Goren: “When the idea of a polygraph came up, there was initial reluctance by some of my bosses at ‘60 Minutes.’ But the more I thought of it, the more I thought it would be prudent to get the best corroboration possible. And so we hired a guy who was a former F.B.I. agent who specialized in polygraphs.

“On Saturday, the polygraph expert came in. Parker failed the polygraph. He gave all these reasons. He was apologetic. He said something with Quayle really had happened and he was a witness to it. He said he had padded the part about his involvement, and so on. But he insisted there was really something to it. We sent him back to Indianapolis. Then we spoke and he said he wanted to do it again. He wanted to talk some more. So we gave him another polygraph, four weeks later in Indianapolis, and he failed once again. It was in a motel off the Indianapolis beltway. The last I saw of Charles Parker, he was wandering down a road near an interstate-highway off-ramp in Indianapolis.”

Before the polygraph, CBS had hoped to confront Quayle with the Charles Parker interview.

Shearer: “It would have been a fucking nightmare.”

Goren: “I think I saved CBS’s ass.”

Goren, who had worked for “60 Minutes” since 1971, left the show in 1991 and retired.

In early September of 1982, Kennard P. Foster, an Assistant United States Attorney in Indianapolis, called the Criminal Division of the Justice Department to inform it that he was pursuing allegations that Charles Parker and an acquaintance had sold cocaine to Dan Quayle. It was Foster, who, with John Thar, another Assistant United States Attorney, had obtained Kimberlin’s conviction in the Speedway-bombings case. The Justice Department employee who answered Foster’s call kicked it upstairs to superiors. There was no immediate response. In subsequent months, while the call was being contemplated, William French Smith, according to Shearer, accepted the counsel of Dean Burch, and intervened to cease pursuing illegal drug use by elected public officials.

In July of 1982, Parker had been arrested for selling methaqualone, or Quaaludes, and released on bond. In December, he was again arrested for selling drugs, and that arrest additionally foreclosed any chance that a sting could be set up.

After reading a magazine account of Judge Greene’s decision, the syndicated cartoonist Garry Trudeau created a week-long series of “Doonesbury” cartoon strips in which Quayle, depicted as a feather, was paid a late-night visit by an anthropomorphized marijuana joint. Trudeau worked quickly; Judge Greene’s ruling had been filed with the court clerk on August 6th, 1991, and the “Doonesbury” series was published the last week of August. Trudeau says there was “virtually no reaction” to the strips. One person who did react, though, was Shearer. First, he says, he called Quayle’s office for a comment and was told by a staff member, “We’re glad this crap is coming out in August, when nobody is paying attention.” Then he called Trudeau to correct what he had interpreted as a factual error. One of the strips seemed to imply that Kimberlin had been released from prison, which, of course, was not the case. Trudeau asked if Shearer would share some of the information he had been gathering, and Shearer agreed to do so.

Two weeks before the “Doonesbury” strips appeared, Howard Rosenblatt took the deposition of Jeff Nesbit, who had been an interim deputy press secretary of the Quayle campaign during the 1988 election. Previously, Nesbit had been the press secretary in Quayle’s Senate office. At the time of the deposition, he had just been named Director of Communications for the Vice-President.

Rosenblatt asked Nesbit, “Are you aware or were you ever told about the existence of any government files containing allegations of drug use by Dan Quayle?”

Nesbit replied, “No.”

One purpose of Rosenblatt’s question was to help confirm a motive for the campaign’s panicked response to Kimberlin’s allegations—the response that had seemingly contributed to the decision to place Kimberlin in detention. Nesbit volunteered that during Quayle's time in the Senate he had inquired if Quayle had ever used illegal drugs.

Rosenblatt asked, "Is it true that the Senator at that time expressed some anger about the question?"

Nesbit said, "He answered me directly." But Nesbit is reported to have remarked to a colleague that Quayle had indeed seemed angered.

On November 5, 1988, the day after Kimberlin was placed in the hole the first time, Shearer shook hands with Quayle, who was campaigning in Timonium, Maryland. With his left hand, Shearer gripped the candidate's right forearm and asked, "Are you aware of the existence of a file on you with the Drug Enforcement Administration?"

Shearer says Quayle jerked away from him and said, "That's the stupidest question I've been asked during this campaign."

In November of 1991, Trudeau published a three-week-long series of strips about Quayle and drugs in which Shearer appeared in the role of Rick Redfern, an investigative reporter. The strips focussed mainly on Quayle's D.E.A. file. Three of the strips depicted Redfern having phone conversations with Kimberlin, and alluded to his detention, his knowledge of Quayle's D.E.A. file, and his harsh treatment by the Parole Commission. The seven hundred or so newspapers that subscribe to "Doonesbury" received the first series of strips from the Universal Press Syndicate a week before their publication. Immediately, strongly negative reactions came from many quarters.

On November 5th, the Boston *Globe* reported on the upcoming series. Despite the question that Rosenblatt had asked one of the Vice-President's closest aides, and despite his encounter with Shearer in Maryland three years earlier, Quayle, according to the *Globe*, "denied any knowledge of a D.E.A. file about him." Quayle said, "Who cares what a comic strip may or may not say about me or anyone else? I have no idea what the 'Doonesbury' strip is but you ought to treat it as comic." Of Kimberlin, Quayle said, "He's a convicted felon. Geez. I mean, he's in jail."

On November 7th, the Los Angeles *Times* published a story by Douglas Frantz headlined "QUAYLE CHARGES FOUND TO LACK CORROBORATION; DRUGS: THE TIMES PROBED ALLEGATIONS SIMILAR TO THOSE IN 'DOONESBURY' CARTOONS." Frantz quoted David Beckwith, the Vice-President's press secretary, who said, "Both Garry Trudeau and Universal Press Syndicate know for a moral certainty that the allegations were proven to be false. Yet they are proceeding anyway. I think that is outrageous." Frantz also quoted Don Hewitt, who recounted the experiences of "60 Minutes" with Charles Parker.

Hewitt said, "This guy not only flunked the lie detector test, but he broke down and cried in front of Morley Safer and said that he had made it up because he wanted to get out of jail."

In fact, Safer was not present during the polygraph. And Parker had no reason to lie to get out of jail, because he was already out of jail.

In a *Newsday* story that went out over the national wires, Hewitt said, "Cody Shearer has been trying to get this story placed somewhere. He finally talked Garry Trudeau into doing it." In fact, CBS had approached Shearer.

Observers who did not focus carefully on the Hewitt-Trudeau fracas might have gathered the misimpression that Hewitt was saying that Kimberlin, rather than Parker, had flunked the polygraph and cried in front of Safer.

More than thirty newspapers dropped the strip. Trudeau was also attacked in a column by Thomas Oliphant, of the Boston *Globe;* in a speech on the Senate floor by Senator Harry Reid, of Nevada, who accused him of McCarthyism; and, implicitly, according to Beckwith, by the Quayle family dog, a black Labrador named Breezy, who, while watching a morning news broadcast about the controversy, threw up.

That week, for the first time in his career, Trudeau began to keep a log of his phone calls. He called Morley Safer to discuss Hewitt. Safer was away, so Trudeau left a message. Trudeau's log reflects that at 12:30 P.M. on November 7th Safer returned the call and confirmed that Hewitt had possibly misremembered the account of what happened during the Parker interview and polygraph. Trudeau says Safer told him that Hewitt was "probably out of control" because CBS hadn't been able to get the story, but that he would call Hewitt and try to reason with him. An hour later, Safer called back and said Hewitt had calmed down, because he felt he had

THE OLDEST CHILD

The night still frightens you.
You know it is interminable
And of vast, unimaginable dimensions.
"That's because His insomnia is permanent,"
You've read some mystic said.
Is it the point of his schoolboy's compass
That pricks your heart?

Somewhere, perhaps, the lovers lie
Under the dark cypress trees
Trembling with happiness,
But here there's only your beard of many days
And a night moth shivering
Under your hand pressed against your chest.

Oldest child, Prometheus
Of some cold, cold fire you can't even name
For which you're serving slow time
With that night moth's terror for company.

—Charles Simic

killed the story. Safer added, however, that Hewitt wouldn't guarantee that he wouldn't start again if the story gathered speed. It seemed clear to Trudeau that Hewitt had stayed busy that week talking to reporters, trying to discredit the story and its original source, Cody Shearer.

GOREN on Hewitt's reaction to Trudeau's strips: "It was bullshit—all this public sanctimony about how [Hewitt's] standards were so high. Hewitt told the press, 'We knew the guy was a liar.' Hewitt said that Parker confessed and cried in front of Morley Safer. That never happened. The day we did the polygraph in New York, Morley was at his weekend house, in Connecticut.

"The Kimberlin story had too many subtleties, and we didn't do stories that had too many subtleties. At the time of the 1988 election, it seems clear, Kimberlin was put away unjustly. But that's not a story that would seize Don, because it's not easily put into black-and-white."

Don Hewitt: "For more than a year, a '60 Minutes' producer named Norman Goren was working on a story with a man named Cody Shearer, a free-lance journalist whom I put on the '60 Minutes' payroll. The story concerned a man [Parker] who was at the time in jail, who had reported to the D.E.A. that he had sold drugs to Dan Quayle during the time Quayle was in the Senate. I was told by Goren and Shearer that there were D.E.A. reports that corroborated what the man in question had said. I stayed with the story for more than a year, and thought we had something when Morley Safer called me and said he had interviewed the guy after he got out of jail and that he was very convincing. When Morley called me and told me the guy was convincing, I could almost taste the story. When I heard that Garry Trudeau was dealing with Cody Shearer, I called Garry and told him to be wary, and then I recounted my experience with Cody.

"As for the other story, which seemed to be the one Trudeau was interested in, about a prisoner being put in solitary to keep him from talking about Quayle and drugs, I told Garry I knew little or nothing about that story over and above what I read in the papers, and if that was the story he and Cody Shearer were working on that was not one Shearer was working on for '60 Minutes,' and that the failed polygraph had nothing whatsoever to do with that story."

ON November 13, 1991, the Indianapolis *Star* published a story headlined "FEDS REVEAL DETAILS OF QUAYLE DRUG PROBE; UNUSUAL ACTION TAKEN TO COUNTER 'DOONESBURY' CLAIMS OF COVER-UP." The story, with a byline of James A. Gillaspy, began:

> Federal authorities Tuesday disclosed findings of a 1982 probe into an alleged cocaine purchase by Vice President Dan Quayle—the subject of an ongoing "Doonesbury" comic strip.
>
> The disclosure was a rare departure from the Department of Justice policy of withholding comment about any investigation.
>
> "I'm disclosing what I have, with approval, simply because so much has been made out of nothing," explained Assistant U.S. Attorney John J. Thar, chief of the Organized Crime Drug Enforcement Task Force for the Southern District of Indiana.
>
> "It's all been misconstrued," Thar said.
>
> He acknowledged the investigation touched on Quayle. But Quayle, he insisted, was not the subject of a grand jury probe. Moreover, he noted, the investigation cleared Quayle of any involvement with his drug-dealing accusers.
>
> To prove his point, Thar opened his small file on the case to the Indianapolis *Star*. "I'm making an honest disclosure of what was found, hoping it will put an end to it."

Thar's file included D.E.A. data that referred to allegations by Charles Parker. Its release had been authorized by Thar's boss, Deborah Daniels, the United States Attorney for the Southern District of Indiana. Deborah Daniels is the sister of Mitchell Daniels, the White House political director under Reagan. Mitchell Daniels was also a close adviser to Quayle during the 1988 campaign and is currently coördinating advertising for the Bush-Quayle campaign.

Shearer says that he is not alone in his awareness of the existence of other portions of Quayle's D.E.A. file, but that they have never been made public.

IN early 1988, Kimberlin wrote to the United States Pardon Attorney and requested a Presidential pardon or commutation of his sentence. Ronald Reagan never acted upon Kimberlin's petition. On February 23, 1989, just a month after his inauguration, George Bush denied Kimberlin's request.

THE day after Thar's disclosure to the Indianapolis *Star*, Howard Rosenblatt filed interrogatories with the Justice Department, seeking information about Quayle's D.E.A. file. Rosenblatt did not request a copy of the file or a revelation of its contents. His curiosity was directed at who knew of the existence of the file and what had been done with such knowledge.

One of the interrogatories demanded, "State whether any of the following persons were informed of or otherwise aware of the existence of the D.E.A. File prior to the 1988 Presidential election. For each such person state the date he became aware of the File's existence and the means by which he learned of the File, including an identification of any person who so informed him."

The "following persons" whom Rosenblatt referred to included Quinlan, Miller, Baker, and Richard Thornburgh, the former Attorney General.

The government refused this interrogatory, on grounds that included "executive privilege."

ON several occasions recently, I have called the White House and asked to speak to James Baker. I have been referred to the White House press office and to the assistant to Baker's aide Margaret Tutwiler, who has been referred to in the Washington *Post* as "the forefinger on Baker's hand." I told Tutwiler's assistant that I had some questions regarding the Vice-President. Tutwiler has declined to talk to me, however, and so, of course, I have been unable to speak directly with Baker himself. There are six questions I want to ask Baker:

(1) Is he aware of the existence of a Drug Enforcement Administration file on Vice-President Quayle?

(2) If so, when did he first learn of the existence of such a file?

(3) If such a file exists and he is aware of its existence, has he reviewed its contents?

(4) If he has reviewed the file's entire contents, has he discussed them with the President?

(5) If he has discussed the file's entire contents with the President, what was the President's response?

(6) Before allowing Dan Quayle's

"Get lost!"

• •

name to be placed in nomination for the Vice-Presidency, was George Bush aware of the D.E.A. file?

On October 18, 1988, at ten o'clock in the morning, Kimberlin did something that he now describes, in a profound understatement, as a "stupid move." He made a phone call to Bernard Pylitt, the former Assistant United States Attorney, who was then in private practice in Indianapolis. Pylitt vividly remembers the call.

When Pylitt's receptionist told him that Brett Kimberlin was on the line, Pylitt felt certain that a friend must be playing a practical joke. But Pylitt says that when he took the call he heard a voice say, "Remember me?" and knew instantly that it was not a joke at all. Pylitt, who has an affable manner, did indeed remember him.

Pylitt and Kimberlin then had a conversation that both have characterized as friendly in tone, though they had little basis for friendship. In 1980, Pylitt led the prosecution team at Kimberlin's first trial—the trial that ended with a conviction on the lesser, impersonation and document-and-insignia-possession counts but with the jury hung 9–3 for acquittal on the bombing charges. Seven months later, at Kimberlin's second trial, Pylitt won a guilty verdict on charges of possession of explosives by a convicted felon. Recently, Pylitt said, "There was no doubt in my mind that we were going to keep trying him in the bombings case until we had a jury verdict. I think he and the public and the government were entitled to know. Was there any doubt in my mind that he did the bombings? No."

By the time Kimberlin was finally convicted, Pylitt had left the government.

The reason Kimberlin called Pylitt was that he was in a quandary: Kimberlin's parole application was in the works, and Quayle had been nominated. He told Pylitt that he had sold marijuana to Quayle and wanted to know what he should do about it. Pylitt was one of several people from whom Kimberlin was then soliciting advice. Others included his sister, his father, Erwin Griswold, and Douglas Frantz, of the Los Angeles *Times.*

Whereas in 1978 it served Kimberlin's interest to talk about Quayle, by 1988 it had become utterly contrary to his interest to raise the subject. As one looks back, logic dictates that the single strongest evidence that Kimberlin was telling the truth all along was that he fully recognized the potential ill consequences of peddling a politically explosive but false story.

Pylitt says he offered Kimberlin only the most general counsel: perhaps Kimberlin should get in touch with the D.E.A. or the Justice Department or the Indiana State Police. Though calling Pylitt might have been a stupid move, Kimberlin certainly knew better than to fall for this advice.

An acquaintance of mine in Indianapolis said that Pylitt had once described Kimberlin as "a fucking liar." When I asked Pylitt if he had ever used those words, he said, "Yes, I probably would have said that in the heat of conversation." Nevertheless, he must have regarded what Kimberlin told him as more than the banter of a chronic prevaricator, because, soon after speaking with Kimberlin, Pylitt called the government attorney who had joined the prosecution team after he left—John Thar.

Precisely what Thar did next is unknown. What is known, of course, is that the parole-hearing examiners in El Reno, after incorrectly designating Kimberlin as a Category 8 offender, had recommended a February, 1993, release date. That recommendation was made in July of 1988. Then the Dallas regional commissioner, Victor Reyes, forwarded the entire case to the United States Parole Commission. Two days after being released from his second detention—the election-week detention—Kimberlin was told he would have to stay in prison until 1998.

In my conversation with Pylitt, who was in law school with Quayle, the last item we discussed was Kimberlin's claim that in 1978 he had spoken to the F.B.I. about selling drugs to a congressman. Pylitt told me he did not believe that Kimberlin had made any such claim. On this point, it seems, Pylitt's memory has failed him. In my files, I have a copy of the F.B.I. report. It is accompanied by a 1979 cover letter that was sent to Kimberlin's attorney at that time. The name at the end of the cover letter is Bernard L. Pylitt, First Assistant United States Attorney.

In forwarding Kimberlin's case to the national Parole Commission, Reyes had recommended a release date of February, 1999. When the commissioners chose to move up the parole date by a full year, they were perhaps trying to mitigate the possibility that they would be subsequently accused of political vindictiveness. But Kimberlin was still assigned to Category 8, on the ground that he had caused the death of DeLong. His pro-bono parole attorney, Alan Chaset, who, before entering private practice, had spent three years working for the Parole Commission—and fourteen years before that training federal judges on the operations of the Parole Commission—appealed.

Chaset: "Responding to our appeal, the Parole Commission said, 'You're right, Kimberlin would normally be a Category 7 offender, but we're making him an 8 because of the multiple offenses.' But their *own* regulations say you can't make a hundred Category 7s into a Category 8. There was no Category 8 offense in the record."

Kimberlin's appeal then went to federal District Judge Jerome Turner, of the Western District of Tennessee. On December 1, 1989, Turner agreed that Kimberlin should be assigned to Category 7, which meant that he could be freed immediately. The Parole Commission acknowledged Turner's decision but, in February of 1990, decreed that Kimberlin still could not be released until February of 1994. This, Chaset argues persuasively, was an arbitrary departure from the commission's own guidelines.

In January of 1992, Kimberlin's case was again on the agenda of the Parole Commission. At this point, Thar reëntered Kimberlin's life in a way that Chaset, with remarkable self-restraint, says is "noteworthy for it unusualness."

When a federal prisoner enters the prison system, any prosecutor who was responsible for his conviction is allowed to file with both the Bureau of Prisons and the Parole Commission something called a Form 792. This document allows a prosecutor, at his own initiative, to comment on how those agencies should respond to the offender. Pylitt and Foster each filed a Form 792 within a year of Kimberlin's sentencing, but at the time of Kimberlin's first application, in the summer of 1988, Thar had not. Subsequently, a number of things happened: Thar heard from Pylitt about Kimberlin's allegations concerning Quayle—and perhaps had conversations with other government officials that reached the ears of the Parole Commission—and probably learned of Pylitt's contacts with the Bush-Quayle campaign; witnessed Kimberlin's three detentions; and thought over his long-standing notions about Kimberlin. Then, in January of 1992, Thar wrote a letter to the Parole Commission.

Chaset: "At the time of the original conviction, sentencing, original parole hearing, Thar personally did nothing. It's not terribly unusual for a prosecutor to communicate with the Parole Commission around the time of a parole hearing if one takes place within several months of conviction. But to do it eleven years later—after two hearings, really—you can count on the fingers of one hand the number of times that has happened."

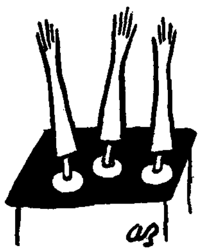
The Parole Commission, in trying to decide how to respond to Thar's letter, referred it to Reyes, who has not issued any order that would favorably influence the reopening of Kimberlin's application. Rosenblatt has filed a motion in Judge Greene's court demanding a copy of the letter.

Aaron Freiwald, of *Legal Times*, asked Thar about the coincidence of his release of the Quayle D.E.A. data and his letter to the Parole Commission.

"They don't have a damn thing to do with each other," Thar replied. "It just happens I had the bad roll of the dice to be involved with both."

Quayle's press secretary, David Beckwith, told Freiwald, "People can see conspiracies in the God-damnedest things."

In August of 1991, Kimberlin again petitioned the Pardon Attorney, renewing his request for a Presidential pardon or commutation of sentence.



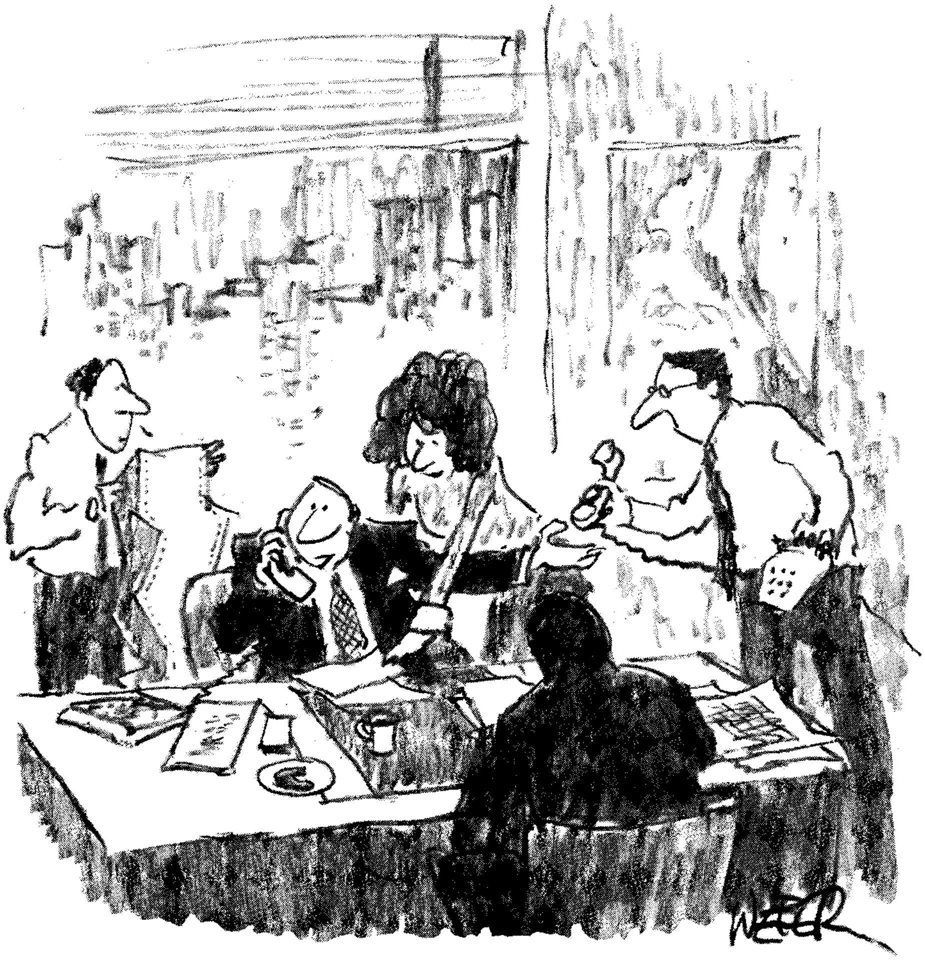
In the spring of 1992, only a few months after intervening with the Parole Commission, Thar made calls to several present and former government officials who supported Kimberlin's petition. In these conversations, Thar seemed to disparage Kimberlin, perhpas in an attempt to persuade these government officials to withdraw their support. Thar told one of the officials that he hoped Kimberlin would remain in prison for the rest of his life. None of these people, however, reneged on their strong endorsement of Kimberlin's pardon request.

Action on Kimberlin's pardon petition is still pending.

Thar is, as it happens, a lifelong Democrat. In 1982, his co-prosecutor in the Speedway-bombings case tried to set up a sting of Quayle. Acquaintances of his in Indianapolis say he has been known to make highly unflattering remarks about the Vice-President. A man I know in Indianapolis told me that Thar told him, "The day Brett Kimberlin gets out of prison is the day I carry a gun for protection." Kimberlin says, "Thar knows Dan Quayle used drugs." In the convoluted and paradoxical morass of Kimberlin's life story, the actions and motives of John Thar remain the most enigmatic element of all.

At the recent Republican National Convention, in Houston, Marilyn Quayle delivered a hortative speech. She said, in part, "But, remember, not everyone joined the counterculture, not everyone demonstrated, dropped out, took drugs, joined in the sexual revolution or dodged the draft. . . . When it comes to rebuilding our families, our communities, the fabric of our society, our goal must be to go back to the future."

Kimberlin's thoughts on the 1992 election: "I just want to talk about some of the things that have happened recently. The Republicans talk about trust, about how everybody should trust George Bush. The Bush-Quayle campaign didn't trust the press to listen to my story in 1988. I was thrown into solitary, silenced, and punished simply because of what I knew about Dan Quayle. They talk about family values. No decent American family would value



"Darling, I'm going to put you on hold, which means I'm crazy about you and can't bear to let you go."

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having the truth kept from them by the Bush-Quayle campaign. In 1988, they used wiretaps for political purposes. Also, the campaign is attacking lawyers. But the Justice Department lawyers, in their court filings and maneuvers in my case, have engaged in the very tactics Bush has condemned: bad faith, stonewalling, lying.

"The government made a major blunder in not settling this lawsuit four years ago. It's the abuse of power that generates the publicity. If they had treated me fairly and paroled me years ago, when I should have been paroled, I would have been a blip in the political-history books. But it's like Watergate. They created the monster. That's what they've done."

AFTER Judge Greene's decision, R. Joseph Sher, the lead attorney on the government side, and Kimberlin's attorneys—Rosenblatt and James Cooper, a first-year associate from Indiana—agreed to delay depositions of Quinlan and Miller until after the Court of Appeals rendered its decision. Other discovery continued, however, including depositions of Thornburgh, other Justice Department officials, other Bureau of Prisons officials, and officials of the Bush-Quayle campaign.

Last July 17th, the government filed its brief to the Court of Appeals. A month later, Kimberlin's attorneys filed theirs. It states, in part:

> Mr. Kimberlin's allegations of unconstitutional motive are supported by evidence of unlawful conduct, improper influence, outright admissions and contradictory statements going directly to defendants' motives. The District Court correctly ruled that these allegations are "tangible and far from being merely conclusory."

An amicus brief has also been filed, by the American Civil Liberties Union and the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press. The brief was drafted by Arthur B. Spitzer, of the A.C.L.U.; Jane E. Kirtley and Gregg P. Leslie, of the Reporters Committee; and David H. Remes and Dale E. Azaria, attorneys with the Washington firm of Covington & Burling. The brief states:

> Keeping Brett Kimberlin from the news media killed a story that may have affected the 1988 Presidential campaign if it had been made public. Whether the news media would have chosen to publicize one prisoner's allegations about drug use by Dan Quayle will never be known. But under the First Amendment, that decision must be left to the judgment of the news media, not of government officials. When denial of media access to information is based on the content and political implications of the information that the prisoner wishes to divulge, such denial is constitutionally impermissible.

Oral arguments in the case will be heard on October 16th before Judges Harry Edwards, Stephen Williams, and Karen Le Craft Henderson, appointed to the United States Court of Appeals by, respectively, Jimmy Carter, Ronald Reagan, and George Bush.

If the Court of Appeals rules in Kimberlin's favor, the case could be returned to Judge Greene, who would then set a trial date. More likely, the Solicitor General would petition the Supreme Court to review the case. If the appellate court rules for the government, Kimberlin's attorneys would undoubtedly ask the Supreme Court to hear arguments. It would be Kimberlin's first trip to the Court since Erwin Griswold represented him there, in 1987.

A FEW weeks ago, I went to Washington to speak with Griswold about Kimberlin. We met in the offices of Jones, Day, Reavis & Pogue, a Cleveland-based law firm that Griswold joined in 1973, three days after Nixon terminated his service as Solicitor General. The office is two blocks from the White House.

In appearance and in diction, Griswold gives the impression of judicious rectitude. He has a full head of neatly parted white hair, blue eyes, and the jowls, sloped shoulders, and slight paunch that a man is entitled to at the age of eighty-eight. Six days a week, he shows up for work. The day of our meeting, he wore a gray suit, a club tie, and a black pin-striped shirt. He describes himself as a traditional Republican. He has an undergraduate degree from Oberlin and a law degree from Harvard and dozens of honorary degrees. Upon his graduation from Harvard, in 1929, he became a staff attorney in the office of the Solicitor General. He returned to Harvard in 1934, as a member of the Law School faculty, and was dean from 1946 to 1967.

Hanging on the wall behind his desk is a framed certificate of admission to the bar of the Supreme Court, dated 1932. The same wall contains other framed certificates: his commission as Solicitor General, signed by Lyndon Johnson in 1967; his appointment by John Kennedy to the Civil Rights Commission; his appointment as a member of the Commission to Investigate the Domestic Activities of the C.I.A., signed by Gerald Ford. On another wall hangs a certificate presented to Griswold in 1978, when he received the American Bar Association Medal, the A.B.A.'s highest honor. Propped on the back of a sofa along that same wall is a memento from 1992, the Harvard Law School Association Award, which reads "Dean, Solicitor General, lawyer, husband and father, your honesty, integrity, dedication and courage have made immeasurable contributions to the Harvard Law School, the legal profession and the country, confirming that there are no boundaries to your life in the law."

Our conversation lasted more than two hours, during which we reviewed his experiences with Kimberlin.

Griswold said, "I'm very much interested in the guy, and as far as the law is concerned I think he got a bum deal, partly through bad luck on the hypnotic evidence—the Rock-case coincidence—and the fact that the opinion in the Seventh Circuit was written by Judge Thomas E. Fairchild, a judge highly regarded by the Supreme Court."

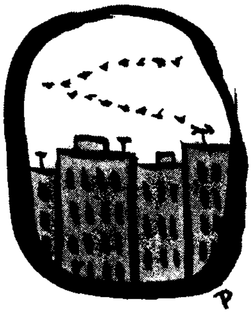
After the Supreme Court denied Griswold's petition, an associate in his firm worked briefly on Kimberlin's parole case, then referred it outside the firm, to Alan Chaset.

"I found Kimberlin very interesting, engaging, and able, but a vast creator of legal work, not only for himself but for some of his fellow-inmates," Griswold said. "It became apparent to me that if I got any further involved with Kimberlin it would be the lifework for a man of thirty, and I didn't feel that I could undertake that. I'm trying desperately hard to cut down on my activities. He occasionally calls me on the telephone and I willingly speak to him. We have a very interesting personal relationship. I'm not doing anything legally for him at present, but I wish well to those who have taken up the torch."

When I asked Griswold his opinion of Kimberlin's skills as a jailhouse lawyer, he said, "He has nothing else to do. He has plenty of time. He's very bright. He has no background and training. He writes very well. He follows the court decisions, and he will call me from time to time on the phone about some decision that I've never heard of. Both Brett and I keep watching for any cases involving posthypnotic testimony, and we haven't seen any cases since his was decided."

He paused and added, "I guess you could say that, despite the denial of cert, the Kimberlin case made an impact, because we haven't seen any other instances of that by the government."

I asked Griswold whether he had ever tried to find out how the vote on certiorari went. He said, "I know of no way I could get it other than by committing an impropriety of some kind, which would be (a) indecent and (b) not very smart. That is not a subject that I would ever discuss with a law clerk."



An hourglass stood on the shelf of a bookcase, and next to it was a small plaque that said "Babe Ruth Struck Out 1,330 Times."

"It was a crushing disappointment that cert was denied," Griswold continued. "That is a major problem of a practitioner before the Supreme Court. The Supreme Court cannot possibly review all the cases that people would like to have reviewed. The Supreme Court for forty years has been very badly overworked, because they tended to grant cert in all cases involving conflicts and major questions, but over the past ten years the pressure has been so great that they are granting cert in only the clearest kinds of cases. I first came to the Solicitor General's office in 1929, and I haven't the slightest doubt that cert would have been granted in this case at that time. I think I have as good a basis as anyone for knowing when cert would have been granted. But we're now a nation of two hundred and fifty million people—three times as many people as there were in this country when I was born—and this is one of the prices we pay."

I asked Griswold whether he thought Kimberlin was the Speedway bomber.

"I haven't any idea whether he did the bombings," he said. "I haven't had a chance to read the entire trial transcript. But I am thoroughly convinced that he did not receive a fair trial. It was never my role to evaluate whether he was guilty or not. It was my role to determine whether events that happened at his trial were in conformity with our legal system, and I was thoroughly convinced that they were not."

I asked Griswold his opinion of Kimberlin's experiences as a drug smuggler.

He said, "All I can say is, If you are a young fellow, don't get mixed up in the drug trade, because from then on you can't win." Then, referring to the former mayor of Washington, Griswold added, "Marion Barry can win, but nobody else can."

Even if Kimberlin had committed the bombings, and even if he had received a fair trial, did Griswold at this point regard Kimberlin as a political prisoner?

"I think there's a fair likelihood that he might have been released on parole by 1992 if he'd not raised that episode in 1988," Griswold replied. "As far as I can judge, from reading newspaper accounts, there was clear political interference in detaining him at that time, and I find it hard to think that there has not been political intervention in the years since 1988."

I said, "So you're saying that he entered the penal system for one reason and he's now being detained for different reasons—for political reasons?"

Griswold said, "Yes, that's a fair statement. A man can enter the penal system and then, for various reasons—reasons of an essentially political nature—the procedures established for parole and reduction of time can be bypassed. And in Kimberlin's case the result is that, in substance, he has become a political prisoner." ♦

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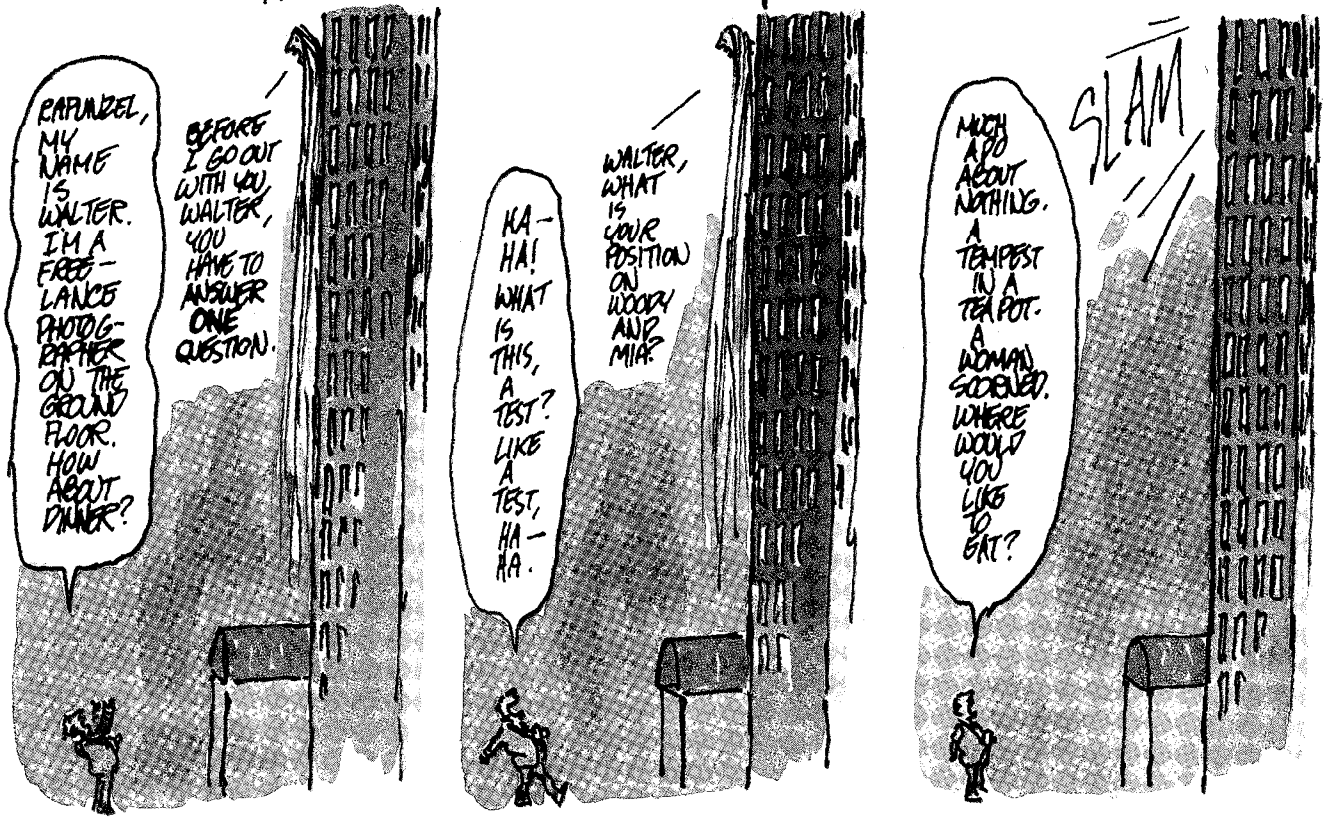
8:00 Blue Water Hunters
The adventures of divers who shun scuba gear and explore deep ocean waters with only the water they can hold in their lungs are shared in this documentary.—*Listing in Choice, Nebraska's Public Television Magazine.*

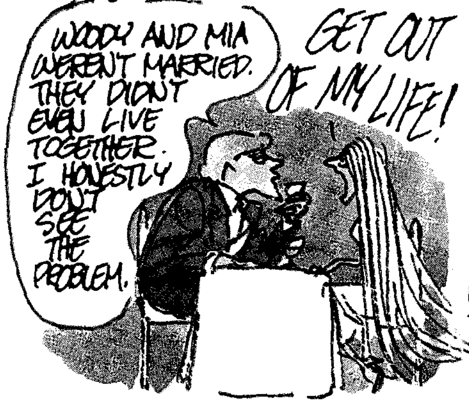
They're called fish, actually.

The Test

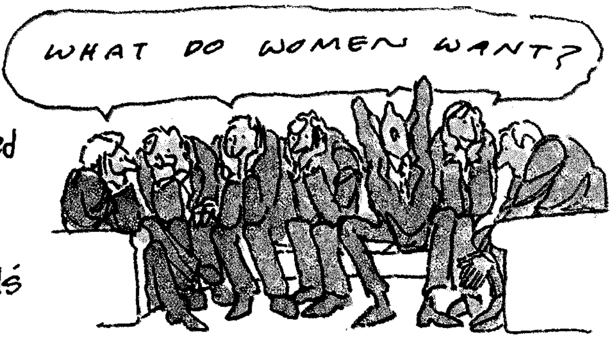
Rapunzel, 30, affluent, disappointed in love more times than I can tell you, lived in a tower on the Upper East Side, where she developed a test for men.


RAPUNZEL, MY NAME IS WALTER. I'M A FREE-LANCE PHOTOGRAPHER ON THE GROUND FLOOR. HOW ABOUT DINNER?
BEFORE I GO OUT WITH YOU, WALTER, YOU HAVE TO ANSWER ONE QUESTION.
HA-HA! WHAT IS THIS, A TEST? LIKE A TEST, HA-HA.
WALTER, WHAT IS YOUR POSITION ON WOODY AND MIA?
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. A TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT. A WOMAN SCORNED. WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE TO EAT?
SLAM

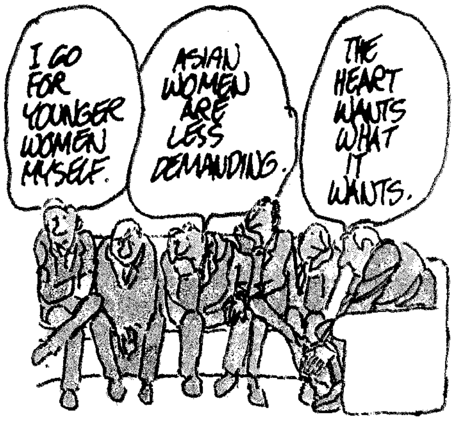
Rapunzel's test went like this: if you were a man and found nothing wrong with what Woody did, you could fall off the face of the earth as far as she was concerned.


WOODY AND MIA WEREN'T MARRIED. THEY DIDN'T EVEN LIVE TOGETHER. I HONESTLY DON'T SEE THE PROBLEM.
GET OUT OF MY LIFE!

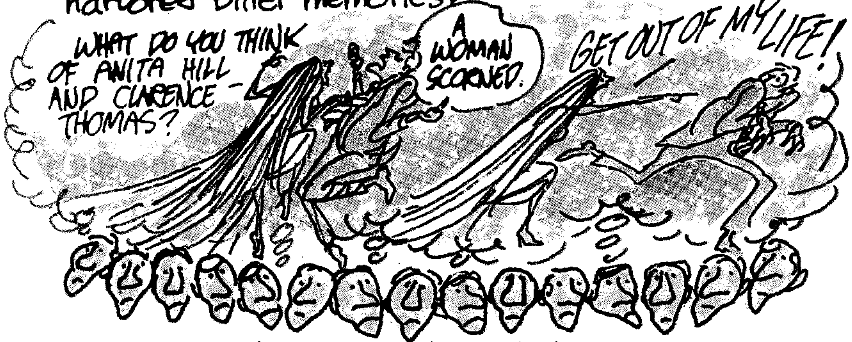
Now, you'd be surprised how many men failed Rapunzel's test.


WHAT DO WOMEN WANT?

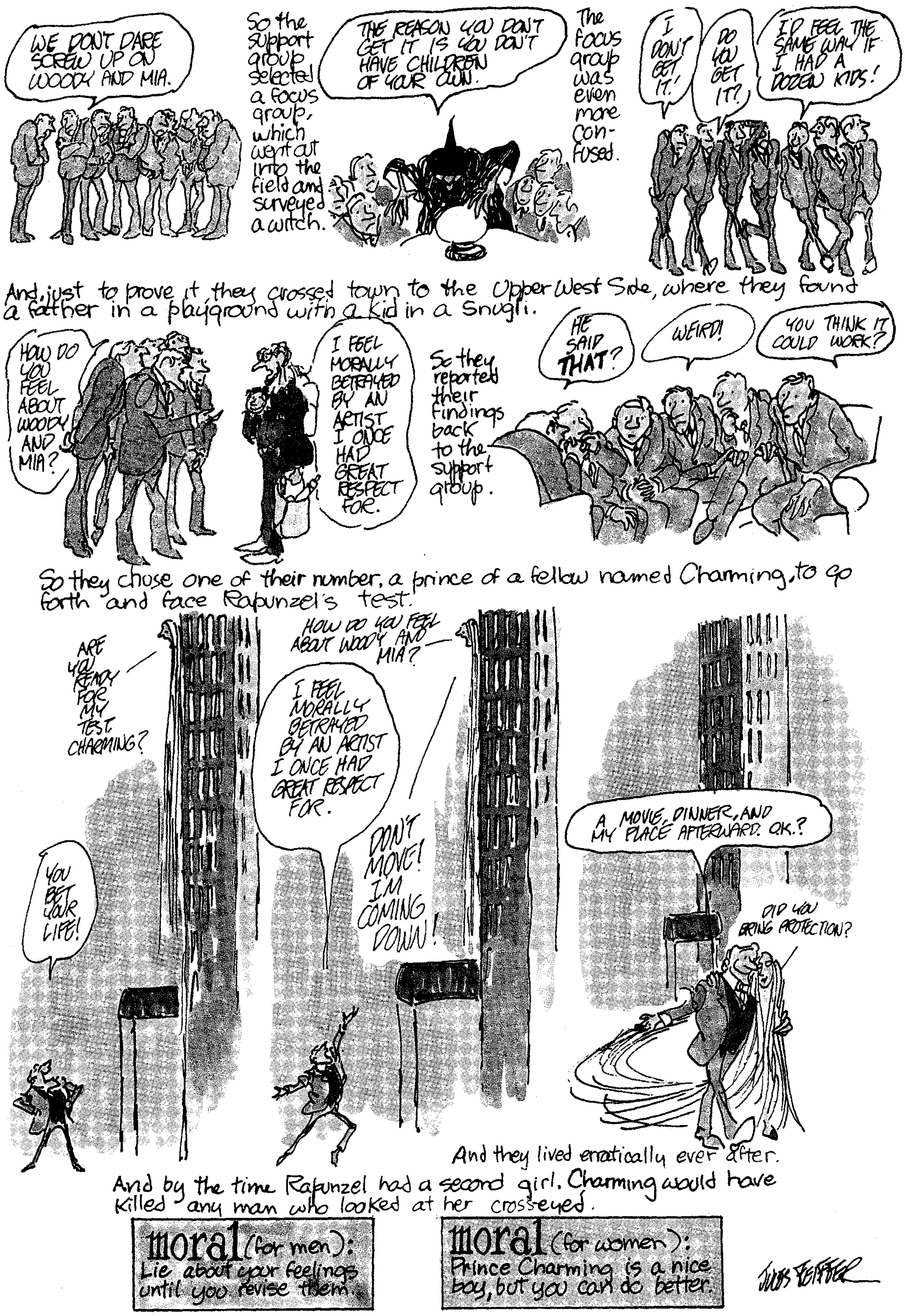
Men said as they met in support groups to discuss Rapunzel's test, which was fast gaining acceptance among women.


I GO FOR YOUNGER WOMEN MYSELF.
ASIAN WOMEN ARE LESS DEMANDING.
THE HEART WANTS WHAT IT WANTS.

There was a reason that men were frustrated. They harbored bitter memories:


WHAT DO YOU THINK OF ANITA HILL AND CLARENCE THOMAS?
A WOMAN SCORNED.
GET OUT OF MY LIFE!

They knew that they had failed on Anita and Clarence. And that they just didn't get it on "Thelma & Louise."


WE DON'T DARE SCREW UP ON WOODY AND MIA.
So the support group selected a focus group, which went out into the field and surveyed a witch.
THE REASON YOU DON'T GET IT IS YOU DON'T HAVE CHILDREN OF YOUR OWN.
The focus group was even more confused.
I DON'T GET IT.
DO YOU GET IT?
I'D FEEL THE SAME WAY IF I HAD A DOZEN KIDS!
And, just to prove it they crossed town to the Upper West Side, where they found a father in a playground with a kid in a Snugli.
HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT WOODY AND MIA?
I FEEL MORALLY BETRAYED BY AN ARTIST I ONCE HAD GREAT RESPECT FOR.
So they reported their findings back to the support group.
HE SAID THAT?
WEIRD!
YOU THINK IT COULD WORK?
So they chose one of their number, a prince of a fellow named Charming, to go forth and face Rapunzel's test.
ARE YOU READY FOR MY TEST, CHARMING?
YOU BET YOUR LIFE!
HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT WOODY AND MIA?
I FEEL MORALLY BETRAYED BY AN ARTIST I ONCE HAD GREAT RESPECT FOR.
DON'T MOVE! I'M COMING DOWN!
A MOVIE, DINNER, AND MY PLACE AFTERWARD. OK.?
DID YOU BRING PROTECTION?
And they lived erratically ever after.
And by the time Rapunzel had a second girl, Charming would have killed any man who looked at her cross-eyed.
moral (for men): Lie about your feelings until you revise them.
moral (for women): Prince Charming is a nice boy, but you can do better.
JULES FEIFFER

FICTION

PLAYING WITH DYNAMITE

by John Updike

One aspect of childhood Fanshawe had not expected to return in old age was the mutability of things—the willingness of a chair, say, to become a leggy animal in the corner of his vision, or the sensation that the solid darkness of an unlit room is teeming with inimical presences. Headlights floated on the skin of Fanshawe's windshield like cherry blossoms on black water, whether signifying four motorcycles or two trucks he had no idea, and he drove braced, every second, to crash into an invisible obstacle.

It had taken him over fifty years to internalize the physical laws that overruled a ten-year-old's sense of nightmare possibilities—to overcome irrational fear and to make himself at home in the linear starkness of a universe without a supernatural. As he felt the ineluctable logic of decay tightening its grip on his body, these laws seemed dispensable; he had used them, and now was bored with them. Perhaps an object *could* travel faster than the speed of light, and we each have an immortal soul. It didn't, terribly, matter. The headlines in the paper, with their campaigns and pestilences, seemed directed at somebody else, like the new movies and television specials and pennant races and beer commercials—somebody younger and more easily excited, somebody for whom the world still had weight. Living now in death's immediate neighborhood, he was developing a soldier's jaunty indifference; if the bathtub in the corner of his eye as he shaved were to take on the form of a polar bear and start mauling him, it wouldn't be the end of the world. Even the end of the world, strange to say, wouldn't be the end of the world.

His wife was younger than he, and spryer. Frequently, she impatiently passed him on the stairs. One Sunday afternoon, when they were going downstairs to greet some guests, he felt her at his side like a little gust of wind, and then saw her, amazingly reduced in size, kneeling on the stairs, which were thickly carpeted, several steps below him. He called her name, and thought of reaching down to restrain her, but she, having groped for a baluster and missed, rapidly continued on her way, sledding on her shins all the way to the bottom, where she reclined at the feet of their astonished visitors, who had knocked and entered. "She's all right," Fanshawe assured them, descending at his more stately pace, for he knew, watching her surprising descent, that she had met no bone-breaking snag in her progress.

And, indeed, she did rise up as resiliently as a cartoon cat, brimming with girlish embarrassment, though secretly pleased, he could tell, with having so spontaneously provided their little party a lively initial topic of discussion. Their guests, who included a young doctor, set her up on the sofa, with a bag of ice on the more bruised and abraded of her shins, and conducted a conversational investigation that concluded she had caught her heel in the hem of her dress, unusually long, in the new fashion. A little rip in the stitching of the hem seemed to confirm the analysis and to remove all mystery from the event.

Yet later, after she had limped into bed beside her husband, she asked, "Wasn't I good, not to tell everybody how you pushed me?"

"I never touched you," Fanshawe protested, but without much passion, because he was not entirely sure. He remembered only her appearance, oddly shrunk by perspective on the stairs in their downward linear recession, and the flash of his synapses that pictured his reaching out and restraining her, and his dreamlike inability to do so. She blamed him, he knew, for not having caught her, for not having done the impossible, and this was as good as his pushing her. She was, in their old age, a late-blooming feminist, and he accepted his role in her mind as the murderous man with whom she happened to be stuck, in a world of murderous men. The forces that had once driven them together now seemed to her all the product of a male conspiracy. If he had not literally pushed her on the stairs, he had compelled her to live in a house with a grandiose stairway and had dictated, in collusion with male fashion designers, the dangerous length of her skirt and height of her heels; and this was as good as a push. He tried to recall his emotions as he watched her body cascade out of his reach, and came up with a cool pang of what might be called polite astonishment, underneath a high hum of constant grief, like the cosmic background radiation. He recalled a view of a town's rooftops covered in snow, beneath a dome of utterly emptied blue sky.

His wife relented, seeing him so docilely ready to internalize her proposition. "Sweetie, you didn't push me," she said. "But I did think you might have caught me."

"It was all too quick," he said, unconvinced by his own self-defense. With the reality of natural law had receded any conviction of his own virtue. Their guests that afternoon had included his wife's daughter, by an old and almost mythical marriage. He could scarcely distinguish his stepchildren from his children by his own former marriage, or tell kin from spouses. He was polite to all these tan, bouncy, smooth-skinned, sure-footed, well-dressed young adults—darlings of the advertisers, the now generation—who claimed to be related to him, and he was flattered by their mannerly attentions, but he secretly doubted the reality of the connection. His own mother, some years ago, had lain dead for two days at the bottom of the cellar stairs of a house where he had allowed her to live alone, feeble and senile. He was an unnatural son and father both, why not a murderous husband? He knew that the incident would live in his wife's head as if he had in fact pushed her, and thus he might as well remember it also, for the sake of marital harmony.

At the Central Park Zoo, the yellow-white polar bears eerily float in the cold water behind the plate glass, water the blue-green color on a pack of Kool cigarettes (the last cigarettes Fanshawe had smoked, thinking the menthol possibly medicinal), and if a polar bear, dripping wet, were to surface up through his bathtub tomorrow morning while he shaved, the fatal swat of the big clawed paw would feel like a cloud of pollen.

Things used to be more substantial. In those middle years, as Fanshawe gropingly recalled them, you are hammering out your destiny on bodies still molten and glowing. One day, he had taken his children ice-skating on a frozen river—its winding course miraculously become a road, hard as steel, hissing beneath their steel edges. As he stood talking to the mother of some other young children, his six-year-old son had fallen at his feet, without a cry or thump, simply melting out of the lower edge of Fanshawe's vision, which was fastened on the reddened cheeks and shining eyes, the perfect teeth and flirtatiously curved lips of Lorna Kramer, his fellow-parent. A noise softly bubbled up through the cracks in their conversation; the little body on the ice was whimpering, and when Fanshawe impatiently directed his son to shut up and to get up, the muffled words "I can't" rose as if from beneath the ice.

It developed that the boy's leg was broken. Just standing there complaining about the cold, he had lost his balance with his skate caught in a crack, and twisted his shinbone to the point of fracture. How soft and slender our growing skeletons are! Fanshawe, once his wife and the other woman and their clustering children had made the problem clear to him, carried the boy in his arms up the steep and snowy riverbank. He felt magnificent, doing so. This was real life, he remembered feeling—the idyllic Sunday afternoon suddenly crossed by disaster's shadow, the gentle and strenuous rescue, the ride to the hospital, the emergency-room formalities, the arrival of the jolly orthopedic surgeon in his parka and Ski-Doo boots, the laying on of the cast in warm plaster strips, the drying tears, the imminent healing. Children offer access to the tragic, to the great dark that stands outside our windows, and in the urgency of their needs bestow significance; their fragile lives veer toward the dangerous margins and measure the breadth beyond the narrow path we have learned to tread.

"It wouldn't have happened, of course," his first wife said, "if you had been paying attention to him instead of to Lorna."

"What does Lorna have to do with it? She was the first one to realize that the poor kid wasn't kidding."

"Lorna has everything to do with it, as you perfectly well know."

"This is paranoid talk," he said. "This is Nixon-era paranoid talk."

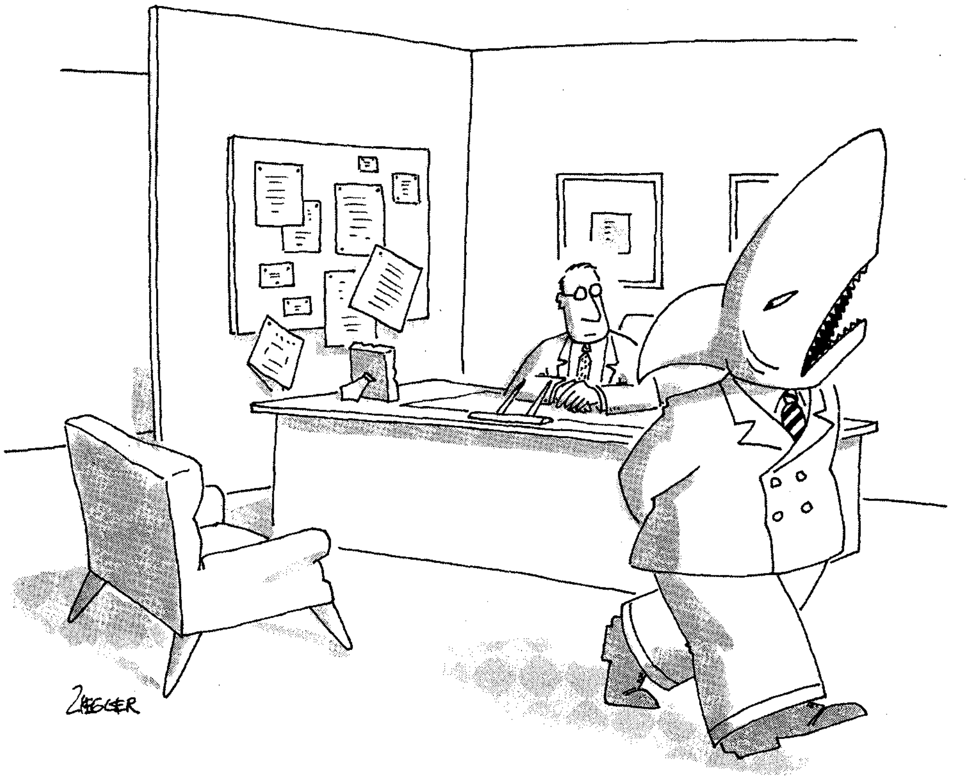
"I've gotten used to your hurting me, but I'm not going to have you hurting our children, Geoff."

"Now we're getting really crazy."

"Don't you think I know why you decided to take us all ice-skating, when poor Timmy and Rose don't even have skates that fit? It was so unlike you—you usually just want to laze around reading the *Times* and complaining about your hangover and watching 'Wide World of Golf.' It was to see her. Her or somebody else. That whole party crowd, you don't get enough of them Saturday nights anymore. Why don't you go live with them? Live with somebody else, anybody except me! Go. Go!"

She didn't mean it, but it was thrilling to see her so energized, such a fury, her eyes flashing, her hair crackling, her slicing gestures carving large doomed territories out of the air. At that age, Fanshawe saw now, we are creating selves, potent and plastic, making and unmaking homes, the world in our hands. We are playing with dynamite. All around them, as he and his wife stood hip-deep in children, marriages blew up. Marriage counsellors, child psychiatrists, lawyers, real-estate agents prospered in the ruins. Now, in old age, it remained only to generate a little business for the mortician, and an hour's pleasant work for the local clergyman. Just as insurance salesmen had at last stopped approaching him, and the moviemakers had written him out of audience demographics, so the armies of natural law, needed all over the globe to detonate dynamite where it counted, left him to wander in a twilight of inconsequence.

In early August, a pair of birds decided they had to build a nest on the Fanshawes' porch. They were warblers too far north, if he could trust his eyes and the battered old bird book. Something must have gone wrong with their biological clocks. It was too late in the



"Please continue talking, Briggs. I have to keep moving lest I suffocate and die."

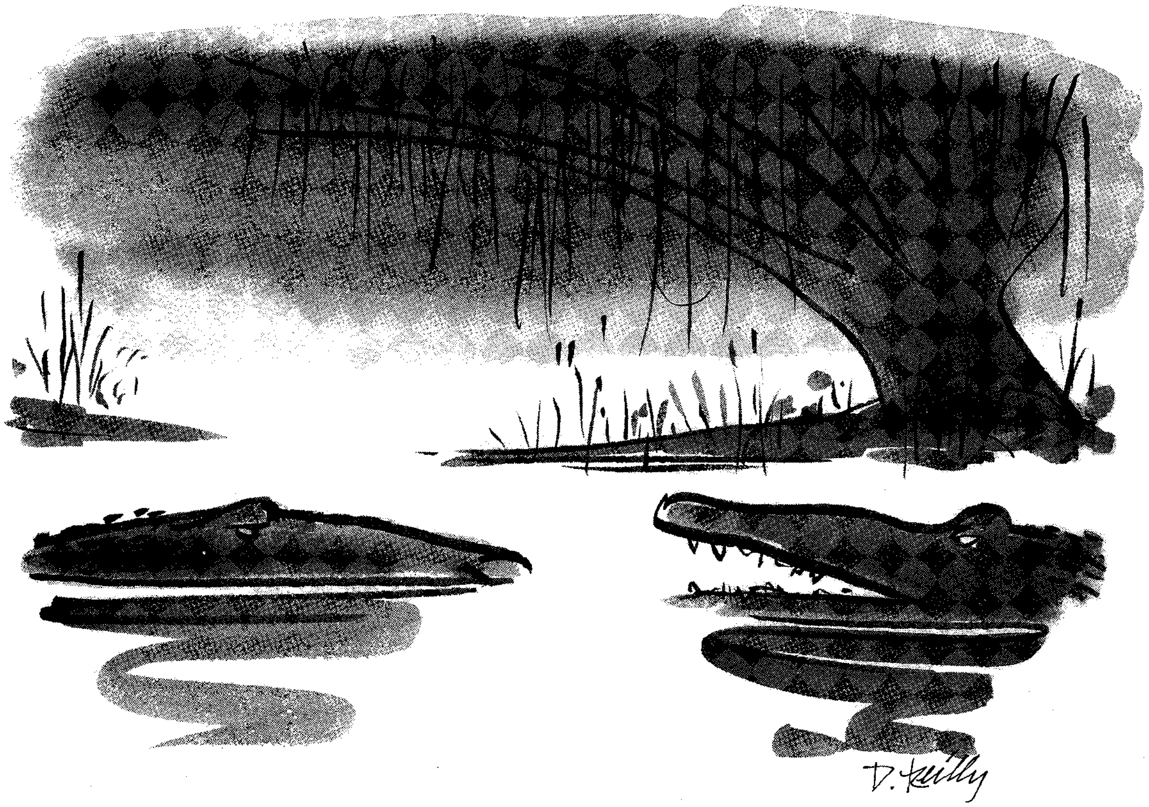
season for nesting, but, even more willful than children, they persisted, while warbling back and forth furiously, in piling up twigs and wands of hay on the small shelves created by the capitals of his porch pillars. The twiggy accumulations blew off, or Mrs. Fanshawe briskly knocked them off with a broom. She had always been less sentimental than he. It was her clean white porch and her porch boards that would be spattered with bird shit. But the warblers kept coming back, as children keep demanding to go to an amusement park or to buy a certain kind of heavily advertised candy, until finally, the adult world wearying, they have their way. A pillar next to the house afforded shelter enough from the wind; the twigs and grass accumulated, and from its precarious pile the stone-colored head of the female bird haughtily stared down one afternoon when the Fanshawes returned from a day in town shopping. The warbling ceased. The male had vanished. Then, after two weeks, the female, it dawned on the Fanshawes, had vanished. Vanished without a warble of goodbye. All the time she had been in the nest, her profile had radiated anger.

Getting out the stepladder, Fanshawe fetched down an empty, eggless nest, its rim tidily circled round with guano, its rough materials worked in the center to a perfect expectant cavity. A nest in vain. What ever had those birds been thinking of? His impulse was to save the nest—his mother had always been saving bird's nests, setting them in bookshelves, or on top of the piano—but his wife held out an open garbage bag, as though the innocent wild artifact were teeming with germs. Bird's nests shouldn't go in garbage bags, he thought, but dropped it in. We're in this together, he aimlessly thought, as in the shade of the porch his wife stared up at him, with shining dark eyes, trying to control her impatience as he wrestled with his sentimental scruple.

At his fifth (at a guess) birthday party, a piece of cake mysteriously vanished from the plate in front of him and reappeared a few seconds later in his lap. He had never touched it, so it must have been a miracle, there in the candlelight and childish babble. He could still see it lying on his corduroy lap, the cake peeping out from its inverted dish—a chocolate cake with caramel icing of a type only his mother had ever made for him, its sugary stiffness most delicious where the icing between the layers met the outside layer in a thick, sweet T. A few years later, lying in bed with a fever, he had seen a black stick, at a slight angle, hop along beyond the edge of the bed, like one of the abstract sections of "Fantasia." In those years, the knit of the physical world was stretched thin, and held a number of holes. When he was in the fourth grade, his new glasses vanished from his pocket, in their round-ended case with its murderous metallic *snap*, and a week later, cutting across a weedy vacant lot thinking of them and of how hard his father would have to work to buy him another pair, he looked down, and there the case was, like a long egg in the tangled damp grass. Inside it, the glasses had become steamy, as if worn by an overexcited, myopic ghost. Perhaps this was less a miracle than the transposed birthday cake, but the fact that he had been thinking of them *at that very moment* made it the strangest of all. Could it be that our mind does, secretly, control the atoms? On that possibility, Fanshawe had never quite broken his childish habit of prayer. Yet, staring at a model airplane that had unaccountably disintegrated during the night, or confronting the bulging shadows at the head of the stairs, it was hard to think of God and Jesus; one seemed to be down among frivolous demons, in a supernatural no more elevated in its aims than a Disney animated feature.

That curious cartoon lightness and jumpiness had returned. Fanshawe would find himself in a room with no knowledge of how he got there—as if the film had been broken and spliced. As he lay in bed, the house throbbed with footsteps, heard through the pillow, that fell silent when he lifted his head. Perhaps it had been his heartbeat.

In the sedate neighborhood where he now lived, everyone was old, more or less. For years he had watched the neighbor to his right, a widower, slowly deteriorate, his stride be-



"So, it's agreed that neither of us has moods—right?"

coming a shuffle, his house and yard gradually growing shabbier and shaggier, inch by inch, season by season, in increments so small that only a speeded-up film would show the process. The two men would converse across the fence from time to time; Fanshawe once or twice offered to do some pruning for his neighbor. "No, thanks," would be the answer. "I'll get to it, when I'm feeling a little more lively." We look ahead and see random rises and falls; the linear diminishment so plain to others is invisible to us.

One Saturday morning, a fire engine appeared along his neighbor's curb, though there was no sign of smoke. The fireman, who had moved up the front walk with some haste, stayed inside so long that Fanshawe grew tired of spying. An hour later, with the fire engine still parked there, its great throbbing motor wastefully running, a small foreign convertible appeared, and a fashionably dressed young woman—all things are relative, perhaps she was forty—uncoiled rapidly out of the low-slung interior, flashing her long smooth shins, and clicked up the flagstone walk. This was his neighbor's daughter, who explained to Fanshawe later, at the party after the funeral, that her father had been found by the cleaning lady, sitting up in his favorite chair, shaved and dressed in a coat and tie as if expecting a caller. So that was death, Fanshawe realized—a jerky comedy of unusual comings and goings on a Saturday morning, followed in a few days by a funeral and a "For Sale" sign on the house.

"Thank you for being such a good neighbor to my father," the daughter said. "He often mentioned it."

"But I wasn't," Fanshawe protested. "I never did a thing for him."

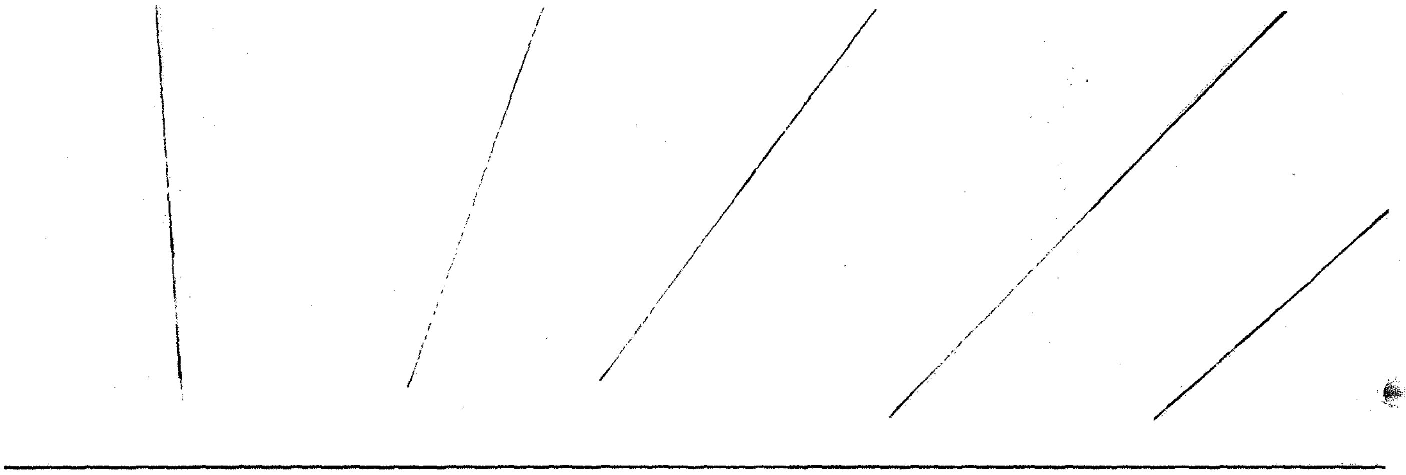
Why had the dead man benignly lied? Why had the cleaning lady called the fire department and not the police? And why had the fireman never shut off his engine, discharging carbon monoxide and consuming fossil fuel at taxpayer expense? Fanshawe didn't ask.

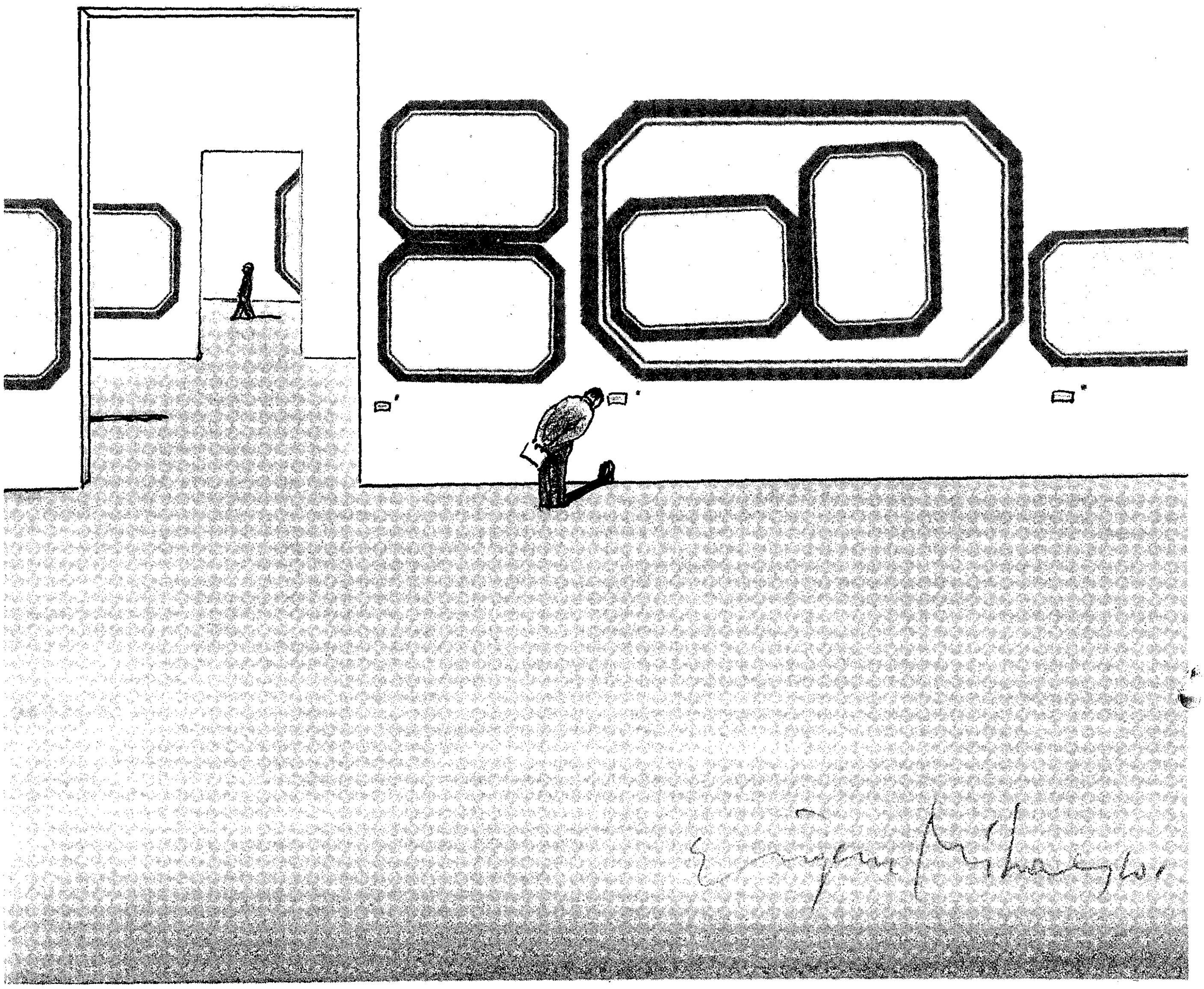
He often felt now, going through the motions of living—shaving, dressing, responding to questions, measuring up to small emergencies—that he was enacting a part in a play at the end of its run, while mentally rehearsing his lines in the next play to be put on. It was repertory theatre, evidently. When he remembered how death had once loomed at him, so vivid and large that it had a distinct smell, like the scent of chalk up close to the schoolroom blackboard, he marvelled, rather patronizingly. When had he ceased to fear death—or, so to say, to grasp it? The moment was as clear in his mind as a black-and-white striped gate at a border crossing: the moment when he first slept with Lorna Kramer.

"Then the prince bent down and kissed her, and said he'd always be there for her."

How inky-black her eyes seemed, amid the snowy whiteness of the sheets! There was snow outside, too, hushing the world in sunstruck brilliance. Meltwater tapped in the aluminum gutters. There had been a feeling of coolness, of freshly laundered sheets, of contacts never before achieved, by fingertips icy with nervousness. He had peeled off her black lace bra—her back arched up from the mattress to give him access to the catches—almost reluctantly, knowing there would be a white flash that would obliterate everything that had existed of his life before. She had smiled encouragingly, timorously. They were in it together. Her teeth were, after all, less than perfect, with protuberant canines that made the bicuspids next to them seem shadowy. Her pupils were contracted to the size of pencil leads by the relentless light; he had never seen anything so clearly as he saw her now, the fine mechanism of her, the specialized flesh of her lips, the trip wires of her hair; he got out of the bed to lower the shade, the sight of her was such a blinding assault.

A dull reddish bird, a female cardinal, was hopping about on the delicately tracked-up snow beneath the bird feeder a story below, pecking at scattered seed. A whole blameless town of roofs and smoking chimneys and snow-drenched trees stretched beyond, under an overturned bowl of blue light that made Fanshawe's vision wince. He drew the curtain on it and in merciful twilight returned to where Lorna lay still as a stick. He heard his blood striding in his skull, he felt so full of life. Sex or death, you pick your poison. That had been forever ago. She was still younger and spryer than he, but all things were relative. He did not envy those forever-ago people, for whom the world had such a weight of consequence. Like the Titans, they seemed beautiful but sad in their brief heyday, transition figures between chaos and an airier pantheon. ♦




Eugen Mihaesco

THE ART WORLD

THE DEATH OF AN AUDIENCE

by Adam Gopnik

I ATTENDED the opening of the Guggenheim Museum, in the fall of 1959, although I was only three and lived in Philadelphia. My parents were students at Penn, and for a month before the opening my mother spent most of her evenings sewing a mustard-colored velvet suit for me and a matching mustard velvet dress for my four-year-old sister. On the morning of October 21st, we woke at five-thirty, put on our new clothes, climbed into our blue Volkswagen Beetle, and rode the three hours into New York. The line at Eighty-ninth Street stretched five or six blocks down Fifth Avenue, so we had to wait for another hour until, at last, we were allowed to enter the new museum and proceed, in single file, up the spiralling ramp, to take in all the Mirós and Klees and Kandinskys. Eventually, we reached the top of the rotunda, where we stood and watched the Calder mobile rotate (barely), and then we found the elevator and took it back to the ground floor. Then we got into the Volkswagen again and drove home. Granted that my parents' enthusiasm for the arts passed over the boundary of enthusiasm and on to the edge of frenzy, our family's experience was, if not typical, then in some funny way exemplary. That was one *long* line, and the other people in it looked a lot like us (though none, I remember thinking at the time, seemed nearly so well dressed).

Thirty-odd years later, last June, I went back to Eighty-ninth Street for a second Guggenheim opening—a preview of the renovated and enlarged museum. This second opening was an even more heralded occasion than the first was: it claimed the covers of *New York* and of the *Times* Arts & Leisure section, and inspired an endless string of newspaper and television pieces. This time, though, there were no Mirós to look at in the rotunda. The paintings had been pushed right out of the spiral and off into the newly created, shoebox-shaped side galleries. The rotunda had been given over entirely to the guests. Arts administrators jostled curators, who rubbed shoulders with programmers and corporate funders. Out of nostalgia, if nothing else, I decided to go back on Sunday morning for the public opening. I got there early and stood on the Park side of Fifth to watch the crowd. Outside the museum, eleven people were waiting to get in.

The *Times* reporter who was there cautiously made it a dozen in her report the next morning, but I think she may have been counting a woman in high-powered walking shoes who was, it seemed to me, only resting. Later in the day, a crowd did arrive, apparently, but the difference between this opening and the one thirty years ago was still stark—and illustrative. The sense of occasion which had once sent graduate students hurtling to New York from Philadelphia at six in the morning—my parents' sense that attending the opening of a new museum was central to participating in the life of one's time—had vanished. The message that had been sent, however subliminally, by all the hype in the press was: this one's for us. The pros had elbowed the public aside.

These two moments capture, I think, the shadow that has fallen over the life of art in New York right now—a shadow that looms over all the individual shows and exhibitions and "movements" that will unfold this fall, but one that nobody really wants to talk about. Just as surely as the original Guggenheim opening announced that a small community of art-minded people had been transformed, beyond all expectation, into a large popular audience, the new opening has made plain that the popular audience for modern art is disappearing, and has been displaced by a professional constituency.

It may seem odd to speak of the disappearance of an audience at a time when—on paper, at least—the sheer numbers for particular shows are increasing. The MOMA Matisse show will almost certainly surpass the attendance records set a decade ago by its Picasso retrospective; the Guggenheim's doubling of space will obviously increase its foot traffic, too. But attendance figures don't really prove anything about the health of the audience—the art-attentive public—any more than the networks' pointing to the ratings of the World Series can disguise the increasing distance of the baseball audience from its pastime; or, for that matter, any more than the fact that you now have to wait months for tickets to "Guys and Dolls" can be taken as evidence that the New York theatre audience has been restored to health. The outsize or disproportionate success of a particular spectacle is, if anything, a pretty good index of the *ill* health of the art form. This might be called the Andrew Lloyd Webber Rule: as the shows get bigger, and have to be made into ever more hyped "events," the audience becomes less responsive to the smaller occasions and quieter distinctions that maintain a daily, living connection between the work and the audience.

In any case, there is some hard evidence for the disappearance—or, at least, the decline—of the once loyal museum audience. Though museum attendance, geared to big shows, is going up, museum *membership*, a better index of the connection between art and its public, is going down: MOMA, for example, has put its membership desk in the front hall, in what marketers call a point-of-purchase position. Several large exhibitions last year—among them the Stuart Davis show at the Met and the Calder at the Whitney—that should have been popular were bewilderingly underattended, and were without the kind of excitement they would have produced only fifteen or twenty years ago. More important, anyone who spends a good part of his life in and around museums can sense that something has changed—that there has been a disruption of the connection between modern art and its audience. Simply compare the numbers and the attitudes of people in the great

EUGÈNE MIHAESCO

Matisse room at MOMA, for instance (which is probably for the honest amateur a more telling and profound experience of Matisse than the big, heterogeneous show can ever be), with those in the Matisse rooms at the old museum, and you can't help feeling something has diminished; the "regulars" who used to come at every lunch hour seem far fewer; the traffic appears to be composed largely of tourists and day-trippers, and it flows dutifully *past* the pictures, where only a decade ago a few New Yorkers were always planted purposefully in *front* of them and would sometimes remain there for a half hour at a time.

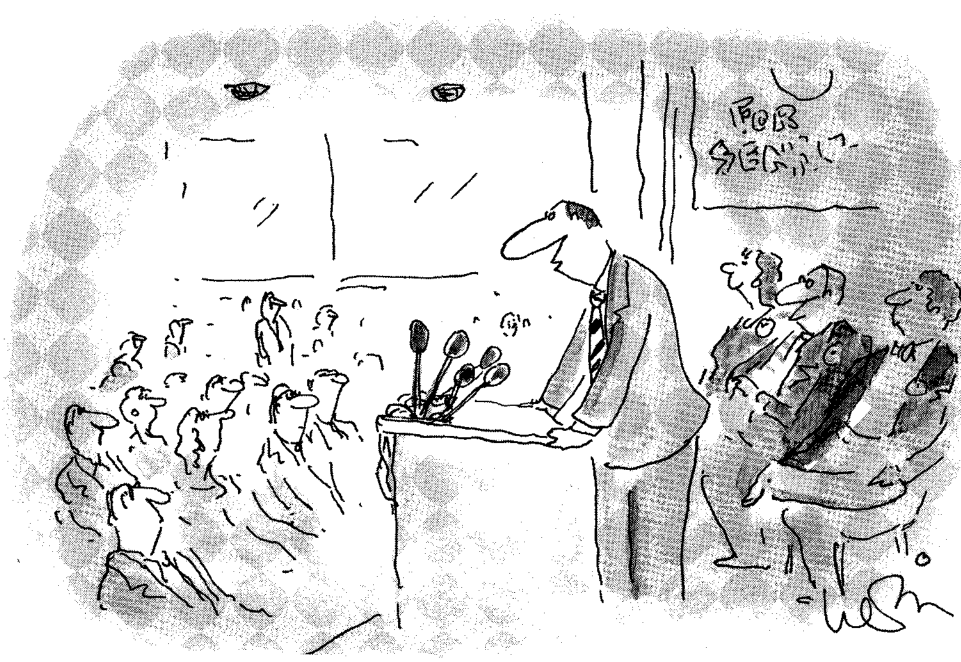
The loss of this audience is an event, because its arrival was an event. The growth of the modern-art audience in the late fifties and early sixties was one of the great unlooked-for moments of twentieth-century cultural life. Museum attendance increased fourfold in the space of twenty years, and the audience drove the institutions. MOMA had first to build an annex and then to redesign the museum completely, because the old physical plant could no longer take the number of visitors who were flooding in. And the Guggenheim and Whitney expansion programs have probably become more famous by now than any exhibition that was ever presented in either of those museums. This large popular audience for modern art never materialized anywhere else. France was notoriously slow in getting to its own modern art. It was not until the late seventies that the Centre Pompidou appeared, and even now most people agree that the steady infusion of jugglers and flame-eaters and so on crowding the plaza outside is what keeps the Pompidou alive. In England, the situation is even more extreme: the decision, just this year, to buy a book on Léger for the Oxford art-history library led to a major debate. (Léger lost.)

Why did an audience for modern art thrive in America, and in New York particularly? Robert Hughes has explained it recently as a consequence of the prevailing "therapeutic fallacy" in American life: America was the one place where people could be convinced that things they didn't like at first should be respected anyway, because they might do you good. Maybe. But the notion of art as therapy was part of the general rhetoric of modernism, and the audience never arrived in New York—or anywhere else—for, say, modern music. The unacknowledged reason that modern art attracted a bourgeois, pleasure-seeking audience, I think, is that in its founding moments it had been devoted to singing the delight of bourgeois pleasure-seeking, and, however muted, or however jarringly transposed into some strange new keys modern art became, some echo of that first music had sounded in it ever since. Modern painting, as Cyril Connolly pointed out many years ago, was unique among the modernist arts in being rooted in "the myth of bourgeois pleasure." The first, celebratory impulse of Impressionism survived in the scraps and fragments of Cubism, in the urban rhythms of Mondrian and Stuart Davis, in the solemnity given to the scenes of family life in Matisse, and in the toylike intensity of Klee and Calder.

My own knowledge of the New York museum audience was gained during two years, more than a decade ago, that I spent giving what were called "gallery lectures" at MOMA. Over time, I came to know some of the members of the "mass audience" as people. An identifiable group came every day. They included the usual number of lonely people and confused people and culture-hungry people, but the core of the audience was people who had apparently found in looking at modern painting an activity that filled their lives in a way that no other did. The surest sign of this was that visiting the museum rendered them *active*, not passive. *Crazily* active, in some cases. Among my "regulars," there was a textile broker who painted imitation van Goghs; there was a disk jockey whose hobby was making needlepoint copies of the "Guernica." There was a C.P.A. who, inspired by Gauguin, eventually gave up accounting, though for art history, rather than art. And there were endless numbers of lawyers and secretaries and editors and teachers who came to revisit old favorites, discover new ones, and badger with questions any "expert" who was trying to "explain" what they already understood. Were they there, as we say sniffily, "for the art"? Of course

"Wearing tweed says you have either too much power or too little."

not. Was the audience that danced with Duccio's "Maestà" there for the art? No, they were there for the civic ritual, of which the art was the crucial, irreplaceable nucleus. What the members of the modern-art audience had in common with the members of every other active audience in history was a sense that what they were looking at was *theirs*. They felt at home. They thought that the place belonged to them.



"And if I'm elected I promise not to get re-indicted."

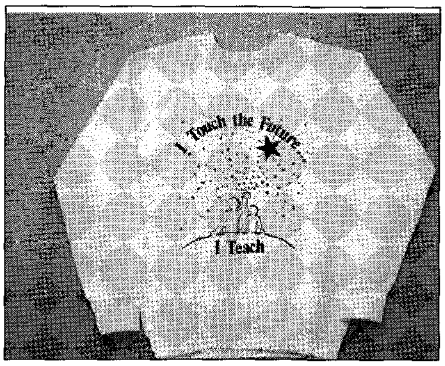
• •

If I'm right that this audience is fleeing—or, at the very least, is becoming terribly demoralized—what is the cause? Part of the answer, of course, has to do with the general flight of the middle class from New York. But it is also that a series of myths grew up, which, bizarrely, *vilified* that audience—placed the blame on it for everything that subsequently went wrong with American art, and made its removal a condition of reform.

The hardiest of these myths is the Pop myth. Pop art, the story goes, was the real cause of the growth of the museum audience, because Pop promised that what was in the museums was *easy:* Warhol lured the philistines in with the promise of cheap thrills, and they remained, bewitched, to gawk at the high-priced merchandise. But you can believe that Pop art is popular only if you have never spent much time around actual museum audiences. Anyone who has worked in a museum knows the ladder of acceptability: the popular audience cares passionately about van Gogh, Cézanne, and Degas; it has a healthy, engaged, wholehearted affection for Picasso and Matisse; it is amused and frightened by Surrealism; it has a respectful admiration for the combination of decorative intensity and spiritual thinness that fills American abstraction. But the popular audience *hates* Pop—sees it simply as a fraud, a bad joke, an imposture. Pop art wasn't easy; it was *hard.* It was a series of jokes and puns—some good, some obvious—on previous styles. It was an insider's art, written in code.

By the mid-eighties, these insiders had begun to crowd out the public. The greatly enlarged art audience had produced more and more people who wanted to "take up" art as a vocation, as a career. Many became artists, obviously, but more became art historians, curators, critics, arts administrators, fund-raisers—members of what in another context would be called the managerial class. And as the newly minted professionals became professionalized, they had to distinguish their tastes and interests from those of the audience from which they sprang. In a way that will be familiar to anyone who has gone to get his learner's permit at the Department of Motor Vehicles, the people whose job it was to serve a crowd spent most of their time figuring out how to set themselves apart from it. What had brought the audience to modern art—its intuition that here was something fundamentally expansive, even cheerful, a romantic affirmation of the beauty in modernity—was precisely the thing that, as a point of honor, the growing professional constituency had to like least. It became the unspoken mission of the pros either to pretend that this element in modern art didn't exist or to encourage art that wouldn't partake of it. Simultaneously with the growth of the audience through the seventies and early eighties, there grew up for the first time in the history of modern art an intensely puritanical and aggressively anti-hedonistic art, and an art ethos derived from the most Victorian, puritanical side of Marxism to go with it. Postmodernist art was, above all, post-*audience* art, and its most significant feature was a new tone of resentment and class distinction. When Sherrie Levine appropriated work in the Constructivist style, the point was to create a kind of in-group art, which *looked* like the art the audience admired but could be understood in a mode of vengeful irony.

The narrow historical reasoning that the constituency favored made sense only within a narrow institutional context—you could partake of it only if you had spent your whole life inside museums, instead of visiting them occasionally. Pretty soon, the institutional context became as real a subject for criticism as the art it was supposed to enfold. Since the institutional life of art was already a large part of the subject of art as it was conceived by the professionals, it was a short step to making it the *entire* subject. Even in the *Times*, art reviewing has come to be devoted (when it isn't just boosting Van Dyck drawings) almost entirely to following the internal politics of the new art constituency. Art, to paraphrase Auden, makes nothing happen. But the art world offered a set of public institutions to which things could be *made* to happen: it could be politicized, de-politicized, radicalized, and so on. A strongly marked and idiosyncratic response to works of art became much less important to writing about art



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than the ability to offer a shrewd reading of the internal politics of the constituency.

With this change has come a new kind of power politics. The brutal assaults that have been directed at the new generation of museum directors—among them Thomas Krens, of the Guggenheim, and David Ross, of the Whitney—are sometimes referred to, with amusement, as "feuds." But feuds characterize communities—families. Alfred Barr's quarrels with Clement Greenberg, Tom Messer's with Harold Rosenberg—these are the kinds of feuds that arise from a set of common interests gone wrong, from having shared a common table and then found oneself caught up in a deep argument. The new kind of assault does not arise from old wounds; instead, it arises from a struggle for power between various wings of the constituency—a kind of power struggle from which the old social lubricants of familiarity, common background, and community feeling have been removed.

ALL this is familiar enough. Superficially, anyway, the displacement of the audience by an in-group constituency seems to parallel the larger and much discussed—maybe too much discussed—disintegration of the American "polity" into competitive fragments. The replacement of audiences by constituencies isn't just an art-world phenomenon; supposedly, it's happening all over. But, however one may feel about these transformations, there is a difference that makes the transformation in the visual arts much more peculiar and more poignant. Even the ugliest and most fragmented politics are still recognizably *politics*. In however debased and divisive and destructive a fashion, they do the basic job of representing real interests. But the art world is in the odd position of having no real job to do; transplanted to the art world, constituency politics becomes mere dumb show. Art now has no niche, except for the one that we have invented for it. All the old functions of image-making (preserving faces, conserving historic moments) have passed entirely into the hands of photography and mechanical reproduction.

But there are these *buildings*, and they must be filled; and there is this "art world," and it must be served. By now, the institutional life of art is its only

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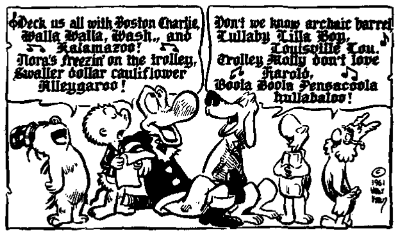
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guarantee. Tom Krens and David Ross are routinely pilloried for being "showmen"—impresarios rather than real scholars—endlessly playing to the crowd. But this misses the real pathos of their fix. If all they really wanted was to play to the crowd, that would be a cinch—a steady diet of Hockney and Hopper would take care of it. What characterizes their reign, instead, is a strange double movement. They make large-scale, spectacular gestures that they hope will keep the audience from finally clearing out completely, while at the same time they try to placate their increasingly narrow-minded and puritanical constituency.

So the buildings get bigger and bigger, and the shows get smaller and smaller—narrower in focus, and more intensely concentrated on the kind of didactic, sloganeering art that in any century an academic constituency will always prefer. Two of Ross's earliest acts as director of the Whitney were typical of the mixed-up signals a museum director has to send these days: he hired the fashionable Upper East (and West) Side restaurant Sarabeth's to make the museum's café more appealing, and then quickly hired a grim neo-Marxist ideologue, Benjamin Buchloh, to head the Whitney's independent-study program. For all the "empire building" that Krens has undertaken and accomplished, his first—and, so far, his only real—*show* was something called "Reconfigured Painting": an exhibition of German figure painting that was so academic in its conception, and so limited in its appeal, that it connected only with the constituency, and not with a very large segment of that. The list of forthcoming shows at the Guggenheim is not only similarly small in ambition but also out of key with the bigness of the new physical plant: a show of the conceptual artist Rebecca Horn, a show of the Pop artist Roy Lichtenstein. The only possible crowd-pleaser on the schedule is a planned retrospective of abstract pictures. The Guggenheim has to turn into an "event" the very thing that it was originally supposed to be doing as a matter of course—exhibiting the history of non-objective art. (It's as if the Metropolitan Opera were to promise as its forthcoming programming "event" a festival of Verdi and Rossini.) All the entrepreneurial energy—the metastasiz-

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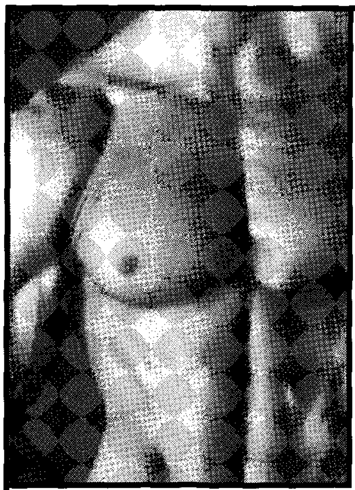

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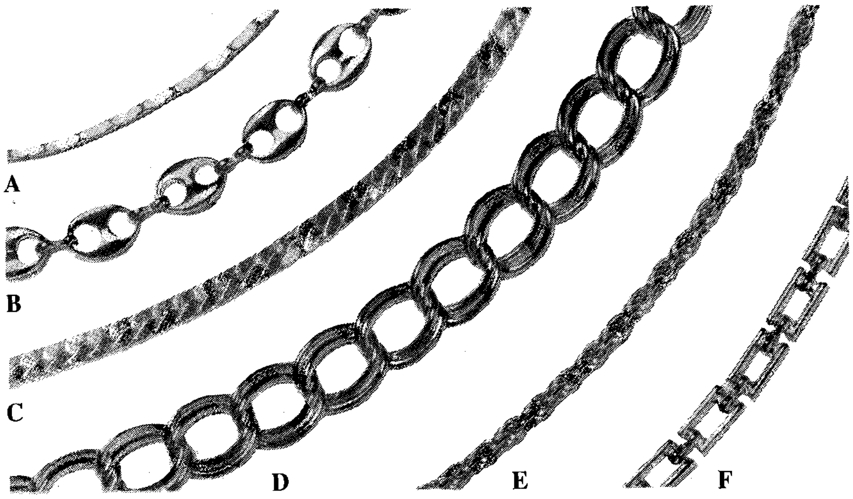

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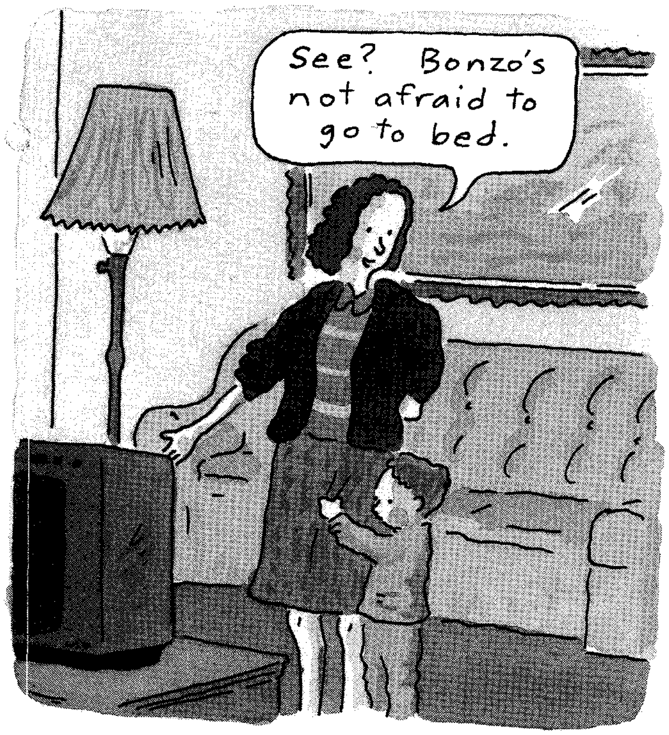
ing branches being set up around the world—is, in its way, like the frantic church-building programs of the Counter-Reformation: more and more angels on the façade, to lure the customers back in who are no longer sure about the Sacrament.

Cultural energies don't vanish, of course; they simply get displaced. Some of the old purpose and gaiety of the museum audience can now be found on any autumn Saturday morning in SoHo. But this audience is, in a way that would require a novelist to describe, a different one: it's noisier, happier, and more buzzing, but less absorbed and purposeful. It's a boutique audience, or a mall audience. Yet a Saturday-morning throng can never really be a substitute for a steady, lunch-hour public.

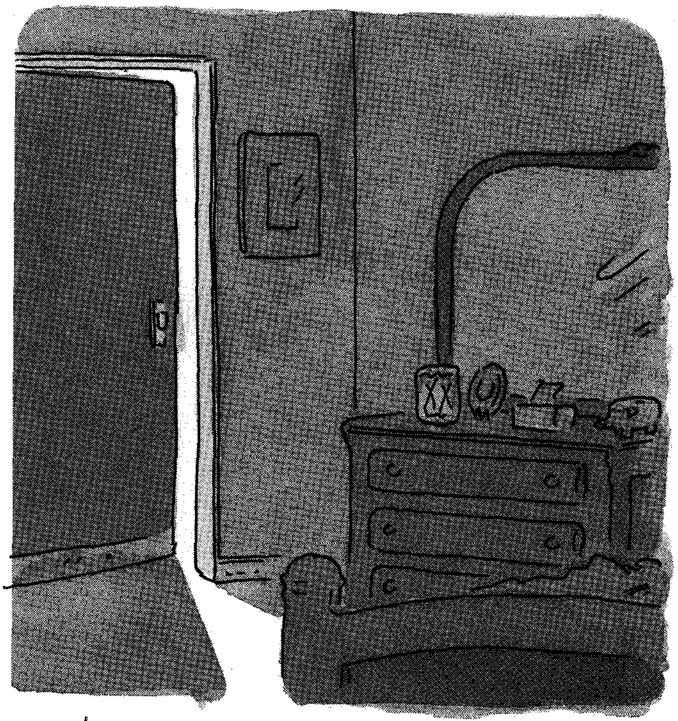
If there is an overarching cultural tragedy of the end of the century, it is surely this: the loss of the middle distance—the loss of an amateur, afternoon public for culture, and its replacement, on the one hand, by narrow constituencies and, on the other, by the vast, passive, isolated television-watching public. Every textile broker lost by MOMA is one more viewer gained for the endless ribbon of video. Audiences really *can* go away. In the past decade alone, we have seen the New York theatre audience just leave. We end up *visiting* the theatre now, rather than really attending: we go once or twice a year, as though we were paying a visit to an Amish village.

In the art world, occasions like the Guggenheim opening, or the current Matisse show, can still sustain the illusion of audience. The building fills up for the party; the excitement is there, and the event probably receives more comment in the papers and magazines than ever before. Yet there is a persistent phenomenon that, I think, suggests what is really happening: hand in hand with the overattended spectacle, we now have the unattended hit. The show of Richard Prince's appropriated photographs at the Whitney last spring was a good example. It had all the feel of a public event. Critics loved it, despised it, attacked it; Roberta Smith went into raptures and Hilton Kramer into hysterics. But the fight was purely intramural; once the constituency had passed through, there was nobody left. The halls of that show were always empty. You could have heard a pin drop. Nobody home. ♦

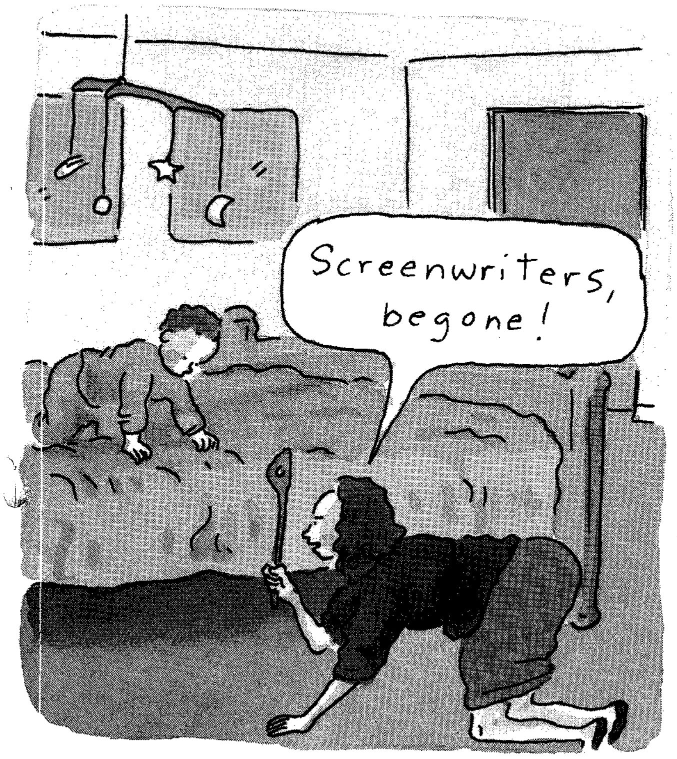
How to Tame Your Child's Fear of THE CULTURAL ÉLITE


See? Bonzo's not afraid to go to bed.

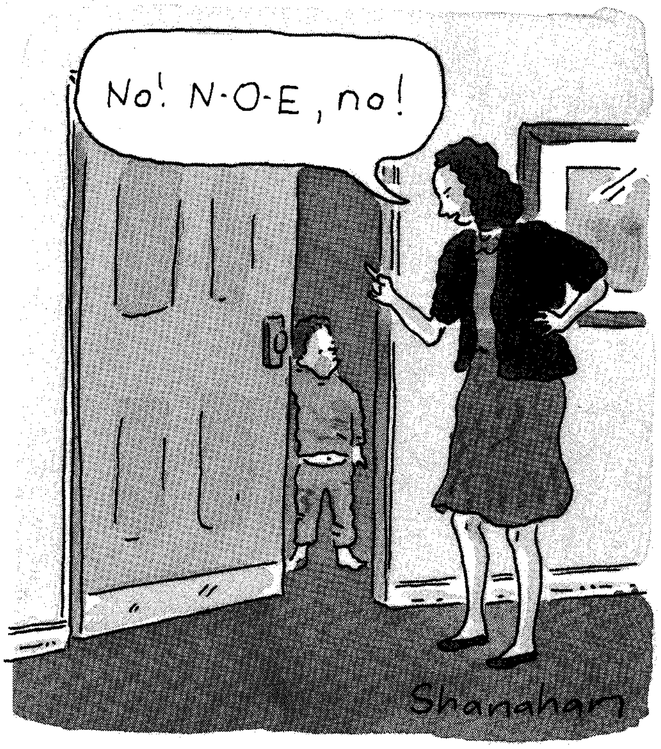
Find strong role models.



Leave a light on in the sauna.


Screenwriters, begone!

Use your imagination.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ELIZABETH always thought the fake stream running through our complex was tacky. Whenever I'd sit brooding beside it after one of our fights she'd hoot down at me from the balcony. Then I'd come in and we'd make up. Oh would we. I think of it. I think of it and think of it. Finally, in despair, I call GuiltMasters. GuiltMasters are Jean and Bob Fleen, a brother/sister psychiatric practice. In their late-night TV ad they wear cowls and capes and stand on either side of a sobbing neurotic woman in sweater and slacks. By the end of the bit she's romping through a field of daisies. I get Jean Fleen. I tell her I've done a bad thing I can't live with. She says I've called the right place. She says there is nothing so shameful it can't be addressed by GuiltMasters. I take a deep breath and spill my guts. There's a silence from Jean's end. Then she asks can I hold. Upbeat Muzak comes on. Several minutes later Bob comes on and asks can they call me back. I wait by the phone. One hour, two hours, all night. Nothing. The sun comes up. Brad from Complex Grounds turns on the bubbler and the white water begins to flow. I don't shower. I don't shave. I put on the same pants I had on before. It's too much. Three years since her death and still I'm a wreck. I think of fleeing the city. I think of working on a shrimper or setting myself on fire downtown.

Instead I go to work. In spite of my problems, personal interactive holography marches on. I take the Klepp Parkway to the VistaVu Mall. I park in Employees, and drag myself into my shop, Escape From You. All morning I hopefully dust. Nobody comes in. At noon, I work out a little tension by running amok in one of my modules. I choose Bowling with the Pros. A holographic smoothie in a blazer greets me and affably asks if I'm as tired as he is of perennially over-hooking the ball when what I really need is to consistently throw strikes. I tell him fuck off. In a more sophisticated module he'd ask why the hostility, but my equipment is outdated and, instead, he looks confused and tries to shake my hand. What crappy verisimilitude. No wonder I'm in the red. No wonder my rent's overdue. He asks isn't bowling a lovely recreation? I tell him I'm in mourning. He says the hours spent in a bowling alley with friends certainly make for some fantastic memories years down the line. I tell him my life's in the crapper. He grins and says let's bowl, let's go in and bowl, let's go in and bowl a few frames—with the Pros! I take him by the throat. Of course he Dysfunctions. Of course I'm automatically unbooted. I doff my headset and dismount the treadmill. Once again it's just me and my failing shop. Once again the air reeks of microwaved popcorn. Once again I am only who I am.

Wonderful, I think—you've fouled up your own four-hundred-dollar module. And I have. So I trash it. I write it off to grief management. I go to lunch. I opt for an autodispensed FreightFurter. Of course I overmicrowave and the paper cowcatcher melds with the bun and the little engineer's face runs down his overalls. It's even more inedible than usual. I chuck it. I can't afford another. I chuck it and go wait for my regulars.

At two, Mr. Bomphil comes in looking guilty and, as always, requests Violated Prom Queen, then puts on his high heels and selects Treadmill Three. Treadmill Three is behind a beam, so he's free to get as worked up as he likes, which is very. I try not to hear him moan. I try not to hear him call each football-team member by name. He's followed by Theo Kiley, an appliance salesman, who lays down a ream of Frigidaire specs and asks for Legendary American Killers Stalk You. I strap on his headset. I insert his module. For twenty minutes he hems and haws with Clyde Barrow. Finally he slips up and succumbs to a burst of machine-gun fire, then treats himself to a Sprite. "Whew," he says. "Next time I'll know to avoid the topic of his mom." I remind

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him he's got an outstanding bill. He says thanks. He says his bill and his ability to match wits with great criminals are the only outstanding things he's got. We laugh. We laugh some more. He shakes his head and leaves. I curse him under my breath. I close up early and return to my lonely home.

THE next day Mrs. Gaither from Corporate comes to town. Midway through my Significant Accomplishments Assessment, armless Mr. Feltriggi comes to the door and, as usual, rings the bell with his face. I let him in and he shrugs off his tote bag of cookbooks for sale. Today it's "Crazy Cajun Carnival" and "Going Bananas with Bananas: A Caribbean Primer." But I know what he really wants. With my eyes I tell him wait. Finally Gaither finishes raking my subpar Disbursement Ledger over the coals, and goes across the mall to O My God for some vintage religious statuary. I slip the headset on Feltriggi and run Youth Roams Kansas Home Town, 1932. It's all homemade bread and dirt roads and genial dogcatchers. What a sweet grin appears. He greets each home-towner with his ghost limbs and beams at the chirping of the holographic birds. He kneels awhile in Mrs. Lawler's larder, sniffing spices that remind him of his mother elbow-deep in flour. He drifts out to the shaded yard and discusses Fascism with the iceman near some swaying wheat. His posture changes for the better. He laughs aloud. He's young again, and the thresher has yet to claim his arms.

Gaither comes out of O My God and heads for my shop with a St. Sebastian cookie jar. I nudge Feltriggi and tell him that's all for today. He takes off the headset and offers me a cookbook in payment. I tell him forget it. I tell him that's what friends are for. It's seventy bucks a session and he knows it. He rams his head into my chest as a sign of affection.

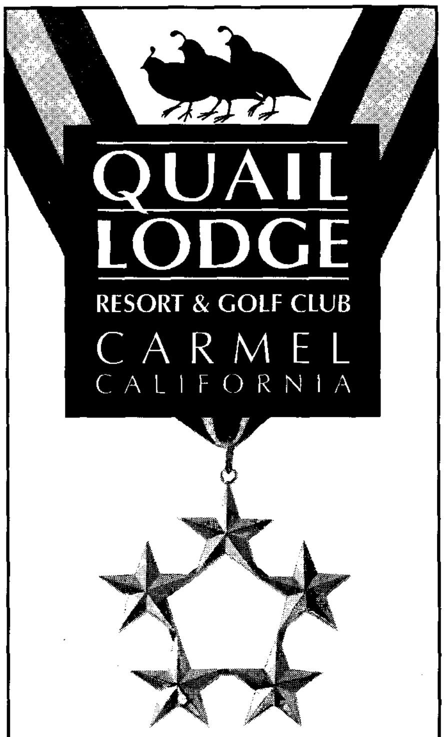
"That type of a presence surely acts to deflate revenues," Gaither says primly as Feltriggi goes out.

"No lie," I say. "That's why I beat him up every time he comes in here."

"I'm not sure that's appropriate," she says.

"Me neither," I say. "That's why I usually don't really do it."

"I see," she says. "Let's talk briefly



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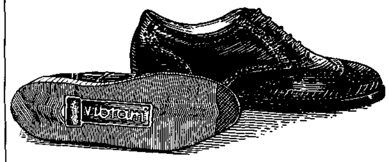

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about personal tragedy. No one's immune. But at what point must mourning cease? In your case, apparently never."

I think, You never saw Elizabeth lanky and tan and laughing in Napa Valley. What you know about lost love could fit on the head of a pin.

"I like your cookie jar," I say.

"Very well," she says. "Seal your own doom."

She's shocked at the dryness of my treadmill bearings and asks if I've ever heard of oil. She sighs and gives me her number at the Quality Inn in case I think of anything that might argue against Franchise Agreement Cancellation. Then out she goes, sadly shaking her head.

It's only my livelihood. It's only every cent Elizabeth left me. I load up my mobile pack. I select my happiest modules. Then I go off to my real job, my penance, my albatross.

ROCKETTOWN'S our ghetto. It's called Rockettown because long ago they put up a building there in which to make rockets. But none were built, and the building's now nothing, which is what it has always been, except for a fenced-off dank corner that was once used to store dilapidated fireplugs and is now a filthy day-care for the children of parents who couldn't care less. All around Rockettown little houses went up when it was thought that the building would soon be full of people making rockets and hauling down impressive wages. They're bad little houses, put up quick, and now all the people who were young and had hoped to work on rockets are old and doddering and walk by the empty building mumbling why why why.

In the early days of my grief, Father Luther told me to lose myself in service by contacting Elder Aid, Inc. I got Mrs. Ken Schwartz. Mrs. Ken Schwartz lives in Rockettown. She lives there remembering Mr. Ken Schwartz and, on nights when she forgets he's been dead for eighteen years, cursing him for staying so late at Menlo's Ten-Pin. Mrs. Ken Schwartz likes me and my happy modules. Especially she likes Viennese Waltz. Boy, does she. She is bedridden and lonely and sometimes in her excitement bruises her arms on her headboard when the orchestra starts to play. Tonight she says she's feeling weak. She says she used to be a different person and wishes she could go back to the days when she was loved. She mourns Fat Patrice and their jovial games of Old Maid. She mourns the front-yard oak the city felled without asking her. Mostly she mourns Mr. Ken Schwartz.

I pull out all the stops. I set Colo[illegible] on high contrast. I tape sensors to her lips and earlobes. I activate the Royalty Subroutine. Soon the prince is lavishing her with compliments. Soon they're sneaking off from the ball for some tender words and a kiss or two on a stone bench beside the Danube. Soon I'm daubing her eyes with tissue while she weeps at the beauty of the fishermen bowing from their little boats as they realize it's the prince himself trying to retrieve her corsage from the river.

I make tea. I read my magazine. Finally I stroke her forehead while humming Strauss and slowly fading the volume.

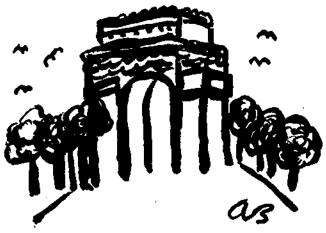
"You," she says, smiling sweetly when she's all the way back. "You're too good to me."

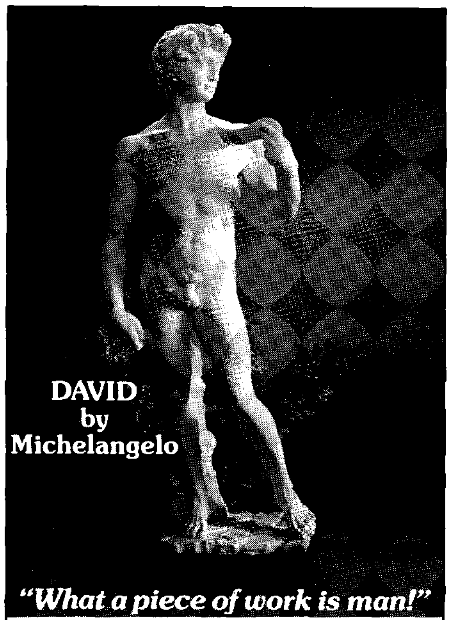
"No one could be too good to you," I say.

"Oh, you," she says. "You're a saint."

No, I think, I'm a man without a life, due to you. Then I feel ashamed and purposely bash my shin against the bed frame while tucking her in. I get her some juice. I check her back-door lock. All around the room are dirty dishes I've once again failed to get to the sink. On the walls are old photos of Mr. Ken Schwartz assessing the condition of massive boilers while laughing confidently.

Out on the street it's cold, and a wino's standing in a dumpster calling a stray cat Uncle Chuck. I hustle directly to my Omni, fearing for my gear. I drive through frightening quarters of the city, nervously toggling my defrost lever, thinking of Mrs. Ken Schwartz. Originally I saw her once a week, but the last few months she has gone badly downhill. She's unable to feed herself or autonomously use the bathroom. Talk about losing yourself in service to a greater extent than planned. I'm





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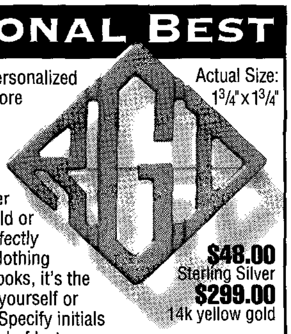

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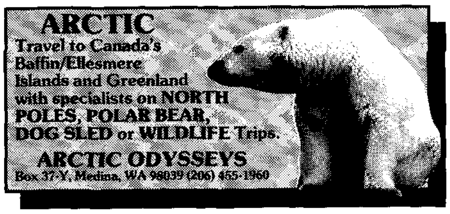

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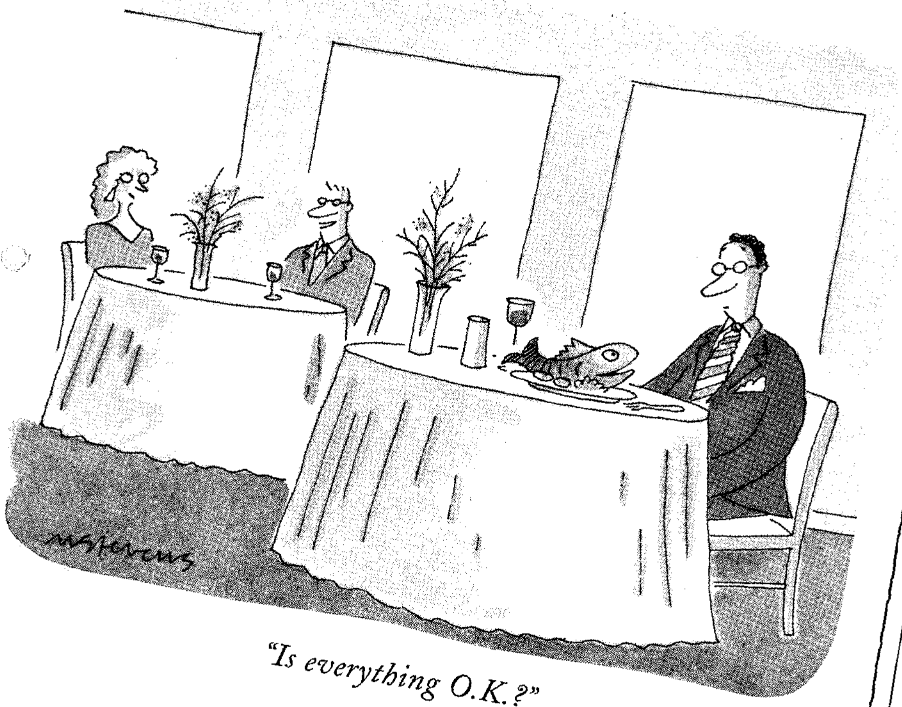


"Is everything O.K.?"

over there night and day and still it's not enough. She needs a live-in, but they don't come cheap, and my shop hasn't turned a profit in months. What to do? I think and think. I think so much I lose track of where I am and blunder by The Spot. You fool, I think—you ass, how much additional pain would you like? Here a drunk named Tom Clifton brought his Coupe de Ville onto the sidewalk as Elizabeth shopped for fruit on the evening of a day when we'd fought like hell. On the evening of a day when I'd called her an awful name. What name? I can't say the word. I even think it and my gut burns.

I'm a saint.

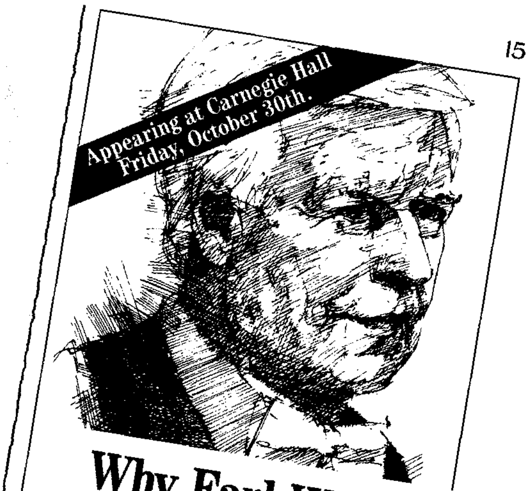
The fight started when I accused her of flirting with our neighbor Len Kobb by bending low on purpose. I was angry, and implied that she couldn't keep her boobs in her top to save her life. If I could see her one last time I'd say, Thanks very much for dying at the worst possible moment and leaving me holding the bag of guilt. I'd say, If you had to die, couldn't you have done it when we were getting along?

I madly flee The Spot. There are boat lights in the harbor and a man in a tux inexplicably jogging through the park. There's a moon bobbing up between condemned buildings. There's the fact that tomorrow I'm Lay Authority Guest at the Lyndon Baines Johnson School for Precocious Youth. I'm slated to allow interested kids to experience the module entitled Hop-Hop the Bunny Masters Fractions. Frankly I fear I'll be sneered at. How interested could a mob of gifted kids be in a rabbit and a lisping caterpillar subdividing acorns ad nauseum? But I've promised the principal, Mrs. Briff. And I'm not in a position to decline any revenue source. So at an hour of the night when other men my age are rising from their beds to comfort screaming newborns I return to the mall for my Hop-Hop module.

I use my pass key. Something is strange. Modules are strewn everywhere. The cashbox sits on the fax machine. One of my treadmills lies on its side.

"How is all this fancy equipment used?" someone asks from behind me, pressing a sharp knife to my throat. "More specifically, which of it is worth the most? And remember, sir, you're answering for your life."

He sounds old but feels strong. I tell him it's hard to explain. I offer to demonstrate. He says do so, but slowly. I fit him with a headset. I gently guide him to a treadmill, then run Sexy Nurses Scrub You Down. Immediately his lips get moist. Immediately he pops a mild bone and loosens his grip on the knife,



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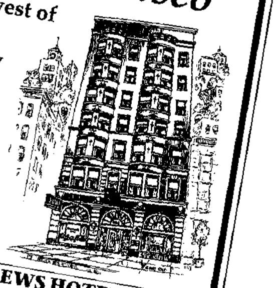

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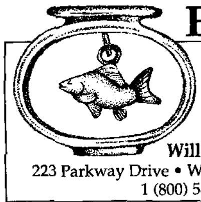

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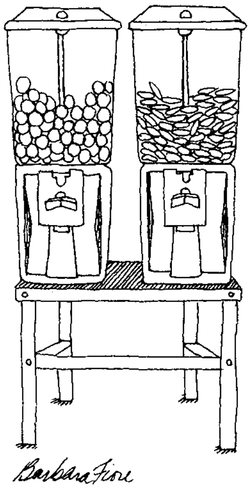
and I'm able to coldcock him with the FedEx tape gun. He drops, drooling, to my nice carpet. A man his age should be a doting grandfather, not a crook threatening me with death. I feel violated. Such a man was Tom Clifton, past his prime and bitter. How does someone come to this? I'm curious. I strap him down, and set my console for Scan.

It seems his lousy name is Hank. I hear his portly father calling it out across a cranberry bog. I know the smell of his first baseball cap. Through his eyes I see the secret place beneath the porch where he hid whenever his fat kissing aunt came. Later I sense him developing a love for swing. It seems he was a Marine at Iwo Jima who on his way to boot camp saw the aging Ty Cobb at a depot. I sense his panic on the troop transport, then quickly doff my headset as he hits the beach and the bullets start to fly.

To my horror, I see that his eyelids are fluttering and his face is contorting as bits of his life fly by and he reëxperiences them. My God—this is no Scan, this is a damn Offload. I check the console, and, sure enough, via one incorrect switch setting I've just irrevocably transferred a good third of his memories to my hard drive. When he comes to, he hops off the table looking years younger, suddenly happy-go-lucky, asks where he is, and trots blithely out the door, free now of boot camp, free of Iwo, free of all memory of youthful slaughter, free in fact of any memory at all of the first twenty years of his life. I'm heartsick. What have I done? On the other hand, it stopped him from getting up and trying to kill me. On the other hand, it appears he left here a happier man, and perhaps less inclined to felony.



I grab the Hop-Hop module. On the cover is Hop-Hop, enthusiastically giving the thumbs-up to an idealized blond boy lifting an enormous 4 into a numerator. As if being robbed weren't enough, first thing tomorrow morning a roomful of genius kids is going to eat me alive.

Then, crossing the deserted Food Court, I get a brainstorm.

I hustle back to the shop and edit out Hank's trysts with starving women in Depression-era hobo camps and his one homo fling with his cousin Julian. I edit the profanity out of Iwo. I edit out the midnight wanks, the petty thefts, the unkind words, all but the most inoffensive of the bodies of his buddies on the pale sand of the beach.

The next morning, after clearing with Briff, I herd kid after kid behind my white curtain and let them experience Hank's life. They love it. They leave jabbering knowledgeably about the Pacific Theatre and the ultimate wisdom of using the Bomb. They leave humming "American Patrol." They leave praising Phil Rizzuto's fielding and cursing the Brown Shirts. They pat old Mr. Panchuko, the geriatric janitor, on the back and ask him what calibre machine gun he operated at the Bulge. He stands scratching his gut, stunned, trying to remember. The little Klotchkow twins jitterbug. Andy Pitlin, all of three feet tall, hankers aloud for a Camel.

Mrs. Briff is more than impressed. She asks what else do I have. I ask what else does she want. She says, for starters how about the remainder of the century. I tell her I'll see what I can do.

The kids come out of it with a firsthand War Years experience, and I come out of it with a check for five hundred dollars, enough to hire a temporary live-in for Mrs. Ken Schwartz. Which I gladly do. A lovely Eurasian named Wei, a student of astrophysics, who, as I'm leaving them alone for the first time, is brushing out Mrs. Ken Schwartz's hair and humming "Let Me Call You Sweetheart."

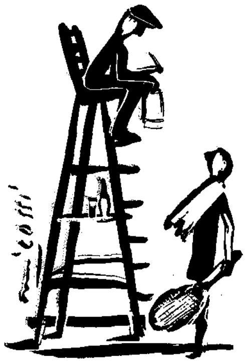
"Will you stay forever?" I ask her.

"With all due respect," she replies, "I will stay as long as you can pay me."

TWO weeks later, Briff's on my tail for more modules and Wei's on my tail for her pay. I tell Mrs. Ken Schwartz all, during one of her fifteen-minute windows of lucidity. When lucid, she's shrewd and bright. She understands her predicament. She understands the limitations of my gear: I can't borrow her memories; I can only take them away forever.

She says she can live without the sixties.

I haul my stuff over to her place and take what I need. I edit out her mastectomy, Ken Schwartz's mid-life crisis and resulting trip to Florida, and her constant drinking in his absence. I stick to her walking past a protest and counselling a skinny girl on acid to stay in school. It's not great, but I've got a deadline. I call it America in Tumult—The Older Generation Looks On in Dismay.



I have it couriered over to Briff, dreading her response. But, to my amazement, she sends a cash bonus. She reports astounding increases in grandparental bonding. She reports kids identifying a Mercury Cougar with no prompting and disgustedly calling each other Nixon whenever a trust is betrayed.

Thereafter I retain Wei on a weekly basis by whittling away at Mrs. Schwartz's memories. I submit Pearl Harbor—Week Prior to Infamy. I submit The Day the Music Died—Buddy Holly Remembered, which unfortunately is merely Mrs. Schwartz hearing the news on a pink radio, then uninterestedly going back to cleaning her oven. Finally Briff calls, hacked off. She says she wants some real meat. She asks how about the entire twenties, a personal favorite of hers. She's talking flappers. She's talking possible insights on Prohibition. I stonewall. I tell her to give me a few days to exhaustively check my massive archive. I call Mrs. Ken Schwartz. She says during the twenties she was a lowly phone operator in Pekin, Illinois. She sounds disoriented and wearily asks where her breasts are.

Clearly this has gone far enough.

I call Briff and tell her no more modules. She ups her offer to three thousand a decade. She's running for school board and says my modules are the primary arrow in her quiver. But what am I supposed to do? Turn Mrs. Schwartz into a well-cared-for blank slate? Start kidnapping and offloading strangers? I say a little prayer: God, I've botched this life but good. I've failed you in all major ways. You gave me true love, and I blew it. I'm nothing. But what have you got against Mrs. Ken Schwartz? I humble myself before you. Forgive me. Help me figure this out.

And then in a flash I figure it out. I lock the shop. On the spine of a blank module I write 1951-92—Baby Boomers Come Into Their Own. At three thousand a decade, that's twelve grand. I address an envelope to Briff and enclose an invoice. I write out some instructions and rig myself up.

Memories shmemories, I think, I'll get some new ones. These old ones give me no peace.

I take a deep breath, then hit the crucial switch and let it rip. It's gradual. It's painless. It all goes whizzing by: Anthony Newburg smacking me. Mom on the dock. An Agnew Halloween mask at a frat house. Bev Malloy struggling with my belt. The many seasons. The many flags, dogs, paths, the many stars in skies of many hues.

My sweet Elizabeth.

Holding hands we gape at an elk in Estes Park. On our knees in a bed of tulips I kiss her cheek. The cold clear water of Nacogdoches. The birthday banner she made of scarves in our little place on Ellington Street. The awful look on her face as I called her what I called her. Her hair, trailing fine and light behind her as she stormed out to buy fruit.

The grave, the grave, my sad attempt to become a franchisee.

I'M a paunchy man in a room, with a note pinned to his sleeve:

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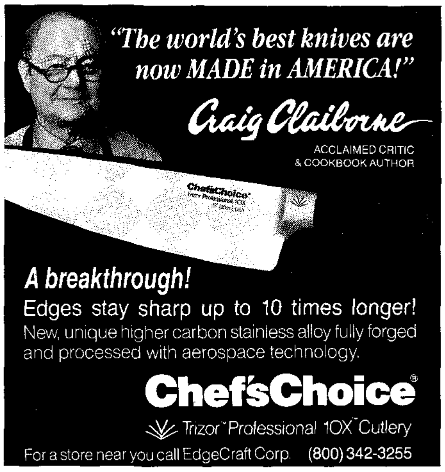
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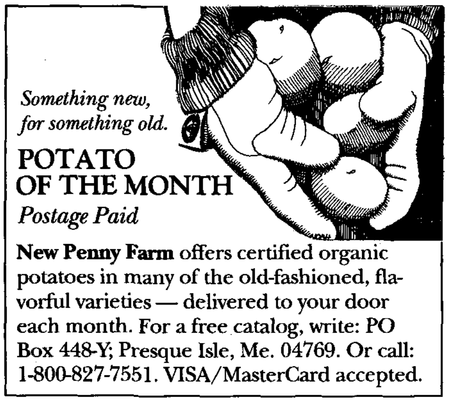
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IN THE GARDEN

FLOWERS OF EVIL

by Jamaica Kincaid

THE way you think and feel about gardens and the things growing in them—flowers, vegetables—I can see must depend on where you come from, and I don't mean the difference in opinion and feeling between a person from Spain and a person from England but a difference like this:

> The implements of the little feast had been disposed upon the lawn of an old English country-house, in what I should call the perfect middle of a splendid summer afternoon. Part of the afternoon had waned, but much of it was left, and what was left was of the finest and rarest quality. Real dusk would not arrive for many hours; but the flood of summer light had begun to ebb, the air had grown mellow, the shadows were long upon the smooth, dense turf. . . . The great still oaks and beeches flung down a shade as dense as that of velvet curtains; and the place was furnished, like a room, with cushioned seats, with rich-coloured rugs, with the books and papers that lay upon the grass.

And this:

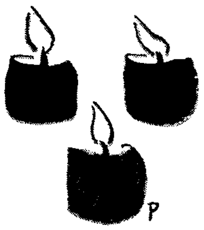
> The smooth, stoneless drive ran between squat, robust conifers on one side and a blaze of canna lilies burning scarlet and amber on the other. Plants like that belonged to the cities. They had belonged to the pages of my language reader, to the yards of Ben and Betty's uncle in town. Now, having seen it for myself because of my Babamukuru's kindness, I too could think of planting things for merrier reasons than the chore of keeping breath in the body. I wrote it down in my head: I would ask Maiguru for some bulbs and plant a bed of those gay lilies on the homestead. In front of the house. Our home would answer well to being cheered up by such lovely flowers. Bright and cheery, they had been planted for joy. What a strange idea that was. It was a liberation, the first of many that followed from my transition to the mission.

The first quotation is from Henry James's novel "The Portrait of a Lady," and it can be found isolated in a book called "Pleasures of the Garden: Images from the Metropolitan Museum of Art," by Mac Griswold, beneath a painting by Pierre Bonnard called "The Terrace at Vernon." The painting is rich, rich, rich: rich in color (a profusion of reds, oranges, yellows, blues, greens), rich in material things, rich in bounty from the land. And the quotation itself, with its "little feast," its luxurious observations "splendid summer afternoon" and "flood of summer light," could have been written only by a person who comes from a place where the wealth of the world is like a skin, a natural part of the body, a right, assumed, like having two hands and on them five fingers each.

It is the second quotation that immediately means something to me, especially this: "Bright and cheery, they had been planted for joy. What a strange idea that was." These sentences are from a novel called "Nervous Conditions," by a woman from Zimbabwe named Tsitsi Dangarembga, and I suppose it is a coming-of-age novel (and really, most people who come from the far parts of the world who write books write at some point about their childhood—I believe it is a coincidence); but the book is also a description of brutality, foreign and local. There are the ingredients for a garden—a plot of land, a hoe, some seeds—but they do not lead to little feasts; they lead to nothing or they lead to work, and not work as an act of self-definition, self-acclaim, but work as torture, work as hell. And so it is quite appropriate that the young narrator—her name is Tambu—finds in the sight of things growing just for the sheer joy of it liberation.

And what is the relationship between gardening and conquest? Is the conqueror a gardener and the conquered the person who works in the field? The climate of southern Africa is not one that has only recently become hospitable to flowering herbs, and so it is quite possible (most likely) that the ancestors of this girl Tambu would have noticed them and cultivated them, not only for their medicinal value but also for the sheer joy of seeing them all by themselves in their loveliness, in afternoons that were waning, in light that had begun to ebb. At what moment was this idea lost? At what moment does such ordinary, everyday beauty become a luxury, then something forgotten?

WHEN the Spanish marauder Hernando Cortez and his army invaded Mexico, they met "floating gardens . . . teeming with flowers and vegetables, and moving like rafts over the waters"; as they looked down on the valley of Mexico, seeing it for the first time, a "picturesque assemblage of water, woodland, and cultivated plains, its shining cities and shadowy hills, was spread out like some gay and gorgeous panorama before them," and "stretching far away at their feet were seen noble forests of oak, sycamore, and cedar, and beyond, yellow fields of maize and the towering maguey, intermingled with orchards and blooming gardens"; there were "flowers, which, with their variegated and gaudy colors, form the greatest attraction of our greenhouses"; and again, "Extensive gardens were spread . . . filled with fragrant shrubs and flowers, and especially with medicinal plants. No country has afforded more numerous species of these last . . . and their virtues were perfectly understood by the Aztecs, with whom medical botany may be said to have been studied as a science." (All this is from "The Conquest of Mexico," by William H. Prescott, and it is the best history of conquest I have ever read.) Quite likely, within a generation most of the inhabitants of this place (Mexico), spiritually devastated, would have lost touch with that strange idea—things planted for no other reason than the sheer joy of it.



Certainly if after the conquest an Aztec had gone into a shop and said "It's my husband's birthday. I would like to give him some flowers. May I have a bunch of cocoxochitl, please?" no one would have been able to help her, because cocoxochitl was no longer the name of that flower. It had become the dahlia. In its place of origin (Mexico, Central America), the people who lived there had no dahliamania, no Dahlia Societies, no dinner-plate-size dahlia, no peony-, no anemone-, no ball-shaped-, no water-lily-, no pompon-flowered dahlia. The flower seems to have been appreciated and cultivated for its own sake and for its medicinal value (urinary-tract disorders—cocoxochitl means "water pipes") and as animal fodder. And understandably, beautiful as this flower would have appeared to these people, there were so many other flowers and shrubs and trees and vines, each with some overpowering attribute of shape, height, color of bloom, and scent, that it would not be singled out; the sight of this flower would not have inspired in these people a single criminal act.

At what moment is the germ of possession lodged in the heart? When another Spanish marauder, Vasco Núñez de Balboa, was within sight of the Pacific Ocean, he made his army stay behind him, so that he could be the first person like himself (a European person) to see this ocean; it is likely that could this ocean have been taken up and removed to somewhere else (Spain, Portugal, England), the people for whom it had become a spiritual fixture would long for it and at the same time not even know what it was they were missing. And so the dahlia: Who first saw it and longed for it so deeply that it was removed from the place where it had always been, and transformed (hybridized), and renamed? Hernando Cortez would not have noticed it; to him the dahlia would have been one of the details, a small detail, of something large and grim: conquest. The dahlia went to Europe; it was hybridized by the Swedish botanist Andreas Dahl, after whom it was renamed.

I WAS once in a garden in the mountains way above Kingston (Jamaica), and from a distance I saw a mass of tall stalks of red flames, something in bloom. It looked familiar, but what it resembled, what it reminded me of, was a flower I cannot stand, and these flowers I saw before me I immediately loved, and they made me feel glad for the millionth time that I am from the West Indies. (This worthless feeling, this bestowing special qualities on yourself because of the beauty of the place you are from, is hard to resist—so hard that people who come from the ugliest place deny that it is ugly at all or simply go out and take someone else's beauty for themselves.) These flowering stalks of

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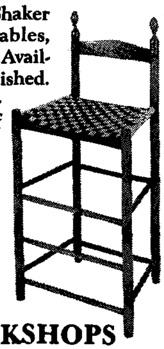

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red flames turned out to be salvia, but I knew it was salvia only because I had seen it grown—a much shorter variety—in North American gardens; and I realized that I cannot stand it when I see it growing in the north because that shade of red can't be borne well by a dwarfish plant.

I do not know the names of the plants in the place I am from (Antigua). I can identify the hibiscus, but I do not know the name of a white lily that blooms in July, opening at night, perfuming the air with a sweetness that is almost sickening, and closing up at dawn. There is a bush called whitehead bush; it was an important ingredient in the potions my mother and her friends made for their abortions, but I do not know its proper name; this same bush I often had to go and cut down and tie in bunches to make a broom for sweeping our yard; both the abortions and the sweeping of the yard, actions deep and shallow, in a place like that (Antigua) would fall into the category called Household Management. I had wanted to see the garden in Kingston so that I could learn the names of some flowers in the West Indies, but along with the salvia the garden had in it only roses and a single anemic-looking yellow lupine (and this surprised me, because lupine is an alpine flower and I had very recently seen it in bloom along the roadside of a town in Finland).

This ignorance of the botany of the place I am from (and am of) really only reflects the fact that when I lived there, I was of the conquered class and living in a conquered place; a principle of this condition is that nothing about you is of any interest unless the conqueror deems it so. For instance, there was a botanical garden not far from where I lived, and in it were plants from various parts of the then British Empire, places that had the same climate as my own; but as I remember, none of the plants were native to Antigua. The rubber tree from Malaysia (or somewhere) is memorable because in the year my father and I were sick at the same time (he with heart disease, I with hookworms), we would go and sit under this tree after we ate our lunch, and under this tree he would tell me about his parents, who had abandoned him and gone off to build the Panama Canal (though of course he disguised the brutality of this). The bam-

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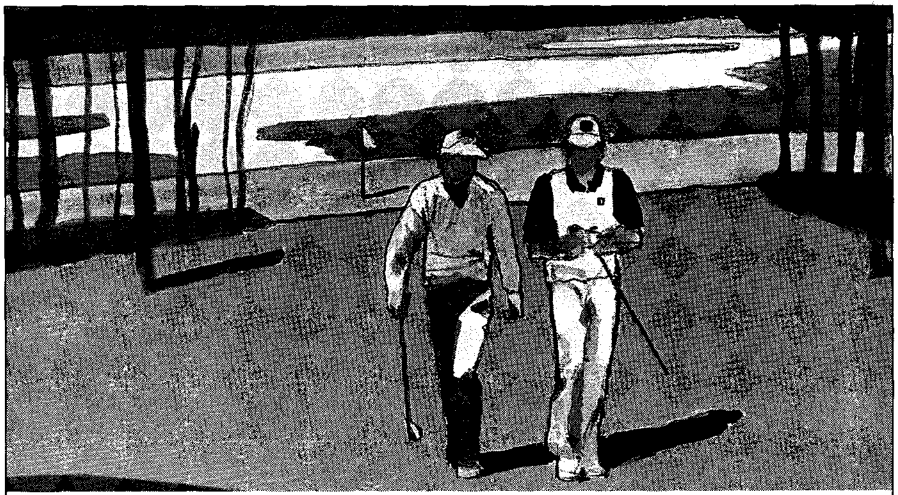

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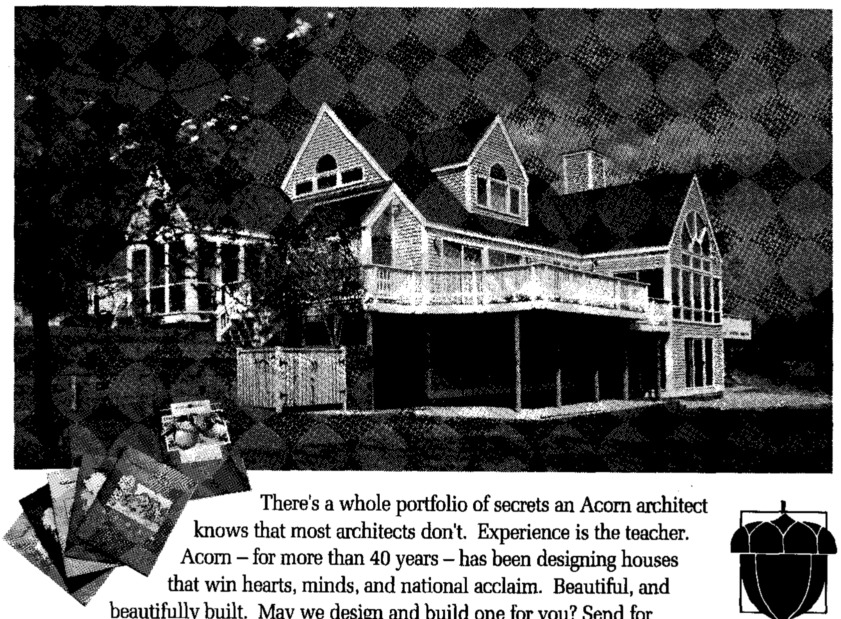

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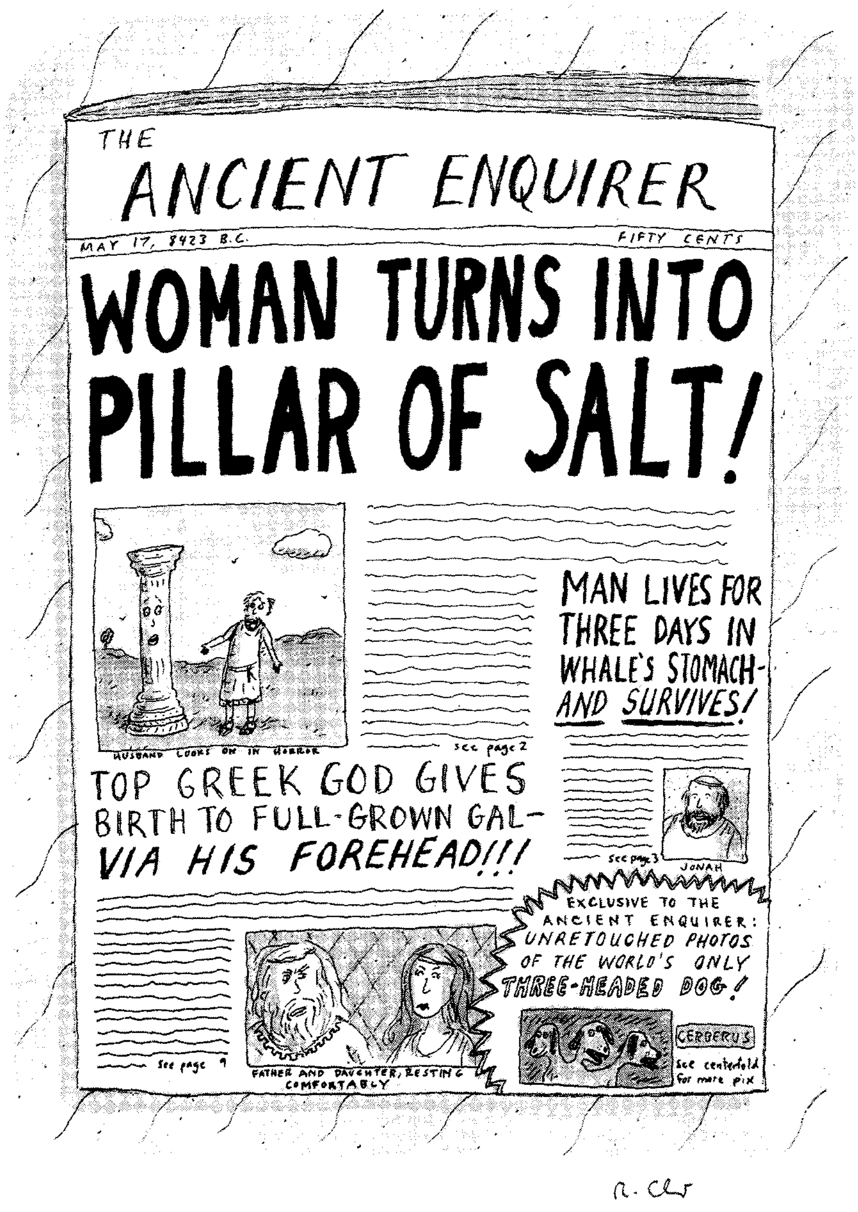
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CERBERUS
see centerfold for more pix

boo grove is memorable because it was there I used to meet people I was in love with. The botanical garden reinforced for me how powerful were the people who had conquered me; they could bring to me the botany of the world they owned. It wouldn't at all surprise me to learn that in Malaysia (or somewhere) was a botanical garden with no plants native to that place.

THERE was a day not long ago when I realized with a certain amount of bitterness that I was in my garden, a flower garden, a garden planted only because I wished to have such a thing, and that I knew how I wanted it to look and knew the name, proper and common, of each thing growing in it. In the place I am from, I would have been a picture of shame: a woman covered with dirt, smelling of manure, her hair flecked with white dust (powdered lime), her body a cauldron of smells pleasing to her, and her back crooked with pain from bending over. In the place I am from, I would not have allowed a man with the same description as such a woman to kiss me.

It is understandable that a man like Andreas Dahl would not have demurred at his eponymous honor, because this was the eighteenth century and the honor was bestowed on him by a king (a Charles of Spain, who might well have named the flower after himself, or a close relative, or any one of the many henchmen in his service). Andreas Dahl was very familiar with the habit of naming, for he had been a pupil of Carl Linnaeus. This man, Carl Linnaeus, had been a botanist and a doctor, and that made sense, botanist and doctor: they went together because plants were the main source of medicine in that part of the world then, as was true in the other parts of the world then also. From Sweden (his place of origin) he had gone to the Netherlands for his doctor's degree, and it was there, while serving as personal physician to a rich man, that he worked out his system (binomial) of naming plants. The rich man (his name was George Clifford) had four greenhouses filled with plants not native to the Netherlands—not native to Europe at all but native to the places that had been recently conquered. "The Oxford Companion to Gardens" (a book I often want to hurl across the room, it is so full of prejudice) describes Linnaeus as "enraptured" with seeing all these plants from far away, because his native Sweden did not have anything like them, but most likely what happened was that he saw an opportunity, and it was this: These countries in Europe shared the same botany, more or less, but each place called the same thing by a different name; and these people who make up Europe were (are) so contentious anyway, they would not have agreed to one system for all the plants they had in common, but these new plants from far away, like the people far away, had no history, no names, and so they could be given names. And who was there to dispute Linnaeus, even if there was someone who would listen?

This naming of things is so crucial to possession—a spiritual padlock with the key thrown irretrievably away—that it is a murder, an erasing, and it is not surprising that when people have felt themselves prey to it (conquest), among their first acts of liberation is to change their names (Rhodesia to Zimbabwe, LeRoi Jones to Amiri Baraka). That the great misery and much smaller joy of existence remain unchanged no matter what anything is called never checks the impulse to reach back and reclaim a loss, to try and make what happened look as if it had not happened at all.

As I started to write this (at the very beginning) I was sitting at a window that looked out over my own garden, a new one (I have just moved to this place), and my eye began in the deep-shade area, where I had planted some astilbe and hosta and *Ranunculus repens*, and I thought how beautifully the leaves of the astilbe went with the leaves of the ranunculus, and I took pleaure in that because in putting things together (plants) you never really know how it will all work until they do something, like bloom. (It will be two or three years before I know whether the clematis really will run up the rosebushes and bloom together with them and whether it will really look the way I have imagined.) Just now the leaves in the shade bed are all complementary (but not in a predictable way—in a way I had not expected, a thrilling way). And I thought how I had crossed a line; but at whose expense? I cannot begin to look, because what if it is someone I know? I have joined the conquering class: who else could afford this garden—a garden in which I grow things that it would be much cheaper to buy at the store?

My feet are (so to speak) in two worlds, I was thinking as I looked farther into the garden and saw, beyond the pumpkin patch, a fox emerge from the hedge—the same spot in the hedge where I have seen the rabbits and a family of malicious woodchucks emerge (the woodchucks to eat not the lettuce or the beans or the other things I would expect them to eat but the tender new shoots and tendrils of the squash vines). The fox crossed the garden and ran behind the shed, and I could see him clearly, his face a set of sharp angles, his cheeks planed, his body a fabric of tightly woven gray and silver hair over a taut frame of sinew and bones, his tail a perfect furpiece. He disappeared into the opposite hedge and field; he, too, had the look of the marauder, wandering around hedge and field looking for prey. That night, lying in my bed, I heard from beyond the hedge where he had emerged sounds of incredible agony; he must have found his prey; but the fox is in nature, and in nature things work that way.

I am not in nature. I do not find the world furnished like a room, with cushioned seats and rich-colored rugs. To me, the world is cracked, unwhole, not pure, accidental; and the idea of moments of joy for no reason is very strange. ♦

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THE CRITICS

THE CURRENT CINEMA

BRAVE ACTS

by Terrence Rafferty

In Michael Mann's "The Last of the Mohicans," everybody looks great. All the main characters from James Fenimore Cooper's melodramatic novel of pre-Revolutionary America—the taciturn Indians, the wilderness-savvy colonists, the stiff-backed European soldiers, the damsels in distress—are here dressed as archetypes, lit as icons, and posed against mythic vistas. And why not? The novel, which was published in 1826 (about seventy years after the events it describes), was itself an exercise in historical nostalgia, a lurching but somehow irresistible paean to frontier virtue: the chaste heroism of survival in a vanished North American Eden. Adolescents, romantics, and hard-cogitating Europeans (the ones who enjoy a good brow-furrowing session about the significance of the New World, or the dialectic of civilization versus the state of nature) are Cooper's core audience. D. H. Lawrence was a fan. More skeptical personalities tend to be driven up the wall by the windiness and stubborn implausibility of Cooper's writing. For the prosecution's case, see Mark Twain. (Famously, he accused Cooper of committing "114 offenses against literary art out of a possible 115" in the space of less than a page.) Most of us fall somewhere between these extremes of temperament, or maybe just fluctuate from one to the other. As readers, we might feel impatient and irritated, like Twain. But as moviegoers we're ready to be had, to be ravished by huge, beautiful images: if they flow powerfully enough, they can carry us, like white water, right over the story's outcroppings of inanity. Mann's "Last of the Mohicans" is awfully, solemnly silly, but it's enjoyable and even rather stirring. Like Cooper, Mann is a conscious and inveterate mythmaker, a man who knows how to put his yarns across in the language of his own time. This version of Cooper's improbably durable tall tale seduces us with haircuts and landscape.

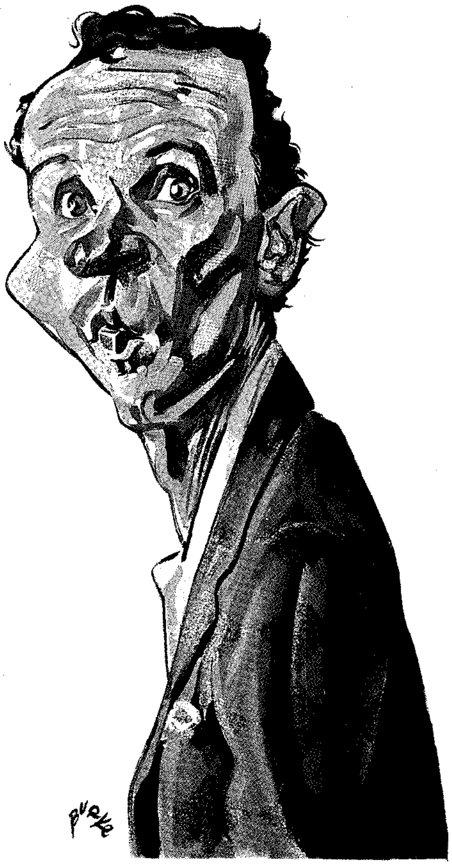
Daniel Day-Lewis plays Hawkeye, an American-born rugged (but sensitive) individualist who roams the forest of the Hudson Valley in the company of two Indians, Chingachgook (played by Russell Means, the American Indian Movement activist) and Uncas (Eric Schweig). Chingachgook and Uncas, who are father and son, are the only survivors of the Mohican tribe; Hawkeye, orphaned as a small child, has lived with them for years and has adopted many of their ways. These "good" Indians aren't so much characters as dignified, laconic presences: walking elegies for a disappearing way of life. Until the climax, when the end-of-the-line theme abruptly rises to the surface, Chingachgook and Uncas function mostly as exotic sidekicks to the hero. Mann's "Mohicans"—like the book and the 1936 Hollywood adaptation, which starred Randolph Scott—is really interested only in Hawkeye, who carries, along with his tomahawk and his long rifle, virtually all the story's considerable mythic baggage. This gallant, crafty, plainspoken frontiersman is one of those fictional creations which seize the imagination by embodying an easy-to-take reconciliation of apparently contradictory ideals. He's a cultured white man's dream of virile primitivism, combining the survival skills, the unselfconsciousness, and the at-one-with-nature spirituality of the noble savage with the essential qualities of European manliness—chivalry, honor, and fair play.

Day-Lewis makes a spectacular poster boy for this potent wish-fulfillment agenda. "Dances with Wolves" tried to manufacture a similarly omni-virtuous male hero, but "The Last of the Mohicans" does the job a lot more persuasively, partly because the script (by Mann and Christopher Crowe) doesn't require the main character to keep a journal and read from it in voice-over. Hawkeye isn't always *explaining* himself; in fact, he doesn't even say much to the other characters. Day-Lewis's performance is almost entirely a visual phenomenon, and it works. As Mann uses him, he seems to incarnate, rather than merely to interpret, the paradoxes of the character. In closeup, the actor's face has an elegant, fine-featured handsomeness, the face of a perfect gentle knight. In the action sequences, the camera emphasizes his wiry-hillbilly physique and the brutal, decisive economy of his movements. (He runs especially convincingly, with his feet spread wide, as if a lifetime's experience had taught him how to keep his balance on uncertain terrain.) And in every shot we see a really terrific head of hair, which is one of the chief improvements of this movie over the 1936 version: Randolph Scott had to wear an unflattering coonskin cap. Mann gives Hawkeye rock-star hair, and precisely the right kind—not a sixties geezer's coiffure (like Rod Stewart's, say) but a straight, stringy alternative-rocker mane (think Nirvana or Pearl Jam). This hair is exquisitely judged: greasy enough to shine with rebel integrity, yet not so disgusting that we start wondering what Hawkeye smells like.

In the hero's hair we see the essence of Michael Mann's peculiar aesthetic. He has an extraordinary sense of what will appeal to the contemporary viewer's eye: the rock-and-roll aura he imparts to his hero helps the movie sell a character who might otherwise seem utterly alien to us. Mann's whole career consists of such canny design calculations: the look is everything; the characters are visual representations of attitudes rather than of complex human emotions; the story tends to move forward lazily, languorously, more a narrative mood than a true narration. Our responses depend on how receptive we are to the dazzling, miragelike surface he creates, how willing we are to just float along and gaze on the trembly reflections as they pass by. This "Last of the Mohicans" doesn't have the brisk, headlong excitement of a real adventure movie; it's full of picturesque action and imaginatively staged derring-do, yet it doesn't turn you into an awestruck, cheering twelve-year-old again. Mann's movie is more like a reverie on adventure-movie themes, and its effect is almost literally hypnotic: it takes you back and takes you back, and after a while you're convinced that you're feeling what you felt when you were younger and believed in stuff like this. The new "Last of the Mohicans" plays like the main feature at the inner-children's matinée.

It's disorienting to watch the thirties version (directed—just adequately—by George B. Seitz) after seeing the new picture. In terms of plot structure, the two are very close, yet the earlier film seems all story, and the new one hardly seems to be telling a story at all. Seitz treats the material as a rattling good yarn—which, in its childish way, it really is. For most of the story, Hawkeye and his Indian buddies serve as guides and bodyguards for Cora and Alice Munro (Madeleine Stowe and Jodhi May), the maidenly daughters of a British officer. He is Colonel Munro (Maurice Roëves), the commander of Fort William Henry, which is under siege by French troops. The greatest danger to Anglo-Saxon life and limb, however, is posed by a band of bloodthirsty Indian guerrillas, led by a wily Huron named Magua (Wes Studi). There's suspense-heightening romantic conflict, too: Hawkeye loves Cora, who is, in turn, loved by the valiant but stuffy young Major Heyward (Steven Waddington); Uncas loves Alice, who nearly winds up with, of all people, Magua. The setup pretty much guarantees thrills: battle scenes at the fort, lots of ambushes in the woods, tense duels to the death over the womenfolk. Mann delivers the action-movie goods, but with a sort of abstract, lyrical pictorialism. He emphasizes the sheer visual grandeur of flames shooting up from the shelled fort, the lush textures and eerie light of the forest, the overwhelming whiteness of waterfalls, the arc of a body falling off a cliff and into the wide-open spaces of the New World. The rattle of Cooper's narrative comes to us as the faintest of echoes.

What Mann is after—what he has always aimed for, in "Miami Vice" and in movies like "Thief" (1981) and "Manhunter" (1986)—is something more exalted than one-thing-after-another storytelling. He's trying to evoke the pity and terror of tragedy, and the insanity of this project is that he attempts to produce them by purely technical means—by graphic style, mostly. At moments of high drama, he goes to slow motion, and not because he wants to mimic the effect of Cooper's uniquely action-retarding prose. When a character is killed off, there's always someone running in slo-mo toward the scene of horror. Mann encourages us to identify with the appalled observer's helplessness, to feel the nightmarish sense of too-lateness; and, to enhance the dreamlike mood, he cranks up droning New Agey music on the soundtrack. (On "Miami Vice," most episodes ended with a scene like this, only scored to rock.) You can't create tragedy out of a sensibility as determinedly pop as Michael Mann's. But he has persisted in this folly for so long that he deserves credit for a weird kind of integrity. Besides, his is a brilliant pop sensibility, and he hasn't violated anything essential in Cooper's material: "The Last of the Mohicans" never was the stuff of tragedy. Mann has polished up a not very profound myth with skill and conviction, and given it a fetching new look: that's what pop filmmakers do. It isn't Sophocles, but it sure is an eyeful, and most of us won't much mind the substitution of visual kicks for true catharsis. We hardy, rough-hewn American moviegoers know how to take our sustenance where we find it—to savor a nice bunch of berries even though the deer got away.



Billy Crystal
in "Mr. Saturday Night"

PHILIP BURKE

"HERO" isn't a remake of anything, but it often feels like one. Its plot premise—an ordinary man is lionized by the media for a courageous act he didn't perform, and the actual hero can't get anyone to see the truth—recalls the twisty scripts of classic Hollywood comedies like "Nothing Sacred" and "Hail the Conquering Hero." The director, Stephen Frears, labors mightily to reproduce the frenzied, spinning-headlines farce style of Preston Sturges and early Frank Capra. And the script, an original by David Webb Peoples (who wrote the superb Eastwood Western "Unforgiven"), even borrows from John Ford: in a sense, "Hero" is a screwball-comedy take on "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance." It's a deceptively ambitious picture, and it's fascinating to watch. Frears and his cast seem to be doing a high-wire act, trying to maintain a precarious balance between homage and subversion. By the end of the picture, those who haven't fallen off are just *hanging by their fingernails*.

Bernie LaPlante (Dustin Hoffman) is a petty crook and all-around schmo who has reached a low point in his pathetic life: he can't pay child support for his beloved son; he's about to be sentenced to a prison stretch for receiving stolen goods; his court-appointed defender, straight out of law school, is hopelessly ineffective and he can't afford better. At this moment, when he's feeling as put-upon as Job, something amazing happens: a plane crashes right in front of him, and he not only helps open the jammed emergency exit but also single-handedly drags several passengers out of the about-to-blow fuselage. He goes home, muttering to himself about having lost a shoe, before anyone has a chance to find out who he is. Gale Gayley (Geena Davis), a hot-shot reporter for a local (Chicago) TV station, is one of the passengers Bernie saved, and at her instigation the station jumps all over the unknown-hero story. The town goes wild when the "hero" comes forward, in the person of John Bubber (Andy Garcia), a scruffy drifter who lives in his car—the car in which he picked up Bernie after the heroics, the car in whose back seat Bernie abandoned the useless remaining shoe, which Bubber now presents as evidence that *he* is the mystery man. Bubber, aided by Gale and her eager colleagues in the media, is practically canonized; Bernie goes to jail.

Many ironic reversals follow, and there's no sense in spoiling them: the movie's cleverness in turning our expectations around again and again is virtually the only pleasure it provides, and it's a rather dry pleasure, at that. Most of the time, you're sitting there wondering why this ingeniously constructed script isn't playing better. Partly, I think, the movie's failure to engage us more fully [illegible] a consequence of its elaborate structure: Frears and Peoples may have put so much energy into making the plot work out that they didn't have anything left to give life to individual scenes. Simply stated, Peoples hasn't written many funny lines, and Frears' attempts to create comic business visually feel strained and unspontaneous. "Hero" lacks the incidental pleasures and the joyous sense of immediacy that screwball farce—even ironic, subversive screwball farce—can't do without. And Hoffman, great actor though he is, doesn't get any kind of rhythm going until the movie is almost over. (He keeps falling back on his least convincing mannerism—the battered-but-peppy little guy's shuffling walk.) The picture is full of ideas, but only Geena Davis seems to have found a style to go with them. Her performance is miraculously poised: she strikes a lovely equilibrium between warmth and satiric precision, and holds it in the midst of the general chaos. And she looks smashing. ♦

SHTICK SHIFTS

by Michael Sragow

DURING the opening credits of "Mr. Saturday Night," we see platter after platter of rich, fatty foods and hear the title character quip that his folks had their own version of the Indian names in "Dances with Wolves"—such as Eats with His Hands. In Hebrew school, kids are taught that Jews are people of the written word, but in "Mr. Saturday Night" the producer, director, co-writer, and star, Billy Crystal, celebrates the oral tradition of American Judaism—the gags and soap opera and gossip, the routines that erupt around the dinner table amid heaps of steaming brisket, the nonsense-singing that makes secular hash of liturgical chants. Crystal's character, Buddy Young, Jr., is an aging, aggressive comic who's arrested at the oral phase. Even though his humor [illegible] abrasive, he keeps asking for unconditional love, from family, employers, and audiences—the kind he's received all his life from his mother, the cook.

Having your joke and eating it, too—that's what Crystal manages to pull off, repeatedly, in this sprawling, laughing-through-tears extravaganza (his directorial début). As Buddy, whom he created almost ten years ago and developed on

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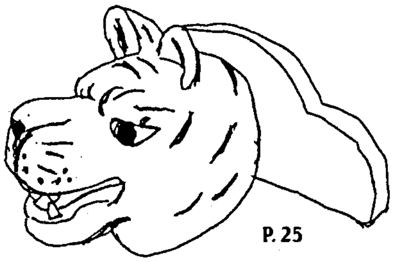
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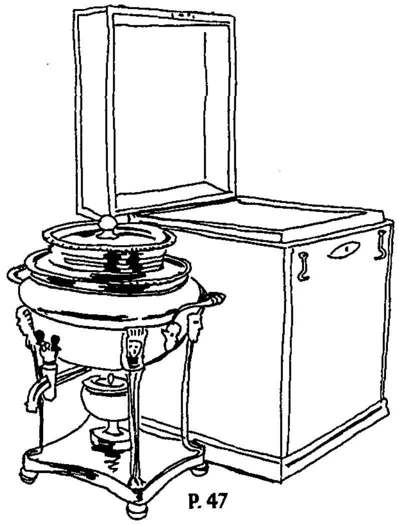
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"Saturday Night Live" and HBO specials, Crystal pays homage to the Borscht Belt masters of disrespect who brought their tumultuous brand of vulgar, irreverent clowning into the American mainstream during the Golden Age of Television. The Buddy of this movie is sharper and funnier than his previous incarnations; at times, he's a showcase for Crystal's own crack wit and inventiveness. But Crystal and his co-writers (Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel) aim to get behind the ironic mask of this Yiddish harlequin and reveal the fierce ambition and bitterness that fuel his put-downs. Crystal has even called this movie "Raging Jew."

Actually, his kosher bull is heavily laden with schmalz. Although he's fairly tough about Buddy's self-destructive drive and his parasitic relationship with his brother and right-hand man, Stan (David Paymer), he also wants to honor Jewish roots, building to a family-reconciliation finish. The movie is afflicted with a series of agonizing anticlimaxes and trumped-up sad-happy endings. Crystal's sentimental streak, stemming from a prodigious reverence for kith and kin, often sinks his movies, but his genuine warmth is part of what gives him buoyancy as a light comedian. "Mr. Saturday Night" is about how Buddy achieves satisfaction when he stops struggling to be the King of Comedy and at last becomes a mensch, like his brother. What saves the film from terminal mawkishness is the chemistry between Crystal and that remarkable actor Paymer. Under gobs of "For the Boys" makeup, they create a pair of siblings who only *seem* to be mismatched. Crystal's Buddy is always pitching, sometimes wildly. Paymer's Stan is always catching, and, in a subtle, self-abnegating way, calling the shots.

The screenplay has about as much formality and symmetry as a game of gin rummy. As the seventy-three-year-old Buddy confronts his "cancer of the career" and Stan's retirement as his agent-manager, a plethora of flashbacks fills in his pivotal experiences: the brothers (as children and teen-agers) performing as a duo for the extended family; Buddy going solo when Stan develops stagefright the first time they venture beyond the living room; Stan settling into a supporting role in his own existence, as Buddy's secret weapon, best adviser, and roman-

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tic go-between; Buddy wooing his wife, Elaine (Julie Warner), and tormenting his daughter, Susan (Mary Mara). In the story's present, a youthful agent (Helen Hunt) attempts to promote the combative old codger, ultimately as the potential star for a hot Hollywood director (Ron Silver). In one terrific interlude, Buddy gives her a staccato commentary on the photographs that line his apartment walls. He explains a picture of his father-daughter stage bit, circa 1958: the girl with him isn't his daughter—he hired an impersonator when Susan tired of the act—and he says he never thought of reviving the skit with Susan, because doing it with a twice-divorced drug addict would be (pause) "not quite as moving." That statement on Buddy's troubled bond with his daughter is far more pithy and effective than the one the movie drenches with poignancy—the business of Susan rehearsing a vaudeville double take that's not up to Buddy's standards. Ramming home every point, expressing cynicism while milking emotion—those are aspects of Buddy's heritage that Crystal both understands and shares. His over-identification with the character stretches the movie out and accounts for some truly awful scenes. But Crystal's performance is sinewy and irreducible even at its most self-admiring. "Mr. Saturday Night" is an out-of-control Jewish-show-biz dinosaur, but its authenticity and entertainment value outweigh its bloat.

WHEN it comes to adoring the objects of your excoriation, Billy Crystal is a piker compared with David Mamet. The playwright's 1984 Pulitzer Prize winner, "Glengarry Glen Ross," has been widely perceived as a harrowing exposé of the capitalist brutality practiced by real-estate salesmen who put the screws on hapless marks in order to keep their own ugly jobs. But is it an exposé or a glorification? Of course, it's imperative that an artist love (or deeply hate) his subjects, but Mamet cherishes his for the very quality that makes them despicable—what he has called "the ability to suspend feelings of humanity" in the service of a con game or a sale. His writing kindles only when his characters hustle and pitch. When he tries to imbue one of his stylized hard guys with some humanity by giving him an ailing daughter, the sham pathos sticks out more embarrassingly than Crystal's father-daughter melodrama. Mamet doesn't have the touch for everyday emotions; they have no place in the oversized macho fantasies of his theatrical universe.

Any effort to place his gutter poetry too specifically in the real world is apt to backfire, as it does in James Foley's movie version of "Glengarry" (for which Mamet wrote the script). Mamet's play required viewers to get their bearings gradually. In the brilliant first act, successive pairs of characters ran through dialogues in a Chinese restaurant, and you got caught up in the insinuating roll of their manipulative language. Shelley (the Machine) Levene, down on his luck, pressed Williamson, the office manager, for better leads. The sleek yet panicky Moss strove to interest the sad-sack Aaronow in *stealing* office leads and selling them. Roma, Mamet's Mr. Slick, softened up a customer by offering a universal key-to-life philosophy along with the swampland. It made ripping theatre, whatever else it was or wasn't. But the movie, set in the lean Bush years, takes us into the office too soon and hammers away at the plot so relentlessly that you can feel the nails entering the back of your skull. Mamet's screenplay spells out the characters' despair in cue cards, right from the start, and even adds another ruthless person (played by Alec Baldwin)—a head-office hit man who lays down an ethos of high-gloss, bare-knuckled materialism. (He *is* his BMW.) With Foley pouring on the wet neon, and the composer, James Newton Howard, faking the blues, suffocation sets in early.

Still, the performers provide relief. Ed Harris and Alan Arkin, as Moss and Aaronow, turn their "Are we speaking or are we talking?" duet into an existential Abbott and Costello number. Al Pacino, as Roma, is amusingly lordly: he's simultaneously high-handed and underhanded. And Kevin Spacey, as their steely manager, Williamson, plants a daringly long fuse and ignites it with the smallest flicker. (Only Jack Lemmon, as Levene, disappoints; he starts strong, but Foley lets him drown in unearned emotion, as if this were Lemmon's shot at "Death of a Salesman.") As a recession parable, "Glengarry Glen Ross" doesn't amount to much. But the actors are generous with their workmen's compensations. ♦

ON TELEVISION

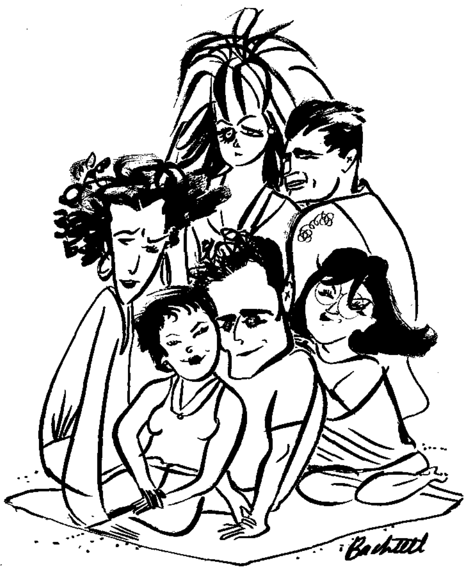
NEW SHOWS FOR HARD TIMES

by James Wolcott

REGARDLESS of how apple-cheeked that hologram of Ronald Reagan was at the Republican Convention, rugged individualism has been put out to pasture; the long autumn of the lone gun is finished, even as urban fantasy. (The lone cop is as outmoded as the lone cowboy.) An edgy sense of social erosion has made people want to regroup rather than wait for the next savior. This is reflected on TV, where few shows now are built around strong, laconic personalities chewing on a toothpick. What the new television series accent is ensemble casts, diverse ethnics, shared references ("The Brady Bunch" is a big signifier), spiritual rebirth, long brunches, a historical sense of redress to oppressed minorities—all that good, pure Bill Moyers guff. The message is: We the People are in this endless recession together—Madonna naked isn't enough to get us through. Feeling the pinch and the pall is the cast of "Middle Ages" (CBS, Thursdays), so far the most critically acclaimed series of the season; according to *Entertainment Weekly*, "a show that gives the word *downer* a good name."

Trying malaise on for size in "Middle Ages" are three buddies, played by William Russ, Michael O'Keefe, and Peter Riegert, former longhairs whose sixties rock-and-roll rebel dreams make them feel like Troll dolls in the digitalized nineties. They're haunted by the memory of a beautiful female singer they knew who dropped acid and did a swan dive off a roof. In the première, Riegert's Walter, a salesman who seems stuck with Willy Loman's old route, is especially spooked. Sprawled on his hotel bed, he dreams of the dead girl as a sprite urging him to fly, fly. (Diagnosis: advanced case of the Peter Pan syndrome.) When this fallen angel appears reincarnated as a club rocker named Blanche (Amy Brenneman), Walter and company are dumbstruck with déjà vu. It's hard to gauge Blanche as a singer, since she spends three-fourths of her time onstage trying to wiggle backward out of her bodysuit (Houdini never worked that hard), but at least it gives these guys something to talk about besides futility and what they were doing the day President Kennedy was shot. Perhaps because "Middle Ages" takes place in Chicago, the male-bonding sessions have the clever, empty click of David Mamet shysters playing dominoes in purgatory. Michael O'Keefe wears a white turtleneck, which means he gets the prissiest lines. He elocutes like mad as Riegert loses the will to live. Riegert's face becomes a bumper sticker: "Male menopause—it's a state of mind."

The show isn't always crying into its beer. As a canned salesman turned cab-driver, James Gammon uses his froggy croak to gusto effect. He assumes an instant familiarity with everyone which is quite funny. Gammon aside, the real pop in the show is supplied not by the men front and center but by the secondary women: Lisa Zane's executive wife Nora, a catsuit Machiavelli; Maria Pitillo's Robin, a sexy office climber (a suction cup with bangs); even Brenneman's Blanche, when she's sedated. I suspect that if the show is renewed it will be revamped to up the visibility of these younger femmes. It'll make a mockery of the show's premise, but so what? NBC's "Family Ties" started out being mainly about the former-hippie parents, only to end up as Michael J. Fox's franchise. Whatever works, works.



The cast of "2000 Malibu Road," clockwise from top: Lisa Hartman Black, Ron Marquette, Tuesday Knight, Brian Bloom, Drew Barrymore, and Jennifer Beals.

"GOING TO EXTREMES" (ABC, Tuesdays), produced by Joshua Brand and John Falsey, the brains behind "I'll Fly Away" and "Northern Exposure," mentholates the senses like a Club Med ad. Shot in Jamaica, the show is set in a medical school for students who bombed out in the States, a dreadlocked getaway of goats, green bananas, and ganja. But these newcomers aren't in the Caribbean merely to catch rays; mainland losers, they're out to Prove Themselves. The story lines don't apply rugged initiation tests, however. In one subplot, Daniel Jenkins, who imitated an empty raincoat as one of the campaign aides in Robert Altman's "Tanner '88," tries to get a blender repaired. True, he learns something about life and respecting other people's culture, but, still, get a wagon, Charlie Brown. As faculty members, veteran hambones such as Roy Dotrice and Charles Keating (a soap villain on "Another World" who has mastered the art of the snit) drop in just long enough to deliver diction lessons before remembering something they left back in their bungalows. As an instructor with a sideline in Tantric sex, June Chadwick walks the wet sands like a whisper. She also speaks in a whisper, tantalizing students with tinny innuendoes that sound like the English in a dubbed "Emmanuelle" film. You stare at her, wondering where the control knob is. With three series on the air, Brand and Falsey may be spending so much time rotating between editing rooms that they haven't been able to customize this show as smartly as the others. But they are a talented team, and the show's open format and casual tempo leave room for alteration. It needs to become what "Northern Exposure" is—a quilt patched of common fate.

"NOW, now, we don't want to run all the fornicators out of politics," I once heard Jody Powell, Jimmy Carter's press secretary, chide a caller in 1976, a few weeks before the New Hampshire primary. (The caller had been bending

TOM BACHTELL

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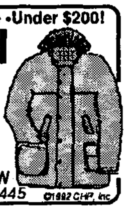

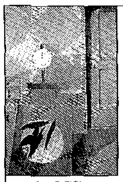

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Powell's ear with racy tales about one of Carter's rivals.) But ever since Gary Hart dared the press to dog his heels the hounds have been on bimbo alert, fuzzing their prurience with a lot of thoughtful throat-clearing about "the character issue." Even a spouse's iffy past can send a candidacy skidding. That's the basic premise of "Running Mates," a made-for-TV movie directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg and premiering October 4th on HBO. The all-bulge President[illegible] hopeful is Ed Harris, bulling through a thin mob of admirers. (HBO's budgets don't allow for "Ben Hur" extras.) And waving to the scraggly crowd as if her hand were at the end of a stick is his fiancée, played by Diane Keaton, whose bangs and cheekbones seem almost quotes from Hillary Clinton—a Hillary Clinton who hasn't been coached.

Keaton is Aggie Snow, an author of children's books who bumps into Ed Harris's Hugh Hathaway at a Maryland coffee shop. She has worshipped him since he was a high-school football star. (*His photo in her yearbook bears her* lipstick.) In public, he still holds himself hip-cocked, as if he had a helmet tucked under his arm. Harris has described "Running Mates" as a Tracy-Hepburn romance. Actually, it's an improvement. Despite their salty banter, the relationship between Tracy and Hepburn was essentially patronizing, paternalistic, sexless—the tremulous little woman eventually cleaving unto the steady rock. There's more genuine give-and-take between Harris and Keaton (asked what her I.Q. is, she replies, "Yours plus twelve"), and certainly more body English. Their courtship is the best part of the movie, with Keaton once again practicing flirtation as a fluent second language.

Where the movie wobbles is in underplaying its Hillary Clinton card. Aggie's breezy candor gives Hathaway's handlers a case of the squirms. She has a mind of her own, just as Hillary does—one more headache for the spin doctors. But, in contrast to Hillary, Aggie doesn't harbor a stable core of conviction; her comments are totally random, flighty. So the possibility of her being a co-partner in the Presidency, someone with her own game plan, never becomes an issue. Aggie drags Hathaway into controversy not because of any outrageous sound bites but because of a youthful indiscretion—an unearthed protest film she made during

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the sixties, which shows her being humped on a dingy mattress beneath the Stars and Stripes by a man in a giant Tricky Dick mask. (Try explaining *that* to our men at sea.) The big finale is a victory rally at which Hathaway tells off the press, but good, as he chooses love over ambition, like some Lincoln Log of integrity. As the credits roll, the camera crawls across the abandoned ballroom, stopping at the row of microphones on the vacated podium—a shot symbolizing the-vacuum-at-the-heart-of-our-current-political-discourse. But of course.

CBS has placed "2000 Malibu Road" on hiatus. How dare they! Because of its title and its affiliation with Aaron Spelling (he was one of the executive producers), the show has been lumped with "Beverly Hills 90210" and "Melrose Place." As a movie director lamented to me in Los Angeles, "all you need to make a series now is an *address.*" But "2000 Malibu Road" was a whole different breed of dementia, owing more to "She-Devil," Douglas Sirk's melodramas, and "Twin Peaks." Starring Lisa Hartman Black as a former call girl facing both marriage *and* a murder rap ("I suppose you expect to wear your *hooker* clothes," her future mother-in-law snaps as they discuss suitable wedding attire), the show was directed, by Joel Schumacher, with De Palma-esque distortions of mass, perspective, time, shape, movement. (In a rape scene on the stairs, the steps are drawn up like a rope ladder as the camera swoons.) California has never seemed more the grove of the gods. Everything about the series seemed enlarged, heightened, wonder-drugged. Squinting into a sun three times more powerful than our own, Drew Barrymore hugged herself on the beach and proved once again that talent follows no correct slant. A recovering alcoholic, E.T.'s former playmate often appears in the supermarket tabloids looking trashed (the tattoos don't help), yet everything she did in "2000 Malibu Road" was belly-button playful. She can break curfew whenever she wants; the camera forgives her everything. Even Jennifer Beals seemed loose, losing her Ali McGraw huff. Since the most recent episode was a two-hour cliffhanger (and the ratings showed resilience), "2000 Malibu Road" should return once there's a hole in the fall schedule. I say don't wait—*make* a hole. ◆

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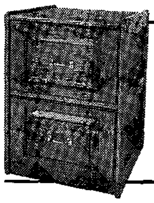

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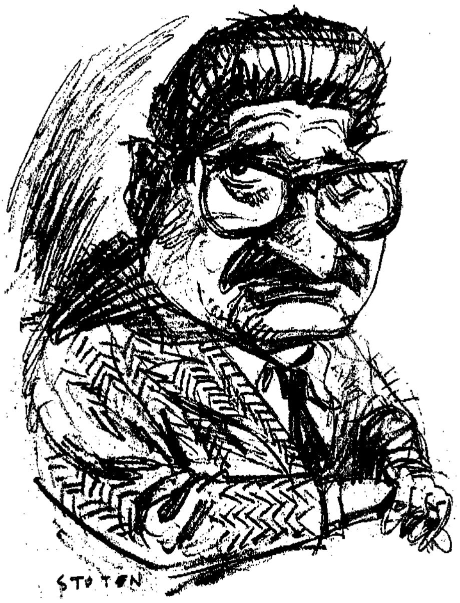
BOOKS

SAVONAROLA COMES TO THE MULTIPLEX

by Louis Menand

MICHAEL MEDVED is co-host, with Jeffrey Lyons, of the PBS program "Sneak Previews," which reviews new movies. In this capacity he has watched, over the last eight years, an average of something like six movies a week, and he has come to the conclusion—shared, he says, by "tens of millions" of other Americans—that "the dream factory has become the poison factory." The entertainment industry, he believes, is now "an all-powerful enemy, an alien force that assaults our most cherished values and corrupts our children," and in his new book, "Hollywood vs. America: Popular Culture and the War on Traditional Values" (HarperCollins; $20), he undertakes to examine the mess he thinks the industry is in, name its causes, and suggest some ways to clean it up.

The friction between American "popular culture" and American "traditional values"—two spectacularly amorphous terms that, under analysis, have a tendency to start looking like different names for the same thing—is always a good subject. This year, when that friction is being exploited for political purposes, it's a great subject. What it is not, despite the efforts of many people to make it seem so, is a simple subject. It's hard enough to figure out which "values" a movie or pop song or television show is trying to "promote"; you also have to figure out how those "values" are being translated in the minds of the people who are watching and listening. Last season's episodes of "Murphy Brown" almost certainly did not say to women who watched them, "If this out-of-wedlock thing is cool for Candice, it must be cool for me," but they said something. The problem is knowing what. Mass culture is a very unreliable postal service. Some messages that get sent are never received, and many messages are received that were never sent.



Holier than Hollywood: Michael Medved of "Sneak Previews"

DAVID STOTEN

Medved's obliviousness of these difficulties is the most impressive thing about his book. The notion that an image of something that might be of uncertain social value in itself (for instance, an unwed mother) could actually be expressing an entirely conventional sentiment (for instance, that life's choices are limited, so the important thing is to make the best of them) would strike him as a dangerous subtlety. He is a stranger to the idea of context: he thinks that movies in which characters behave violently glorify violence, and that movies in which religious characters turn out to be hypocrites are "anti-religion." If there is profanity or incest or cannibalism in a movie, it must be because the filmmaker is in favor of these things—or is determined, out of contempt for ordinary taste, to rub the audience's nose in them. Nothing for Medved is ever more than the sum of its parts. He can't, one comes to feel, see the point of *anything*. "Hollywood vs. America" is not cultural criti-

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cism; it's cultural fundamentalism.

Still, there is a fair amount of cultural fundamentalism around at the moment, and it's interesting to see how the case gets made. By "Hollywood" Medved means the entire entertainment industry, and although most of his examples are drawn from the movies, he discusses television and pop music, too. He has three main complaints: "the pervasive and self-destructive hostility to religion," the "seemingly irresistible impulse to malign marriage" and the family, and "the glorification of ugliness"—profanity, violence, antimilitary attitudes, an antagonism to heroes, and all-around America-bashing. It's the accumulation of instances, he argues, and not any particular movie, show, or song, that proves Hollywood's contempt for traditional beliefs in these areas, and he therefore supplies many, many examples.

Some of them are quite breathtaking. In the last scene of the movie "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier," for instance, DeForest Kelley turns to William Shatner and says, "We were speculating. Is God *really* out there?" "Maybe he's not out there, Bones," Shatner muses. "Maybe he's right here." He points to his chest: "The human heart." Medved calls this "God-bashing," and notes with satisfaction that "Star Trek V" proved, commercially, the least successful movie in the series.

He applies a similar standard to many other movies that most people, enshrouded in their usual moral fog, are likely to have assumed were safely anodyne. He attacks "Yentl" for daring to suggest that Orthodox Judaism is sexist. He describes "Sleeping with the Enemy" as "an indictment of conventional wedlock." "E.T.," "Home Alone," "The Little Mermaid," and "Honey, I Shrunk the Kids" ("adult-bashing fare") are all "anti-family," because they promote the idea that children know best. "Wayne's World" is pernicious because it glorifies dumbness. "Mississippi Burning," "The Long Walk Home," and "Dances with Wolves" are unpatriotic, because they emphasize the bad things in our history. Sydney Pollack's "Havana" was a box-office failure partly because audiences were offended by the spectacle of Robert Redford playing a character of doubtful integrity. "The Prince of Tides" purveys images of dysfunctional families. "Top Gun" encourages

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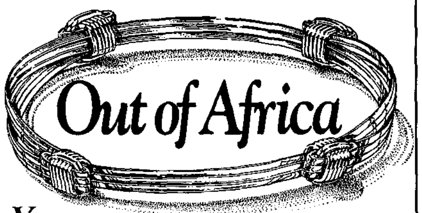

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disrespect for military authority. And so forth.

This is the kind of thing that gives zealotry a bad name. It is not simply that Medved takes offense at notions most people find entirely unexceptionable, such as the thought that it might have been tough for a girl to become a rabbi back in the shtetl. And it is not simply that he can never manage to see what it is that makes a movie interesting: it seems to have escaped him, for example, that "Havana" is a remake of "Casablanca," a movie whose morally ambiguous hero millions of people have fallen in love with. The most serious problem with Medved's criticisms is that if *these* movies are poisoning us, we should have been dead a long time ago. If "The Long Walk Home," which celebrates the birth of the civil-rights movement, is an exercise in America-bashing, what is "The Birth of a Nation," which celebrates the birth of the Ku Klux Klan? A defense of traditional values? And if "The Little Mermaid"—a Disney cartoon about a mermaid who, in defiance of her father, falls in love with a human prince—is anti-family, then "Romeo and Juliet" is an incitement to parricide. And "Hansel and Gretel" must be Satan's work. (Now, there, I think it's fair to say, was a dysfunctional family.)

It is absurd, in short, to require any art, of whatever brow, to project an unvarying picture of middle-class rectitude: such an art would have no audience, or an audience only of zombies. But this is what Medved does require, and it makes sympathy with his argument nearly impossible. There may be movies out there with an "anti-family agenda" (whatever that phrase might mean), but "Home Alone" is pretty obviously not one of them. *All* children's entertainment promotes the idea of self-sufficiency. That's not just why children like it; it's why they need it. It encourages them to face the world. Hasn't Medved even figured out Curious George?

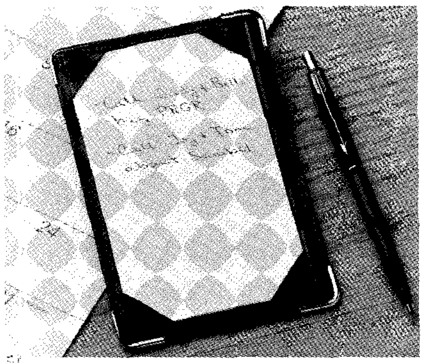
This persistent inquisitorial silliness prevents Medved from analyzing, in any useful way, a genuinely interesting, though somewhat more limited, subject, which is the complete disappearance from American culture, over the last few years, of almost any sort of inhibition. There is now nothing that can't be talked about—you can't roam around the television dial for five minutes without hearing someone chatting matter-of-factly about sexual abuse of one kind or another—and the very few things that aren't customarily shown in public places can be rented for a few dollars at the local video outlet.

Whether or not it is true, as Medved thinks it is, that the makers of American popular culture are engaged in a deliberate assault on whatever standards of decorum still survive, it is undeniable that the sort of often saccharine gentility that characterized American movies, television, and pop music for most of this century has almost completely vanished. "Risqué," a term that once served to denote a movie or show in which ordinary prudishness was being coyly but safely scandalized, is now a word without meaning. In the world of "Studs" and Howard Stern, coyness is an anachronism.

Although rampant sexual explicitness is the most obvious aspect of this transformation, Medved is surely right in claiming that in the popular culture today there are also a dramatically greater number of depictions of lurid violence, more dirty words, and, in general, a much smaller reluctance to offend than was the case even ten years ago. And when the contemporary scene is compared with the scene thirty years ago, the change seems beyond measuring. The difference between the younger Elvis and 2 Live Crew is not just a matter of degree.

The phenomenon inspires two questions: Why did it happen, and What is it doing to us? Medved does not have a great deal to say about the first question, except to suggest that the turning point came in 1966, when the Motion Picture Association of America, under its new president, Jack Valenti, decided to abandon the old Production Code, which had grown out of the establishment of the Hays Office, in the early nineteen-twenties. The Production Code had held the studios to a fairly rigorous standard of prudence when dealing with potentially offensive material. Its replacement by the ratings system, instituted in 1968, released the demons of explicitness, and Hollywood has never turned back.

By sticking to this course, Medved argues passionately, Hollywood is leaving the mass audience behind. He has a neat and slightly misleading way of



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making the point: for 1965, the year before Valenti took over, the Academy Award for Best Picture went to "The Sound of Music," and weekly attendance at the movies was forty-four million, about the average since 1953; for 1969, when the Best Picture award went to "Midnight Cowboy" (which had received an X rating), average weekly attendance was seventeen and a half million. It has never risen above twenty-three million since. "Between 1965 and 1969," Medved concludes, "the values of the entertainment industry changed, and audiences fled from the theaters in horror and disgust."

"Midnight Cowboy" is hardly the typical Best Picture of the post-Code era; the norm probably runs a good deal closer to "Chariots of Fire" (Best Picture of 1981). And it is foolish to claim, as Medved tries to, that falling domestic attendance has meant falling profits for the industry. The obvious countervailing factor—besides higher ticket prices and the growth in international revenue, which increased a hundred and twenty-four per cent between 1985 and 1990—was the emergence of the huge home-video market. (Medved tries to finesse this challenge to his thesis by claiming that the video boom merely reflects the lower standards people have when they choose movies to watch at home—a point that, even if true, proves nothing, since the movies are being watched regardless.)

Still, something changed; the question is why. The decision to adopt a ratings system happened against a background of larger developments, but when Medved tries to draw this bigger picture he just repeats current cant about the cultural élite and the endless influence of the sixties. He talks about "the counterculture's comprehensive conquest of Hollywood," and condemns "the shallow but unrepentant radicalism of an industry lost in its own curious time warp, its outlook permanently frozen in the worldview of the sour summer of '69, set in amber somewhere between the release of 'Easy Rider' and the messianic mudfest at Woodstock."

The idea that Jack Valenti is a tool of the counterculture is a fantasy on a par with the idea (which, to his credit, Medved rejects) that the movies' "obsession with violent and deviant behavior" must be the work of (his words)

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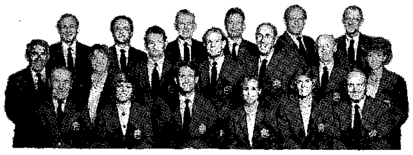

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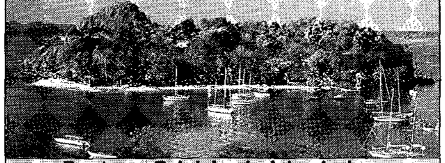

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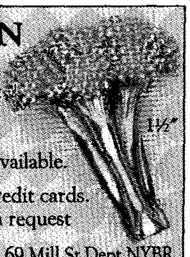

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"Hollywood's powerful homosexual community." But the notion that Hollywood has somehow split off from the American mainstream is crucial to Medved's analysis, because he wants to argue that the America portrayed in Hollywood movies—violent, hypocritical, irreligious, and socially maladjusted—is not at all like the real America.

At least, that's what he *thinks* he wants to argue. For when he takes up the question of the effects that the changes he's documented have had on American society, Medved is at his dizziest. He cannot get to the end of a chapter—he sometimes cannot get even to the end of a page—without contradicting himself; and so he leaves the central mystery of his subject, which is how popular culture acts on its audience, as unplumbed as he found it.

On the one hand, he claims that Hollywood is completely out of touch with the American public—a fact reflected, he says, in declining movie admissions, a depressed market for popular music, and a big drop in the number of people who watch network television. "The values and attitudes of the majority of Americans have changed far less substantially than Hollywood honchos believe that they have," he insists, and he supports the assertion with a mass of statistics and polling data. Despite the disrespect shown to organized religion in Hollywood, he points out, the eighties saw a revival of religious observance. Though violent imagery and language proliferated in movies and pop music during the last decade, the rate of violent crime actually went down. Hollywood may be out to break up families, but marriage rates are up since 1982 and divorce rates are down. More people today (ninety per cent) say they feel safe in their homes at night than did in 1975. Only twenty-five per cent of teen-agers support the legalization of marijuana, about half the percentage that supported it in 1970. In 1990, seventy-five per cent of Americans said patriotism was "in," and only fifteen per cent thought it was "out." And so on. Since the mid-eighties, Medved informs us, there has been "a nationwide 'return to traditionalism.' "

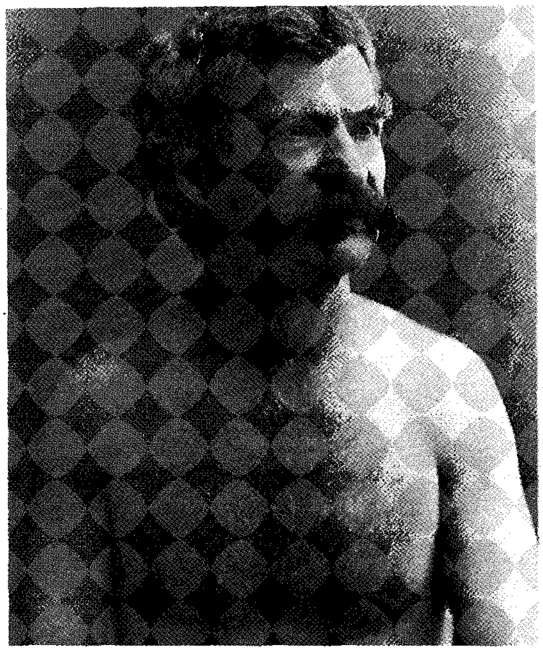
So what's the problem? If all this is so, then the more poisonous Hollywood becomes, the better off we get. If we can just keep to the path we're on, sooner or later the sets will be turned off, the screens will go dark, the radios will fall silent, copies of "Curious George" will gather dust on library shelves, and we'll all subscribe to the "traditional" values (as Medved helpfully enumerates them) "hard work, traditional family life, a strong national defense, and material acquisition." With any luck, we won't need culture at all.

But there is a dark side to Medved's vision, too, which somehow magically coexists with this bright side. Violent crime is on the wane and more people feel safe than did fifteen years ago, and that proves, he claims, that "the televised brutality which bursts into American living rooms every night expresses the ugly obsessions of the Hollywood creative community, not the shifting statistics of urban reality." Yet two paragraphs later he is arguing that "the ominous view of the world conveyed by the popular culture contributes powerfully to the insecurity and paranoia that in turn facilitate increased levels of criminal activity." And four paragraphs after that he blames Hollywood for "the national epidemic of brutality and lawlessness." Even when images of violence don't cause acts of violence, he warns, they inure us to them: "This higher level of tolerance for media violence may even promote acceptance of the bloodcurdling cruelty we experience with increasing frequency in our own homes and communities." (In our *homes*?)

Whether or not this astonishing ability to switch directions in mid-argument is the consequence of many hours spent in dialectical exchange with Jeffrey Lyons, its effects are everywhere in Medved's book. He can blame the movies for "the tragic epidemic of out-of-wedlock births that is currently sweeping the country" and, three pages later, announce that "across the country . . . traditional patterns of family life remain surprisingly intact." He can point to a 1991 poll indicating that eighty-eight per cent of Americans express satisfaction with "their own lives and their communities," and then complain that "the poison of [Hollywood's] pessimism has already begun working its way through the body politic." This double message—Things have never been better/We need to pull ourselves out of the terrible moral sink we're in—is a familiar rhetorical feature of the current Republican Presidential campaign. But there the contradiction is understandable: they're running for reëlection, so what else *can* they say? Medved, though, is not running for anything, and he has no excuse.

The intimate but entirely unpredictable relationship between what popular culture shows us and what we actually believe is one of the great puzzles of life in a democracy. For in America the popular culture is itself one of the principal reference systems for beliefs: it's the language people use, the imagery they borrow, to explain what it is they value. The "culture war" that has been made an issue in the current Presidential campaign has sometimes been framed as "traditional values" versus "the popular culture," but it's really "Leave It to Beaver" versus "Murphy Brown"—one set of pop-culture images against another.

The great mistake is to imagine that getting the images right is the key to getting the beliefs right. Images—even the images of "Leave It to Beaver," which had, after all, been implanted deep in the minds of all those children who went around thumbing their noses at parental authority in Medved's benighted sixties—are hopelessly promiscuous and unreliable servants of value systems. And since they are never effective servants, they are never effective masters, either. Only someone who has spent too much time watching too many bad movies—without being able to exercise the option most people have of just staying home—is likely honestly to think otherwise. Medved quotes, with approval, a comment by the singer Nona Hendryx on the effect of an exclusive diet of pop music: "If you just eat potatoes all the time," she says, "you're going to turn into a potato head." Agreed. And make that "potatoe." ♦



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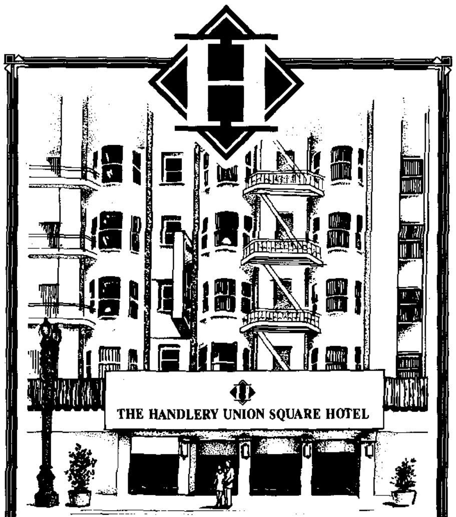
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BOOKS

REWINDING "CLOCKERS"

by Whitney Balliett

THE hardcover life of Richard Price's brilliant street novel "Clockers" is just about over. It was published at the beginning of May, and sales were strong for a time in quality bookshops (it never made the *Times* best-seller list), but they have tapered off. A good part of the reason for this too brief run is cluster reviewing. When an intelligent, original book like "Clockers" comes around the bend, the high-class reviewers start banging their desk tops and shouting, and the ensuing din, though it brings color to the author's cheeks, tends to jostle and deafen the book's potential audience rather than enlighten it. Reviews of such books should be spaced out—a handful in the beginning to get the word out (the *Voice*, *Time*), then two or three more over the next month or six weeks (*The New York Review of Books*, *The Nation*, *The New Republic*), and a final, revivifying effort like this one.

"Clockers" (Houghton Mifflin; $22.95) came in at just under six hundred pages and is Price's fifth novel. It slowly circles three tainted men: Strike (born Ronald Dunham), a nineteen-year-old street cocaine dealer, or "clocker," who has a perforated ulcer and a stammer; Rodney Little, a shrewd, psychopathic ex-con and minor drug lord, pushing forty, who is Strike's boss; and Rocco Klein, an overweight middle-aged homicide detective, who has lost his steam but found a kind of salvation in his new (very young) wife and two-year-old child. The book is set in and around the public-housing projects of a small city called Dempsy (identified by Price as Jersey City), where all three men were born.

In the first chapter, Strike describes their world and irrevocably fixes the tone of the book: "The cops bullshitted each other, the dealers bullshitted each other, the cops bullshitted the dealers, the dealers bullshitted the cops, the cops took bribes, the dealers ratted each other out. Nobody knew for sure which side anybody was on; no one really knew how much or how little money anybody else was making. Everything was smoke. Everything was pay phones in the middle of the night." Price is a notably skilled screenwriter ("Sea of Love," "The Color of Money"), and "Clockers" is not so much a novel as a series of intense, highly detailed photographs, blown up and reproduced in a grainy, startling black-and-white. (It's as if they were stills from the movie that he is scheduled to adapt from his book.) "Clockers" has its own sense of time; it covers two weeks, but it could be a month or more, and we are rarely aware of day or night. For all this leisureliness, "Clockers" is a noisy book. It is full of non-stop, roaring talk that is as brilliant as anything in the celebrated "ear" novels of the past decade—those novels (Elmore Leonard, Raymond Carver, Ann Beattie) constructed largely out of dialogue and designed to be heard, not merely read.

A lot of the talk in "Clockers" takes the form of superb monologues, some of them four or five pages long. These monologues have an obsessed, ecstatic quality. They roll and shout, making four-letter words sing and turning inarticulateness into poetry. They are spaced by beautiful throwaway asides.

Rodney talks about his father:

> "You want to hear some shit?" Rodney sucked on his teeth. "That old fool has been going into the O'Brien Houses [a housing

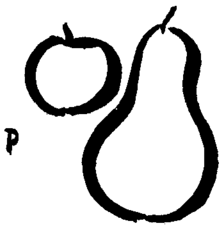
project] for this little thing about six months now. He-all wants to *marry* her, I'm fit to block his hat for him. Saying to me, 'I loves her, you don't understand.' " Rodney shook his head. "Jesus Christ, the stupidness."

A minister tells Rocco how he does the work of God:

> See, lots of people come in here for the first time, they don't have no concept of God, they're unchurched. So me up there, *I* become God because I'm tangible. Now, for a lot of these people that are burdened, they want to be helped. But how do you approach God? So I have to come down and break the ice, put my hand on them, say, "How are you? You look a little heavy in the face, sister, brother."

Jargon oils the book. "Upstate" is jail. A "knocko" is a narcotics cop. A "pipehead" is a cocaine addict. A "mud person" is black. To "do 'Old Man River' " is to pretend to look miserable. And Price likes to get off his own images. Rocco, up early and out, finds "a grubby white sky"; and, in the projects, he can hear the "insect tinniness of the music leaking out of the headphones."

The plot in "Clockers" moves at a walk. Darryl Adams, one of Rodney Little's lieutenants, is shot down one night outside the fast-food place where he works and deals drugs. Victor Dunham, Strike's older brother, goes to the police and confesses, claiming self-defense. Rocco doesn't believe him and, investigating Victor's background, becomes convinced that Victor, who has two straight jobs, a common-law wife, and two children, is taking the fall for someone. He suspects that it may be Strike, and the last third of the book deals with Rocco's efforts to make Strike confess. Price's solution is surprising, and not altogether convincing. (Neither is the fudged, walking-into-the-sunset ending of the book.) But what matters is the raw accretion of pictures of the evil, blind-eyed world Strike and Rodney move in. It is a surreal version of the straight world. It has rules and regulations, a kind of moral code, and a sense of loyalty and responsibility. Strike does not consider himself a wrongdoer; conscientious and trimly dressed, he is a serious businessman who sells a useful and popular product. (No good dealer *uses* product.) The police oversee this world—occasionally making a bust but more often either accepting a bribe or looking the other way. The dealers and the cops know that they are acting out a fantasy. Were the drug laws repealed, Strike and Rocco would vanish, and the drug business would come to seem as perverse and unbelievable as Prohibition. The money Rodney and Strike make caps the fantasy. Rodney has long been a multimillionaire, and Strike, who has been selling only nine months, has cleared close to thirty thousand dollars. Both live as if their wealth were chimerical: Strike rarely even eats, and Rodney drives a ten-year-old car and dresses indifferently.



Good lowlife novelists report their novels before they write them, and Price is no exception. Working in a drug-rehabilitation center (after beating a co-

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caine habit of his own), he discovered why disadvantaged kids become addicts. "The problem is not drugs," he told Bruce Weber of the *Times*. "The problem is all these people who don't have enough of a reason not to do drugs. Or enough of an alternative not to sell drugs. You get somebody down at the bottom end of society, every day the same as every other day, life is a complete dead-end routine, and he gets a crack high and it's the best thing he ever felt. When he wakes up now he says, 'Oh boy, I got something to do today. I'm going to score me some more crack.' And the question is: Why shouldn't he?" For several years, Price hung out with cops and dealers in Jersey City, doing research at first for the 1989 screenplay of "Sea of Love," then for "Clockers." In another interview in the *Times*, he said he had found out that drug kingpins are really "sad-sack knuckleheads who feel like they have no options in the world except this very impulsive thing of grabbing the money while they can," and went on, "They go down so fast they don't believe it, and they spend the rest of their lives in a revolving door between the street and jail. For every guy who's got a brand-new Jeep on crack proceeds, there's a thousand kids that never make it to twenty-one." Price interrupted his work on "Clockers" to do research in Chicago for a new screenplay. He told a Chicago *Tribune* reporter about a visit he made to the morgue: "You walk in and there's a loading bay with a scale and a gurney that the bodies get dumped on and weighed. Then there's this refrigerator that's as big as a football field where bodies are stacked. You don't know what dead is until there's five hundred dead people in a room and nothing's moving." Price is a rare writer: he talks as well as he writes and writes as well as he talks—a blue-collar Winston Churchill.

There is a subtle mystery in "Clockers." The book alternates between the world of the cops, which is predominantly white, and that of the dealers, which is black, but both worlds feel white in the book, and it's startling to be reminded by some bit of internal evidence that the dealers *are* black. Either Price has somehow failed to plumb the black ethos (though his black dialect rings true) or he is one of those godly souls who find whites and blacks indistinguishable. ♦

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BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Secret History
by Donna Tartt (Knopf; $23)

THIS first novel is long, ambitious, and laced with youthful pretension and showoffy allusion. But the book is also evidence that Ms. Tartt is the genuine article—a writer—not least in the way she so convincingly inhabits the persona of her narrator, Richard Papen. He's an insecure kid from a screwed-up California family who turns up at the leafy Vermont campus of Hampden College and is instantly drawn into the circle of an elegant, snobby classics professor and his young, equally snobby acolytes (the coterie includes a troubled, dandyish homosexual and a pair of gothically incestuous twins). The plot involves an accidental killing that takes place when the student aesthetes, overstimulated by too much reading, are crashing around the woods during a bacchanalian orgy, and a subsequent murder undertaken as part of a coverup. In the midst of all this unlikeliness, however, Papen emerges as a real and affecting character, full of longing and self-doubt. Ms. Tartt also has a gift—somewhat underutilized here—for social comedy, which particularly manifests itself in her descriptions of the rest of the Hampden undergrads, druggy and sex-crazed and blissfully unaware of the goings on in the Classics Dept., and in a long suburban-funeral scene (the best thing in the book, even though it's a distraction), at which the father of the deceased takes glad-handing to a new level.

Marine Life
by Linda Svendsen (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $17)

WHO gets admitted into whose affections is the subject of eight powerful stories about a much married Vancouver woman and her four children. The youngest, Adele, tells the stories: she's fascinated by her grownup brother's haphazard and destructive love life and envious of his sexy girlfriends; fascinated by a sister's crackup when her marriage fails and envious of a pert and cunning stepsister. Maybe the reason that received phrases like "the telling detail," "precise economy of prose," and "characters that leap off the page" come to mind here is that the stories epitomize these classic virtues. The final story, about the one successful marriage in this sweetly open and loving mother's troubled brood, stays with you long after you've shut the book.

GENERAL

The Last Tsar: The Life and Death of Nicholas II
by Edvard Radzinsky, translated from the Russian by Marian Schwartz (Doubleday; $25)

DURING the Soviet years, details of the execution of the czar and his family in Ekaterinburg in 1918 were kept secret for several reasons besides Stalin's habitual paranoia. One was that some of those involved were later written out of revolutionary history by Stalin; another was fear that knowledge of the facts would create sympathy for the victims and possibly a monarchist cult. The author, a Russian playwright and historian, spent decades exploring Soviet files, and in the *glasnost* years, when he was free to publish his findings, he received more material—written documents and oral testimony. He has adroitly blended his heterogeneous sources into a superb detective story. The revolutionary records present an era in which idealism and sadism became indistinguishable—savagery in the streets, power struggles behind closed doors, and, above all, an intense hatred for the royal family which no Romanov ever grasped.

Within Tuscany: Reflections on a Time and Place
by Matthew Spender (Viking; $27.50)

THE author is an English sculptor who, with his painter wife, settled in a hamlet outside Siena more than twenty years ago, raised two daughters, and now, in this charming memoir, undertakes to tell about his voluntary exile. He describes the husbandry of his small farm—beekeeping, the culture of olives and other trees—and the Tuscan neighbors who give him help and advice. He tells about playing the clarinet in the local band, and he takes us to Pietrasanta, in search of a quarry once used by Michelangelo. There are almost scholarly digressions on the origins of the Etruscans and on the death of Savonarola. During a stroll along the shore at Viareggio, he ruminates on the shipwreck that cost Shelley his life; according to a quite plausible theory he has, Shelley may have been murdered by Italian sailors for the gold he was known to have taken aboard his little vessel.

Anxious Decades: America in Prosperity and Depression, 1920-1941
by Michael E. Parrish (Norton; $29.95)

THE interwar years are the earliest period of American history to seem familiar to us today: radio and movies, cars and telephones, advertising and publicity all came into their own in the nineteen-twenties, and the federal government assumed its modern shape in the New Deal of the thirties. The icons of the age—Lindbergh and Dempsey, Hemingway and Fitzgerald, F.D.R. and Huey Long—remain vivid in ways that their earlier counterparts can never match. This is a tremendous advantage to a historian with a talent for narrative and a delight in quick portraits of people and events; unfortunately, Mr. Parrish lacks those qualities. Instead, the book is admirably thorough. All the essential actors and scenes are here, the interpretations up to date: Harding and Hoover are given a fair shake, women and blacks an expanded role. But the author's account of these decades, though dutiful, is never delightful.

FROM OUR PAGES

After the War Was Over: Hanoi and Saigon, by Neil Sheehan, has been published by Random House ($17). Much of the contents originally appeared here.

The New Yorker Book of Dog Cartoons has been published by Knopf ($18).

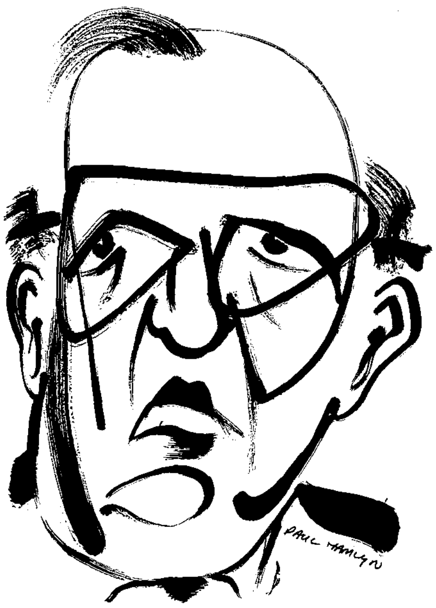
SHOUTS AND MURMURS

THE RULES OF THE GAME

by Roger Angell

ONE weird aspect of the Fay Vincent assassination was the report that a number of the owners were upset about his habit of appearing on the field before games, in various stadiums, where he would sit in his golf cart during batting practice and exchange jokes and greetings and baseball talk with players, writers, coaches, managers, and groundskeepers. He was said to be too visible, and the suspicion was also voiced that he used these moments to express opinions and bits of news favorable to himself. I saw and heard the Commissioner on the field many times over the past three years, and my main reaction was one of pleasure, since it seemed so clear that Vincent—who was badly crippled by an accident when he was in college, and who is able to walk only with great difficulty, propped up by a cane—was using the powers of his office as a happy means of at last gaining easy access to the park. He was there as a fan, I believed, and I never saw anything self-serving or ignoble about the Commish, tieless and comfortably at ease in his mobile box seat, chewing the fat with Rod Carew (who is a coach with the Angels these days), or bantering about a catch or a bunt or a strikeout with the player who had executed it in yesterday's game, or challenging a writer to identify the "BBB" insignia on the ancient baseball cap he was wearing that day, there in the summer sunshine. (It was a Birmingham Black Barons lid, he revealed—a replica antique from the old Negro Leagues.) Fay was having fun, was all, and if at times he did deliver a few words to a writer or a television-news crew about the coming All-Star Game or some umpiring to-do, or even about the great National League realignment hassle, it felt more natural to hear about such matters somewhere between the foul line and the dugout, within the sound of bats, than to have them presented, after an appointment, across the width of a desk.

The hard-line group of owners who campaigned so aggressively to dethrone Fay Vincent in midterm, and who will now lead the process of dismantling the ancient office of Commissioner and rebuilding it in a fashion more accommodating to their various corporate needs, are baseball autocrats whose background is big business. They are accustomed to power and control, and to a system that rewards executive decisions with predictable profit levels and a rising curve of success. They have come to baseball with the same brisk expectations, and perhaps even with the notion that the plain old, good old American game will yield itself just as readily to their expectations. But baseball, it always turns out, has a mind of its own, habitually overturning the plans and hopes of the front office, often for trifling or infuriating reasons—the sulky or slumping slugger, the not quite ready rookie left-hander, that little midsummer measles epidemic of pulled hamstrings and frayed rotator cuffs and damaged toes, the blown three-game September series against an inexplicably resolute rival, and, of course, the ever-lurking bad bounce or terrible heave that arrives at exactly the wrong instant of the game and the edgy part of the season. Baseball form is quixotic, and baseball scouting a more difficult art than ballet or currency arbitrage. Nothing is certain, nothing can be entered in the books, until the teams take the field.



Baseball owners come and go (ten of them have held present possession for six years or less), but for more than a decade now they have been ill at ease or enraged about the state of the game, which suffers above all from their profligate ways in buying and recompensing their players, and, secondarily, from their widespread (if not universal) incapacity to build and sustain winning teams. Such men are not in the habit of discussing their corporate plans and problems in public; in fact, one senses that the boardroom, the closed door, and the closed executive yap are viewed by them as part of their trappings, part of their power. They do not play games, one might conclude, and this may be the heart of the trouble. Baseball is a *business*, they keep reminding us, and perhaps we have at last come to a time when we fans—and even a fan Commissioner—will get that straight once and for all. You can't trust baseball, or any sport, they are telling us, because you never know how the games are going to come out. Too bad for those of us who used to think that was the whole idea. ♦

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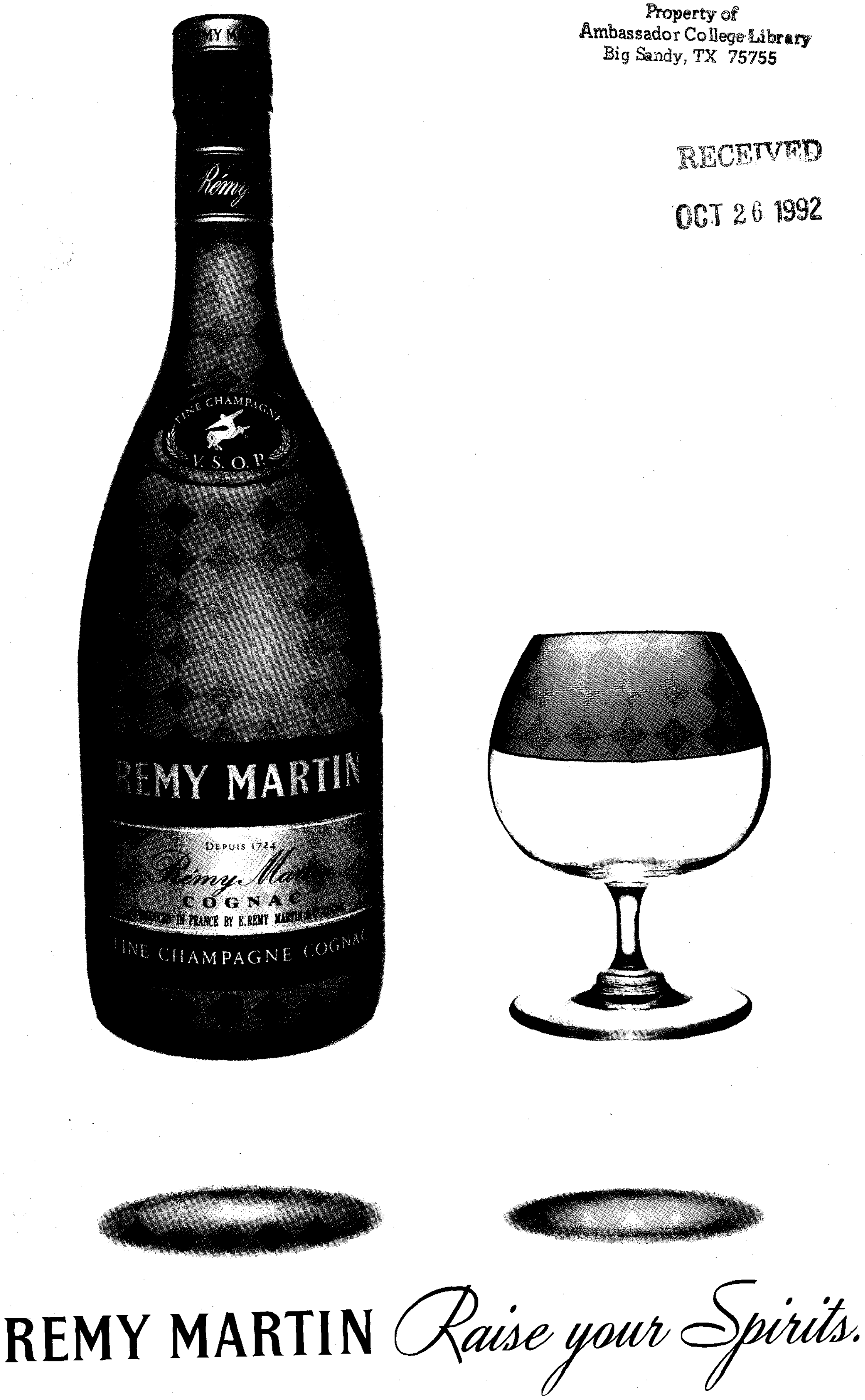
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